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THE SAGAMORE

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NOVEMBER, 1921

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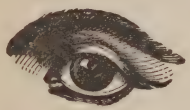

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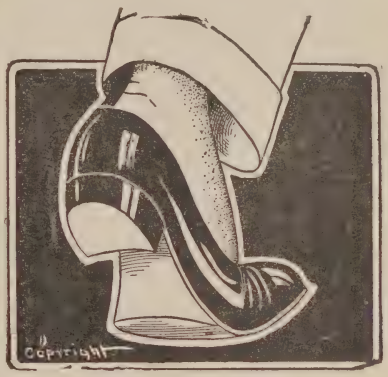

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The Sagamore

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.— *Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXVIII NOVEMBER, 1921 No. 1

Editorials

BACK again, with a brand new year before us! What are *You* going to do with it? When it is over, are you going to be able to say, "I never had a year go so fast!" or are you merely going to heave a weary sigh, and murmur, "Only two more years before I get out of this place"? You may be a Freshman, and think yourself very small and insignificant; you may be a Sophomore, and think yourself really quite important; you may be a Junior, just beginning to feel the responsibilities of the school on your shoulders; or you may be a Senior, and this may be your last chance to show what is in you. Whichever you are, you have many opportunities; are you going to profit by them, or waste them?

A little while ago an opportunity offered itself in the form of a hard piece of work to be done. A boy who had not been extremely prominent in school affairs quietly stepped in, did the job, and saved the situation. This year, we are glad to say, he has his reward in a position of high honor. He made the most of his opportunity! "But," you say, "such chances do not come every day!" Let us consider some that do come every day, and that are fully as hard to make the most of. They are chances not only to benefit yourself, but to help B. H. S. through a crowded and difficult year.

There is the chance

To be helpful in study periods.
To obey traffic rules in the corridors.
To be orderly in the lunch-room.
To be efficient in fire-drills.
To co-operate with your teachers.
To get interested in activities.
To support athletics.

This year is just one big opportunity. What are *You* going to do with it?

The Teacher-Student Council, the official organ of the faculty and student body, presents the following resolution:

Resolved, that the recent action taken by Coach Carrell in expelling certain members of the football team meets with the earnest approval of the faculty and school as a whole. The Council sincerely hopes that this action will serve to keep up the traditional high standards of our athletics, and to strengthen the morale of the entire school.

The Alumni Council of the Brookline High School desires publicly to express its approval of the action of Mr. Henry G. Carrell in dismissing from the football team ten men who failed to live up to the training rules. The Council believes that Coach Carrell's action is an important step in the restoration of the High School's former high standards in sport and in the maintenance of a high morale among the students as a whole.

(Signed)

Dorothy Webling, *Secretary,*
Richard Floyd, *Chairman*
W. C. Akers
John T. Comerford
Francis Mitchell
Francis Niccolls
Robert Schacht
Alice Howard Spaulding
Elsie Pike Whitney.

Oh, Class of '22, why were you born so soon? Had you waited but a year, you might have pursued your high school course through a beautiful new building, and ended by graduating from the stage of a real Auditorium! However, we love dear old Shailer Hall, even half full of desks (if they may be so called) and we shall be proud and happy to receive our diplomas on its well-worn stage.

PRIZE CONTEST!

THE SAGAMORE wishes to announce the beginning of a Short Story Contest. Any story of less than one thousand words, written by a present pupil of Brookline High School is eligible, provided it has hitherto been unpublished. No member of THE SAGAMORE Staff may enter the contest. The number of stories is not limited and the contest is open until the May issue of THE SAGAMORE. Nevertheless it will be advisable to hand your story in early as the best ones will be published each month.

The first prize of three dollars and the second of two will be awarded at the end of the school year and the names of the winners will be announced in the final issue of THE SAGAMORE. Now we realize that the successful authors cannot hope to retire on their respective awards, or even take a trip to Europe, but they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they wrote the best stories of the entire High School.

THE SAGAMORE WANTS STORIES!

Seniors and Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, it's up to you. Is our Literary Department going to contain interesting, well-developed stories, or shall we fill it with carelessly written and mediocre material?

You, Seniors, are examples for the entire school. Of all our twelve hundred pupils you are supposed to be the most erudite, the most versatile. Live up to your reputation, then, and give us a model story or poem.

Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, let us hear from you. If you begin now and contribute interesting, original material, everything favors your gaining a place on THE SAGAMORE Board. Don't say of your school's publication, "Naw, I don't read THE SAGAMORE. It's punk," and then go out and buy a copy of "Snappy Stories." If you think our stories are "punk," sit down and write a good one.

The Literary Editor's slogan is "My kingdom for a Story!" If yours is good, he will welcome it with open arms. Contribute more good ones, and he will say to Miss Spaulding, "We'll have to put him on the Staff next year."

To write an interesting story, the authorities say, you must have a good plot; and plot is nothing more or less than a struggle against obstacles. Your hero might be trying to do anything, from making the football team to talking in Miss Liden's study room. The school, the town, your summer camp, are full of plots. Find them.

You *must* be familiar with your subject. To have your hero meet a Brookline cop on Beacon street may not be so romantic as having him meet the prefect of police on the Champs-Élysées, but the chances for your story are ever so much better.

Steer clear of the love story. Love is one of those unfamiliar subjects, and love stories are not even *considered.*

There are several excellent books in our library on plots and short story writing. Miss Davis will show them to you.

The secret of good story-writing is rewrite, rewrite, and rewrite. It is a known fact that acceptable material cannot be produced without honest, well-meant criticism. Don't be afraid somebody will laugh at you. Show your story to your English teacher. Her help is invaluable.

Your motive is your interest in the school. Your reward is the intense satisfaction of seeing your name and material in print. And your prize is a position on The Sagamore Board.

S. F. H. '22.

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

AS the man, known in the business world as John Gartlen, walked along the road, he didn't notice the blue California sky nor the cloudlike orchards on either side of him. His thoughts were all centered on himself.

Carrying his hat, he walked with drooping shoulders and head bowed as if in consciousness of the gray touches in his heavy hair. With eyes half-closed and mouth drawn, he was a picture of desperate depression.

He had stepped off the suburban car from San Francisco with solitude as his only object. He wanted to think clearly, and now he could only dwell upon his troubles. It seemed unjust; business ruined and his son expelled from college! Both were overwhelming—but why try to straighten it out? His head was whirling; yet he wondered at his outward calmness.

He halted and shook his head as if to get rid of his depression. He felt that he could not go back to that muddle of business and his son's defiant, surly attitude, in his present state of mind. Glancing at his watch, he replaced it without seeing the time.

At the soft sound of a woman's voice, he found himself staring into the face of an old lady standing in a path leading to a picturesque cottage.

So self-absorbed was he that he regarded her in an almost dazed fashion, while going over in his mind the last scene with his boy. Fred was unrepentant and had intimated that he didn't care a hang for college nor his dad's wishes anyway. Gartlen didn't understand the boy. He had seen him but seldom since Mrs. Gartlen died and his son had changed, somehow, from a plain, sturdy little fellow interested in pollywogs, to an unmanageable, headstrong young problem whose motives Gartlen had ceased puzzling over.

He came to himself with a start and managed to smile into the calm eyes of the woman. Her face was saved from a stolid placidity by a something in the eyes which told of understanding and acceptance, and a few wrinkles which seemed sorrow's mark, partly smoothed away by the kind hand of contentment. He found it not so hard to smile as he had expected.

"You seem tired. Won't you accept a cool drink?" Without waiting for an answer, she led him to the house. At the door she paused and looked to the turn of the road.

Inside was a table with five places. The room was scrupulously neat except for a few toys scattered around. A brightly shined pair of shoes peeped from under the couch, which, as she returned with some buttermilk, she told him were Johnny's shoes. As she went on about him and her other children, he gathered that her name was Mrs. Peter Marshall, her husband was dead, and that she loved her four children above everything else. Though only half listening at first, he soon realized that she possessed that perfect contentment he vainly desired.

She was saying, "You ought to have seen them this morning, going off to school. They go in the little cart and Harry drives. They always stop at the turn to wave to me. This morning, with the sun on them, and them a'smilin' and lookin' so sweet—so sweet, I never loved them more. Dorothy's hair is pure gold in the sun and I know it'll always be just as it is. They are good children."

He had a sudden vision of Fred as a little baby, and a tenderness surged through him, rather for the memory than the reality.

She took his silence as a matter of course and went on about her home; ending, "It is my world, you know, and I love it."

"Aren't you ever unhappy or discouraged?" he asked.

"Why, no," she said, "I have what is mine and will be mine always. I think sometimes, if folks could get above the world of clocks and calendars and see things like they truly are, they'd know how little their sorrows matter."

Interested and a little ashamed as he contrasted this house of happy poverty to his own of discord, he expressed a desire to see the children. She hesitated, "Why, yes—they should be along now, but you might frighten them. People do. They might not come in if they saw you. They are—different children."

Smiling at this common delusion of mothers, he thanked her for more than she could guess and went with a lightened step. He resolved to fight against unhappiness.

With an involuntary glance to the turn, *then* he saw the sky and the blossoms. If he had been a poet, he would have said that the whole resembled the soft cheeks and blue eyes of the little old lady. Being a business man, he hurried on with only a backward look.

The scene flashed upon his mind often in the next busy, nerve-racking months in the turmoil of business. By constant fighting and entirely personal effort, he saved most of his fortune.

One evening his reading was interrupted by Fred, who was scanning the newspaper. "Say, Dad, listen. Here's a funny thing —about a dame in Pleasanton. Name Mrs. Marshall—er—let's see now—says she's been waiting thirty years for her children to come from school. Ho! This is good. Listen! 'A pathetic case is recorded by the death of Mrs. Marshall yesterday in Pleasanton. Thirty years ago, her children went one morning to school in a phaeton and were killed at a railroad crossing. When the woman was told, she became insane. She had been cared for by kind neighbors, and had lived happily under the delusion that her children were living. Preparing meals and waiting for their return, she had lived quietly and contentedly in this interest. She was loved by all who knew her.'

"Gee! poor thing. She had a tough lot. Didn't she?"

After a long silence—"Perhaps not, Fred, perhaps not at all," his father murmured.

E. G. '23.

Christmas comes but once a year, and so does the Traveler Short Story Contest. It is here now, and Brookline has a real responsibility to live up to her standards in other years. Did you know that we were way ahead of any other school last year in prizes and honorable mentions? Everybody write, and let's keep this up. Incidentally, $50 comes in rather handy.

A "GAME" WARDEN

EVERY summer a party of five of us, all from High School, decide we have had enough of hard work, so we pack up for a trip to New England's vacation ground, the Maine woods. This summer was no exception.

We arrived at our destination, we found our regular guide sick, and a new man in his stead, named Simpson. At camp-fire the first night out, he told us he was going to get a deer. Naturally we did not consent. Besides the moral issue, there was a chance of getting caught, we argued. Simpson assured us he had shot at least fifty deer out of season, and had never been caught. And anyway the laws prohibiting the shooting of deer were not made for the residents of the deer country who needed fresh meat, but for the tourist who came, merely that he might be able to say he had shot a deer. So said Simpson. And since we all wanted a taste of that deer way down deep in our stomachs, we believed his flimsy philosophy much more easily than we would have under normal circumstances, and soon agreed with him.

The next morning we got up at daybreak in the hope of seeing possible game, but did not see anything except a couple of "porkys." Nothing daunted, we paddled quietly all day and refrained from speaking louder than a whisper, all the time with a vision of fat, juicy steak before our mind's eye. But all to no purpose. The same way the next day, and then the next.

The strain of keeping quiet for three whole disappointing days was too much for us. That night, not caring whether we ever saw a deer or not, we had a regular sing, accompanied by the guide on his harmonica, after he was sure we had scared away all the deer in that part of the state.

The cat is out of the bag now. No more can we come back from our vacation in the fall to tell how many miles we had to tramp to get our deer. We can prove conclusively the power of music over the lower animals—the deer walked into camp. At least that is what one did for us, in spite of the fact that Simpson told us we wouldn't see a deer in that part of the country if we made a noise.

On waking the next morning, the first thing Simpson saw was a nice yearling buck lapping the salt bag. With rare presence of mind he allowed Mr. Buck to get several yards out of camp, before shooting him, in order that things might not become too messy. Of course the report of the gun awakened us, and we were just in time to see a noble soul passing out. A dying deer's eyes are much more soulful than your best girl's, and a deer's dying bleat sounds exactly like the cry of a little baby with the colic. To wake up out of a sound sleep to a scene like that is not the most pleasant thing in the world. It was much nicer to think of eating juicy venison, than to see it being killed. However no one of us would admit to the others that he felt a bit squeamish, so we all made a bee line for the corpse to get a closer view. Then the deer was skinned and cut up by Simpson. The interesting part of it was the care taken by him to keep himself spotless (literally), and to keep us clean, also. We had to stand away from the deer, and not swing bloody spare ribs around. And when the deer was finally cut up, we had to put the meat in a bag with a buoy tied to it, and the skin and head, etc., in a bag with a stone tied to it, and sink them both in the lake nearby, and then carefully remove all the leaves and twigs which had been stained with the gore. Then we had a chance to think a little about what would happen if we were caught. Simpson cheerfully told us we would all be out forty berries apiece, and he would lose his guide license. We began to glance surreptitiously up the trail, and to wonder what they gave you to eat in Maine prisons.

However, at noon after we had tasted several floating ribs and the heart, this feeling wore away. Simpson remarked,

"Thes only one kinda meat I like better th'n this, 'n' that's moose steaks. But say boys, this is some good, now I tell y'. But if a warden comes hikin' up th' trail, let me do all th' talkin'." That was Simpson all over—mixing joy and sorrow together all the time. The venison did not taste so good after that, though it had that gamey flavor that stolen cake has.

Next day a warden came just as we were frying a little less than twenty pounds of steak for dinner. Warden remarked it was a nice day. Simpson agreed. We didn't squeak. The world, and

lake, and trees, were going around so fast they were blurred, and we all felt as though we had been caught smoking by father on a day when he wasn't feeling well, only more so.

When a man comes into your camp at meal time in the woods, and you are over forty miles from anywhere, he stays to eat. So the warden put down his pack and helped us with the cooking. No one mentioned the steaks, but it was impossible to hide them. Anyway you could have smelt them at least four miles away. As we moved around we felt as though we were not touching the ground at all, and then the next minute as though we weighed a hundred pounds extra. I thought of all the stories I had ever read about wardens, and every one of them ended with the warden shooting his prisoner. The other fellows told me later all they could think of was the third degree. And then everything would begin to swim and buzz and ring again.

Finally the meal was ready. We had a sort of hazy idea of running as soon as Mr. Warden ate a piece of meat, but somehow we didn't. We ate in silence. When we finally finished, we all waited to be arrested "in the name of the Commonwealth of the United States," or something like that. But the warden shouldered his pack and went off down the trail, licking his chops, with a don't-let-it-happen-again look on his face. . . . . ? ? ? ! ! ? * "Oh, he's my brother," replied Simpson.

W. R. C. '22.

MEN OF STEEL

"AS a boy you were a success, but as a man you're a miserable failure!" Jardon banged his huge fist on the desk, and bored cold eyes into the man standing before him. "The idea of real men today, Westing, is to make money! How you get it or where it comes from doesn't matter! That is—so long as you stay this side of Sing Sing," and Jardon wrinkled his rock-carved face with a cynical smile. Then with slow precision he commenced to examine some papers.

Westing shifted his weight to the left leg and then back to the right. His head seemed to protrude forward, drawn by the man at whom he stared in an awed but painful daze. His teeth tried to crush each other, and his lips twitched with his quivering muscles. Deep in coat pockets, Westing's fists clenched and relaxed.

Finally Jardon said from the corner of his mouth:

"Can I do anything?"

Westing almost lost his balance. Presently, a low and cracked voice coming from somewhere, said:

"No—sir. Good—good day."

Like a half-sleeping cat, Westing tip-toed into the outer office, nor did he walk firmly until he reached the clattering pavement of Broad Street.

The cutting wind of a late December afternoon slapped his face and drove blood surging thru his head to rouse a stunned brain. In a moment Westing's teeth clicked, and thru tightly drawn lips he spat these words:

"Miserable failure!"

A gust of growing wind caught the bitter words and threw them at him. But Westing had recovered from his trance and now possessed a mental calm. He endeavored to survey himself before an honest mirror, but its severe reflection almost stunned him. Then it banished his conceit and conquered him. Westing had decided as a youth that success was *defined* by each individual for himself. Whereupon he had chased riotous dreams and vague but idealistic theories, regarding them as the essence of true success. And the

happiness he obtained from delving into fresh dreams and new thoughts was the only conqueror of his fear and scorn of money, which he despised as evil materialism that would some day be exiled. This position was the fourth from which he had been discharged.

Flurries of wet snow began to whirl about him. Westing caught a few flakes in his hand and admired their vanishing beauty. Then he caught a few more and crushed them before they could melt. He repeated this action for it gave him an exhilarating thrill. Then he pounded his feet on the pavement until he fancied he could hear their thump above the city's din. During the next five minutes, Westing assumed a brisk walk, with his shoulders squared and his fists tightly clenched. When he finally turned the corner on to Wall Street, words that had been well pondered were snapped out with the force of bullets.

"I've *been* a miserable failure! But from now on—!"

. . . . . .

Years have passed, but a part of Central Park still remains intact. Unmoved by the chill of the coming twilight and the cold breath of the falling snow, an old man is sitting on a partially snow-blanketed bench. His clothes are indifferently expensive. His hair is the color of the snow that flies into the deeply creased face, staring up into the sky with silent agony.

The old man, Westing, catches a few snow flakes in his hand and tries to examine their intricately beautiful designs. But his fist crushes them.

"Sir, have you an extra dollar, please? I'm hungry!"

Slowly Westing turns his gaze on an aged and bent man, clad in ancient clothes, whose face is lean from hunger. Westing tries to look at something else, but he is held by eyes that still bore into him despite their weakness. Unwillingly and fearfully he recalls them. Then with alarming suddenness, Westing rises and rivets his narrow eyes on the man before him.

"Jardon!" and Westing's voice trembles harshly in his throat but gathers strength. "Jardon! I've cursed you a thousand times for those words you spat at me once! But I envy you now!"

"Envy?" cries Jardon in a shrill voice. "You who sunk me—you envy me!"

"Don't!" implores Westing. "I've been accused too many times. But it's those words you slapped me with that are to blame! I've got money, but how I hate it! Here are all the bills I have on me, Jardon. You're welcome to all the rest you want!"

"Thanks, Westing. You're a lucky man, Westing!" declares Jardon, as his trembling fingers grasp the bills.

"Lucky? With a conscience that bores red holes into me every minute! You're a lucky man, Jardon! Go thank God that you can realize the beauty of these snow flakes," and Westing catches a few, "without having to crush them!"

Jardon slouches on the bench, and Westing trudges away in the snow.

R. S. '23.

THE COSTUME BALL

We all have masks; we dance a lot,
  An' we're havin' peachy fun.
We can't tell whom we're dancin' with,
  But I dance with ev'ryone.

An' oh! that slender little girl,
  All dressed in pink and white!
I'm trying hard to dance with her,
  Trying with all my might!

Ah! at last I've captured her,
  An' now I'm going to hold her.
She surely is encouragin',
  An' I am growing bolder.

We sit behind some tall, green ferns,
  And now, at last, I've kissed her!
The cry comes loudly, "Now unmask!"
  An'—*Oh, gee!* It's *my sister!*

W. B. '25.

Nous avons le plaisir de publier une lettre de Miss Dorothy Ure, ancienne élève de l'Ecole Supérieure a Brookline de la classe de 1918. Miss Ure passe l'année dans les régions dévastées de La France en travaillant au jardin des Enfants de la Croix Rouge Américaine.

Sallaumines—Près de Calais
France

Le vingt-cinq septembre

Me voici dans le nord de la France! Si vous regardez la petite carte de ce pays qui se trouve dans votre petit Larousse vous verrez l'endroit où je travaille en ce moment.

Depuis deux semaines j'habite Sallaumines, un tout petit village à trois kilomètres de Lense. Je demeure dans une demi-lune avec une charmante infirmière. Vous en avez vu, n'est ce pas, quand vous avez visité les régions dévastées? L'infirmière s'occupe du dispensaire et du magasin de la Croix Rouge française, tandis que moi, je fais la classe aux enfants à la garderie installée à côté.

Autrefois j'habitais l'hôpital de l'Union des Femmes de France à Lens et chaque jour je faisais le voyage de Lens à Sallaumines en automobile avec une jeune française qui m' aidait a enseigner aux enfants. En ce moment-ci elle passe ses vacances dans le midi et je fais la classe toute seule. Heureusement elle va rentrer dimanche prochain. Les enfants restent a l'école jusqu'a à quatre heures du soir. La moitié des élèves apportent leur déjeuner et le prennent ici. J'aime bien les enfants français et je suis on ne peut plus heureuse ici. Avant d'être a Lens j'étais à Lièvin et j'habitais cette gentille petite maisonnette que vous et Alice avez visitée. Le

premier octobre je dois quitter Sallaumines mais je ne sais pas encore où l'on va m'envoyer.

Etant dans le nord depuis le mois de juillet j'ai très peu vu Paris, mais j'adore ce que j'en 'ai vu. Grâce a Miss Adams j'ai pu y passer trois journées délicieuses.

En trois jours on ne peut pas voir grande chose, c'est vrai, mais j'ai entendu chanter Thais! Et ça, c'est assez pour toute une vie! J'aime bien cet opéra que j'ai lu tant de fois qu'il me semble un vieil ami.

Mais "Eh bien," comme on dit ici: "que voulez-vous?"

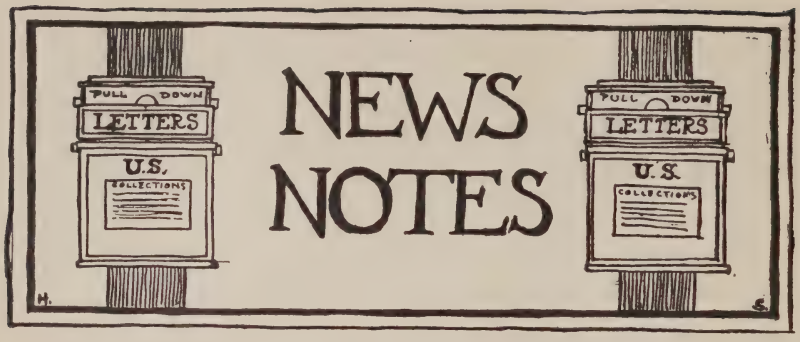
LE RETABLISSEMENT DE LA FRANCE

La plupart des Américains se représente la France en ruine, toutes les villes détruites et les gens mourant de faim. Voici quelques statistiques pour vous montrer l'état réorganisé de ce pays:

Les villageois rendus sans asile par la guerre	2,500,000
Cieux rétournés maintenant	1,970,000
Les écoles avant la guerre	3,256
Celles rétablies	3,216
Les maisons détruites	769,000
Celles rébatis	428,000
Les kilomêtres de chemins de fer demolis	4,900
Réplacés	4,250

Toute la France se dévoue au travail de réconstruction; et le gouvernement s'est chargé des grandes dépenses pour ce projet. Mais la France n'a pas autant besoin d'argent que d'une démonstration d'amité. Elle n'est pas changée et il ne reste plus qu 'à rétablir sa tranquillité primitive et sa prosperité domestique.

F. B. H. '22.



CALENDAR

Nov. 4—Meeting of Girls' League.
Nov. 5—Everett vs. Brookline at Brookline.
Nov. 12—Rindge vs. Brookline at Brookline.
Nov. 18—Freshman-Sophomore Social.
Nov. 19—B. C. High vs. Brookline at Brookline.
Nov. 24—Newton vs. Brookline at Brookline.
Nov. 24-28—Thanksgiving recess.

WHO'S WHO IN B. H. S.

Senior Class—President, George Stark; vice-president, Marjorie Prentiss; treasurer, Fred Hill; secretary, Margaret Kennedy.

Junior Class—President, Roger Shugg; vice-president, Marion McGrath; treasurer, Francis Daley; secretary, Helen Rice.

Sophomore Class—President, Gordon Leach; vice-president, Frances Small; treasurer, Courtney Bird; secretary, Theresa Chisholm.

Honorary Society—President, Robert Schacht; secretary, Marion Colby; chairman executive committee, Bertha Rosenau.

French Club—President, Fred Hill; vice-president, Betty Chandler; treasurer, Mary Hough; secretary, Gertrude Cadigan.

Boys' Debating Club—President, Robert Schacht; vice-president, Roger Shugg; secretary-treasurer, Loren Taylor.

Girls' Debating Club—President, Bertha Rosenau; vice-president, Mary Saunders; secretary-treasurer, Marion Colby; chairman Rhetorical Committee, Betty Chandler.

Girls' League—President, Marion Colby; vice-president, Emily Johnson; treasurer, Leita Briggs; secretary, Frances Small.

Glee Club—President, Betty Beisel; vice-president, Barbara Chase; treasurer, Eleanor Bowker; secretary, Marion Higgs.

Art Club—President, Barbara Chase; vice-president, Eleanor Fayerweather; treasurer, Audrey Griffin; secretary, Lillian Fisk.

B. H. S. Model Making Engineers—President, René Scott; vice-president, Waldo Keys; secretary-treasurer, Richard Warren.

Sagamore Board—See title page.

Boys' Mandolin Club—Under direction of Norman Wetzel.

Girls' Mandolin Club—President, Betty Horn; vice-president, Doris Clark; treasurer, Eleanor Smith; secretary, Frances Brown.

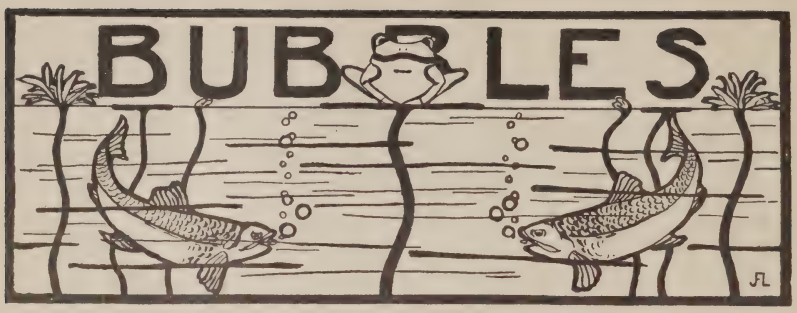
On Friday, September 30, the first meeting of the 1921-1922 season of the Girls' League was held in the Gym. All the big senior and junior advisors took all the little freshmen to the party where they were told about the League and the other clubs and societies which they might join. When the children had been duly instructed, there were dancing and games. The day ended sweetly with a lollypop march.

The week of October third gave Brookline pupils a chance to show their "schooliotism." Exasperated to the point of action by the standless condition of Brookline Field, the Athletic Association, headed by Mr. Carlson and Mr. Carrell, organized the Drive for Stands. Fourteen weary Thanksgiving Days have we trudged to Newton to see our rival take in some $70,000. This year Newton comes here and "They shall not stand!" Thru the tag days and the dance we raised $500. Mr. Carlson expects $2000 more from *outside the School.* Talk it up!

Thursday, Oct. 13, the first meeting of Girls' Debating Club was held. Subject: Resolved, That the nations of the world should agree on a limitation of armament.

Affirmative	Negative
M. Hough	M. McElroy
F. Furber	M. Saunders
T. Chisholm	F. Small

The decision was awarded to the affirmative.



HEARD IN SCIENCE

Freshman—Why do they whitewash the inside of hen-houses?

Mr. J-w-tt—Oh, that's to keep the hens from pecking the grain out of the wood.

S-v-r had a Thomas cat,
It warbled like Caruso;
W-ll-ms swung a baseball bat
And now it doesn't do so.

What's the difference between a person who has seen Niagara Falls, a person who hasn't, and a peanut?

One has seen the mist, one has missed the scene, and the peanut is put in to make it hard.

It's true—only too true—that

"As a rule
A man's a fool.
When it's hot
He wants it cool.
When it's cool
He wants it hot—
Always wanting
What is not."

For the benefit of M-ll-w-ny—"Though the ocean is deep, you can still break glass with a hammer." Laugh, everybody!

C-ss-n—If the marks made by a man's shoes on a road are called foot-prints, what would you call the marks made by a motor car?

B. Sh-rm-n—Autographs.

Recently Cl-de F-re, a brilliant student in history, gave this reply to a question asked by Mr. Carlson.

F-re: General Braddock was killed in the Revolutionary war. He had three horses shot under him, and a fourth went through his coat.

CHOICE

I rose with great alacrity to offer her my seat.
'Twas a question whether she or I should stand upon my feet.

Johnny stopped a choo-choo train
By standing on the track,
Which gave his system quite a strain—
His sisters now wear black.

WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL

If the straws at the lunch counter never broke.
If we all liked to study as we should.
If there was but one universal language.
If Sw-tt always paid his debts.
If Freshmen stopped being pests.
If we could all ride home in an automobile.
If I could pass my Math!

Geo. Frederick Hussey, '12, Lieut. (j. g.) U. S. N., is studying advanced naval engineering at the University of Chicago.

Donald Richardson, '19, has been appointed to the Dean's Council at Boston University College of Business Administration.

Earl Thompson, ex-'20, is playing guard on the Tufts varsity football team.

Charles O'Hearn, '19, former editor-in-chief of SAGAMORE, is expected to cut a big figure in Yale varsity football this year.

Jessie Alison, '17, and Horace Canning, ex-'16, are playing in A. E. Thomas's play, "Only 38."

Annette Hovgaard, ex-'20, is engaged to Sidney Leigh Smith of Weymouth.

Thomas Woods, '15, Harvard's All-American guard, is now a member of the Harvard coaching staff.

Priscilla Hall, '19, is engaged to Gordon Leland of Brookline.

"Johnnie" Corcoran, '21, one of the best athletes Brookline has ever produced, is playing a great game as halfback for the Boston College football team.

James Sullivan, ex-'22, has been admitted to the class of 1925 at Tufts College. Alan Cook is there too. Newell Townsend, '21, former Glee Club director, has entered Bowdoin. Thomas Taylor, '19, former business manager of THE SAGAMORE, has entered Brown University.

McNair Willing, '21, has entered the "plebe" class at West Point. Good luck, Mac.

WHO'S WHO IN ATHLETICS 1921-1922

Football—Captain, Francis Mitchell.

Baseball—Captain, E. Mullowney; manager, F. Whitehouse.

Track—Captain, F. Thompson; manager, Earl Underhill.

Swimming—Captain, R. Purinton; manager, R. Aronson.

Crew—Captain, N. Smith.

Hockey—Captain, C. Stover.

Tennis—Captain-manager, W. Fleming.

Golf—Captain-manager, J. Walsh.

Athletic Association—F. Mitchell, president; C. Rowe, vice-president; Mr. Carrell, secretary; Mr. Akers, treasurer; Mr. Carlson, faculty advisor.

SIDELIGHTS

Captain Mitchell and Walter Denning, a member of last year's team, were onlookers at the Winthrop game. Both have bad shoulders, but will soon be in the lineup.

The old team sure proved that it has the makings of a championship outfit at Medford. Cheer up! We can't win all the games. School spirit is 100 per cent. at Brookline High this year! Are you doing your share to help the team? Buy a season ticket for the four home games!

Haverhill had the scare of its life when Brookline hit the town.

At the close of school the street in front of the High School looks like a public garage; but, when the manager of the football team wants autos to carry the players to a game, machines are as scarce as hen's teeth. Get busy and let us use your cars!

Brookline 7, Winthrop 0

Brookline started off the 1921 season by defeating Winthrop High, 7—0. This is the second time in two years that Winthrop has been defeated in its opening game.

The game was a typical opener: the players were not in their prime and therefore the score was not big. Considering this fact, from the onlooker's standpoint, the game was exciting from start to finish.

The only score of the game came in the second period when off-tackle rushes by Chase and Casson, and a short forward pass, Fleming to Stover, brought the ball to the five-yard line. Then Casson slipped off left tackle for the only touchdown.

The outstanding players for Brookline outside of those mentioned were Williams and Mullowney. Saunders and Freeman starred for Winthrop.

The lineup:

BROOKLINE.	WINTHROP.
Stover, l.e.	r.e., Weible
Mills, l.t.	r.t., H. Freeman
G. Kelley, l.g.	r.g. (Campbell) (Joyce) Turner
Mullowney (Tyler) c.	c., Howland Freeman
Terzis, r.g.	l.g., Baker
Kaplan, r.t.	l.t. (Campbell) Starvides
Swett, r.e.	l.e. (Lawler) Patrick
Fleming (McMillan) q.b.	(Sullivan) Russell
Chase, l.h.b.	r.h. (Horan) (Russell) Walton
Casson, r.h.b.	l.h. Fulham
Southwick, (Williams) f.b.	Saunders

Score: Brookline, 7; Winthrop, 0. Touchdown, Casson. Goal from touchdown, Casson. Umpire, Hurley. Referee, Woodlock, Head linesman, Penmert. Time, eight-minute periods.

Haverhill 21, Brookline 7

Again! The same old story. There must be some jinx following us to Haverhill. Nevertheless, we gave the state champions a fight that they will always remember.

In the first period Brookline had the ball almost entirely in Haverhill's territory. This was due mainly to Casson's punting and a Haverhill fumble which was recovered by Bowler Johnson.

Brookline threw away her only chance to win the game when she failed to make two yards with four downs to make it in. Had this been done, it would have taken the heart out of Haverhill and there it would have ended.

Brookline's score came in the last few minutes to play when Mullowney blocked one of Haverhill's punts and recovered it himself on Haverhill's 3-yard line. Bowler Johnson dropped back and shot a perfect pass to "Bud" Casson for the only Brookline score.

Before we go we wish to state that Mitchell, Swett, Casson and Mullowney played a wonderful defensive game, thassall.

Brookline	*Haverhill*
Swett, l.e.	r.e. Doucette
Johnson (Vachon, l.t.	r.t. Downes
Terzis, l.g.	r.g. Ray
Mullowney, c.	c. McGrath
Kelly (Mills) r.g.	l.g. Mansfield
Kaplan, r.t.	l.t. Roberts
Mitchell, r.e.	l.e. O'Brien
Fleming (Gentle) q.b.	Horsh
Chase (Gentle) r.h.b.	l.h.b. Parisien
Casson, l.h.b.	r.h.b. Darbe
(Johnson) (Williams) Southwick, f.b.	f.b., Legacy

Brookline 0, Medford 7

Although defeat was alloted Brookline on October 12, 1921, the team surely deserved a better fate.

Medford has nothing to brag about, because they played no better football than Brookline. On account of the wind, most of the game was played on the leeward end of the field. It was with the help of this wind that Medford scored her touchdown.

Brookline had good support from the sidelines and that counted a great deal. Those followers, at least, saw Brookline tear through the Medford ranks for many a first down. Remember that thrilling

run by Bell around left end, and it is hard to believe that the score was against us. Great credit is due to the line, especially on the defense. Mitchell and Mullowney certainly made themselves felt. Many other players as Tyler, Bell and Hardy, formerly untried, showed that they were there to fight for Brookline.

The lineup was as follows:

Mitchell (Capt.), l.e. ..... r.e., Riley
Mills, l.t. ..... r.t., Murphy
Tyler, l.g. ..... r.g. Linder
Mullowney, c ..... c. (Capt.) Gillis
Tergis, (Loud) r.g. ..... l.g. Bye
Kelley (Vachon) r.t. ..... l.t. Lurabian
Swett (Hardy) r.e. ..... l.e. Kelley
Johnson (Gentle) q.b. ..... q.b. (Norton) MacDonald
Chase (Phillips) (Johnson) l.h.b. ..... r.h.b Odams
Bell, r.h.b. ..... l.h.b. McNulty
Southwick (Williams) (Hardy) f.b. ..... f.b. Leary

Girls' Athletics

This year's schedule for the girls is going to be much better than preceding years. It will be a great success if all the girls will come out for the different teams.

There is to be baseball, basket ball, swimming, volley ball, tennis and class gym teams. All the girls who wish to try out for the basket ball team must be up to normal weight by December. This gives everyone time to gain.

Practice for all fall games and gym teams will be twice a week in certain seasons. Swimming will be once a week throughout the year.

In order to make these teams a success every girl should at least come out and try. Don't be disappointed if you are not chosen for one thing; there are several of them in which you might be a success.

Letters and numerals will be awarded for first teams.

Beginners in everything will receive special instruction by themselves at first.

Now, girls, show your spirit; show your class what you can do. Let's see you all out at the *first* practice of everything.

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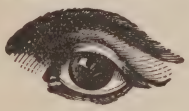

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Frank A. Russell

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.— *Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXVIII JANUARY, 1922 NO. 2

Editorials

DO WE REALIZE

WHEN THIS EDITION goes to press, the great Armament Conference will, in all probability, have ended. The question before the nation is, Just what has been accomplished in the past six weeks? An agreement has been reached between the United States, England, Japan, and France for the purpose of clearing up the complicated situation in the Far East; the great nations of the world have agreed to reduce their naval armament; the friction-breeding Yap mandate question has been settled. But all these things, great as they are, must give precedence to the epoch-making statement made by the United States to the world: "We are ready and willing to turn our disinterested efforts toward securing a just and lasting peace among nations." The foreign delegates were struck dumb by this open policy running so at variance to the old idea of diplomacy. That statement marks the beginning of a new era in the history of diplomacy: hereafter, the greatest diplomat will be who breaks through the covering of falsehood and tells the truth!

That is America. She has put into the minds of the nations thoughts of international good-will, and of a disinterested desire to see justice and humanity rule the world. That is a noble achievement, one of which every American boy and girl may well be proud!

Is it yet time, comes the question, to abandon the old conservative advice of George Washington, and take an active interest in Europe? America cannot well avoid being drawn, to a greater or less degree, into foreign affairs. The ocean is no longer a barrier. The fast steamer, the airplane, and the wireless have brought us

closer to Europe in the last decade than we have ever been before. We have been associated with the French and English people in the late war; we fought for the same cause, died in the same trenches. We need Europe, and Europe needs us. This conference has applied to the world the principles for which George Washington stood, and on which America was founded.

The world is standing on the threshold of a new epoch in human history. But do we realize this? We have taken part in the greatest tragedy ever enacted since history began but over that tragedy stands the American Ideal, shining and triumphant! Now the foundations of international fraternity are being laid, and laid *by our own nation!* But we are too much inclined to take these momentous events as a matter of course, without giving them the consideration which their importance warrants. America is leading the world into a new day—out of the darkness into the light which is shining on before and illuminating the way.

G. Hawley, '24.

Literary Department

ALL NINE GONE

THE FORECAST was snow, but it had become a trifle warmer and mucky. A heavy fog had settled over the city of New York, while a fine drizzle had already found its way to the filthy sidewalks of the slum districts around Bowery and Houston Streets. The tall fire traps on either side of the street looked all the more uncanny as dark figures with what were once hats drawn down upon faces that months before were in bad need of a shave, came and went from the dark rubbish-choked alleys. A "Bull," as the police are called by the part of the population on the wrong side of the middle class, appeared from around the corner. Just as he was about to kick an old tin can from the sidewalk, he noticed that the fruit stand on the corner was about to close up, so he hurried to get his last package of chewing tobacco from the little gray-haired Italian—gratis.

A man of forty years of age, more or less, came sauntering down the street as if he had no destination in view. He was in deep thought. All of a sudden he braced up and mumbled, "Ah! at last I have the solution." At the next little alley he turned in and disappeared into the darkness.

He unlocked the back door, listened for a moment, and then, going in, lighted the lamp over a dilapidated desk. On the top of the desk in the most conspicuous place was the picture of a rather good looking young lady. He picked this up and gently pressed it to his lips, then laying it down carefully, murmured, "There will never be another to take your place!" He listened again, and, not hearing a sound, he put his hand deep down into his inside coat pocket, and drew out a long dark object with a thick handle, bearing the two words Colt Automatic. Hurriedly he opened the top drawer and slipped the weapon of death far back into the corner. Hearing heavy breathing in the next room, he quickly shoved the drawer closed and went into the adjacent room. In half a dozen seconds he returned, muttering, " 'Tis just the night for such an undertak-

ing, and this darkness gives me the right inspiration and setting. Now for the work that I have cut out for me." Then a moment later, "My pencil and some paper, and then to begin." Turning, he sat down and began to write. The clock on the shelf said ten minutes to ten. Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock; on it went endlessly, his valuable time shortening at every tick.

At one o'clock the policeman on the corner rang off, and the new one rang on. A moment later he walked away and was met by two men, with slouch hats on, at the corner. The three walked off together. At two o'clock he rang up, and walked away in the same direction as before but now with a slightly staggering step suggesting drunkenness. At three o'clock he again reported, but this time he could just barely give his number. Again he staggered along toward his new friend's cellar.

Just as he was going around the corner, the man at his desk looked up and with a confident little smile on his face exclaimed, "Plenty of time, plenty!" At that very moment he heard a low wheeze, which at first was hardly audible, but it increased in volume until it was a steady wail. Then it mounted to a shriek. It seemed very close at hand. The smile disappeared and his face became troubled. "I knew it would come, and believe me, I'm prepared for it." The weird crying kept up for practically half an hour, continuously increasing and decreasing in volume. Still he wrote on. At length he sprang to his drawer, only to hesitate and start pacing the length of the floor again and again. He ran his lean fingers through his hair, which was fast growing gray, although he was only a middle aged man. At last he sat down, this time scribbling on, on, on, as if to keep his mind occupied and to forget that awful sound. His agitation steadily increased till at last he rose to his feet and laid down his pencil. Putting his hands to his eyes he said, "It must be done. O, God, it must be done before morning, and if this continues it can't be done." Then, "Must I take a life, that good may come out of it?" Again he sat down in one last effort, and on he wrote, furiously. Spread all over the surface of his untidy desk that looked like the desk of an unlucky writer, were papers of every description. Under his elbow was

quite a pile of uniform, smooth white papers covered with his own handwriting. Every two minutes or so he would add a new sheet to the neat pile.

Through his back window he could see lights flicker up. In the meanwhile the wailing continued. A humpbacked little old woman opened her door slightly and peeped out, then the door closed and the lights went out. Reaching over to the drawer he pulled out the same dark object and fingered it. "You'll do the job, won't you, old boy?" he soliloquized, putting the Colt on his desk.

He wrote furiously for a few lines, and the horrid wailing broke out afresh. Suddenly he leaped from his seat, and, picking up the automatic, cried, "Time is getting precious. It must be done now—it shall be done!" He went into the next room and again returned, saying, "I wonder if it will awake her. Well, anyway, here's where I end it once and for all. The Colt is loaded and all is ready."

He left the light burning and going to the back door he unlocked it, being careful not to make the slightest noise. Then he crawled along on his hands and knees for fear of any one's seeing him, or of falling and making a noise, until he came to the very edge of the fire-escape.

The whistle from the mills blew four o'clock, but on the corner there was no one ringing up, for the Guardian of the Law was in a half stupor, and sound asleep behind a crate three city squares away.

At the end of the fire-escape he rose to a standing position, and, as there was no railing, he thought this an ideal place. He took the loaded revolver from his hip pocket; taking the safety catch off he grasped the handle firmly, in one hand, and grasped the remains of the railing with the other. He was still in the shade of the building, and hid from the gas light on the front street. No human eye could detect him. He leaned far over the edge and raised the automatic to a level with his eye. Taking perfect aim he pulled the trigger twice in rapid succession. Two sharp reports rang out in the still air. A nearly stilled voice murmured, "The deed is done, may I profit by it." Then a dull thud was heard from below.

The next morning, the largest magazine went to press. The chief editor was seen talking earnestly to an elderly looking gentleman in his private office. "Yes, sir," he was heard to say, "it is the best story we have had handed in in years. How did you do it?"

"Well, sir," exclaimed the man, "when you told me at seven o'clock yesterday that you were in bad need of a story and would pay well if anyone handed in an acceptable one, well, I thought it was my chance to make good and give my little daughter a chance to get the education she deserves. I had to kill a cat in the alley last night so that I could write and think clearly. I hated to do it, because it was the pet cat of a little old lady in the house opposite ours. It was quite a hard shot, but I made it. Sure enough, this morning, there was the cat with its toes pointed skyward—all nine gone. Thanks for the check, editor."

John Orth, '22.

A HOTTENTOT ROMANCE

KIGA KAE was a warrior of the Koranas. He was a stalwart youth of eighteen and already was noted for his archery and skill with a javelin. To see him on a blistering hot day stalking through the forests with his bow drawn and every muscle taut was indeed a picture, and, to Koranas maidens, a thrill! But why not? Everything was in his favor. He was tall, handsome, strong, and his father was the omnipotent ruler of the tribe, a thing which lent much prestige and many shekels.

In this same village was a successful clothes merchant who had accumulated great wealth dealing in sandals, beads, and copper wire. This man, being by far the most influential inhabitant, saw fit that the prince and his daughter should be a match. The young girl was a comely wench, worthy of the best, and for this and pecuniary reasons, the king was actually in favor of the marriage.

But the prince! He alone was dissatisfied with the bargain. The maid in vain set her cap and employed all her charming wiles,

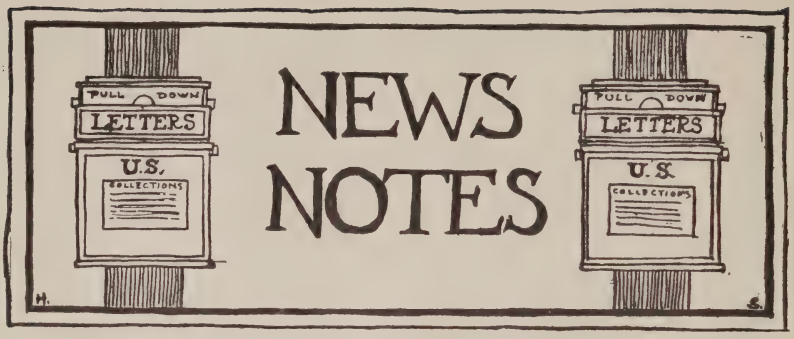
but Kiga Kae was interested in nothing but war and the chase, and she was too willing, to cause him either, in her courtship.

Therefore the poor girl pined away, unloved, until—my story begins. As always happens, there entered into the town, and consequently their lives, another man, Guya Gum, who, representing the inhabitants of Namaquam, a northern village, was installed as consul. He was a promising young statesman, as much so as they run in South Namaquam, and was blessed with an honest face and comely body. Also, being several years the senior of Kiga Kae, he was not slow in noticing the feminine charms of Tsu Kam, whereupon he began to woo her. The rebuked Tsu, at these new prospects of marriage, was well enough pleased and soon forgot the prince entirely in her blind infatuation for the consul.

But the prince! After he had been forgotten by his admiring Tsu for several days, he began to see an entirely different side of the matter. The girl wasn't so bad after all; . . . but to think! she liked that imbecile of a consul!

Just at that time a very peculiar thing happened. Guya Gum one day suddenly disappeared. He could not be found, anywhere! Three days later the prince, Kiga Kae, married the maiden, Tsu Kam, and the king sent to Namaquam for another consul.

F. B. Hill, Jr.



CALENDAR

Jan. 3—Teacher-Student Council Meeting.
Jan. 6—Girls' League Meeting.
Jan. 13—Prize Speaking.
Jan. 27-31—Mid-year exams.

GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB

The Girls' Debating Club is becoming so active that it needs a corner of its own. The following is a list of meetings lately held: Oct. 27. Subject, Resolved: That English should replace French as the language of diplomacy.

Affirmative	*Negative*
F. Cowles	F. Keifer
D. Morgan	E. Golden
E. Sweeney	D. Hirshberg

Decision was awarded to the negative.

Nov. 3. Subject, Resolved: That Massachusetts should establish a state university.

Affirmative	*Negative*
M. McGrath	G. Cassidy
R. Meyers	L. Platt
M. Meehan	M. Higgs

The judges voted unanimously in favor of negative.

Nov. 22. Subject, Resolved: That international treaties should be secret.

Affirmative	*Negative*
E. Chisholm	A. Atkins
H. Pfleghaar	H. Matsuki
R. Thomas	M. Colby

A unanimous decision was awarded to negative.

Dec. 1. Subject, Resolved: That girls' class athletics should count toward the Honorary Society.

Affirmative	*Negative*
L. Mendelsohn	B. Dalton
C. Rhodes	M. Roblin
R. Sondheim	M. Hough

The decision was awarded to the negative.

Dec. 8. Subject, Resolved: That Brookline should have moving pictures.

Affirmative	*Negative*
E. Laing	R. Wyzanski
M. Driscoll	M. Barrie
B. Rosenau	B. Chandler

The negative was awarded a unanimous decision.

Dec. 15. Subject, Resolved: That a one year course in domestic science should be compulsory in high schools.

Affirmative	*Negative*
R. Lovering	E. Smith
B. Everett	D. Cotrell
C. Fenerty	M. Arnold

The judges voted 2 to 1 in favor of the affirmative.

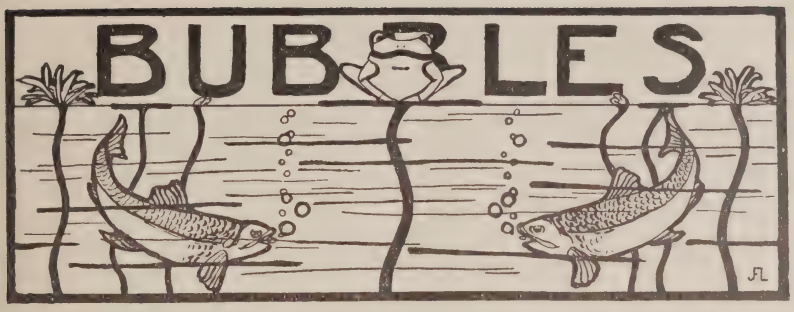
FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE RECEPTION

The afternoon's entertainment consisted of three acts: "While Breakfast Waited," "Where's Mabel?" and "A Rehearsal of the Country Choir," produced under the direction of Miss Jessie Smith. Refreshments and dancing followed.

The Junior Class plans to run several snappy Friday Afternoon Socials during January and February. Good music by Wetzel and Aronson. Everybody come and enjoy a good time. Bring a girl.

Dec. 16. Senior Social. The entertainment this year took the form of vaudeville. The first act was the "Newspaper Minstrels," featuring Marion Colby as Aunt Eppy Hogg, fattest woman in three counties, and Georgiana Cassidy as Mrs. Pruhn, who keeps the boarding house. Next was Al Billings as "The Old Timer," born 10,000 years ago. This was followed by Charlie Swett's "Just Wait and See," with Leita Briggs, Dorothy Leahy, Harry Bell and others. The fourth act was a cleverly executed eastern dance by Cheryl Cheek. After this came McIntyre and Daly's "Love in East Burlap," in which Lucy Allen was everybody's "one and only" girl. The next act consisted of several graceful dances by Anna Kelly, Grace De Viney and Marta Braggiotti, assisted by Sebastiano Braggiotti, with an Italian song and violin solo. Mario Braggiotti accompanied the entire act. Immediately following were Cowper, Vorse and Smiley in "The Three Little Boys in Blue." The little fellows in dainty blue rompers and pink silk garters on their pretty white socks skidded around on hobby horses and a Kiddie-Kar and sang about "Thweet Hortenth." The last act, Stephen Harris' "Julius Cæsar," nearly brought down the house. With many of its costumes, somehow suggestive of bathrobes, and its "Orpheum plan" program-announcing and scene-shifting, the play was a "howling" success. After a short interval it was announced that the prize was awarded to "The Three Little Boys in Blue," while the first and last acts received honorable mention. Refreshments were served and dancing followed till 12 o'clock. The committee reports the affair one of the most successful ever held in Shailer Hall.

Santa heard the plea of the "Three Little Boys." Immediately after the performance Mr. Hough of the school committee showed the plans of the new High School to all who were interested. Perhaps the entertainment at the next Senior Social will be given from a real stage. We may even have a real stage curtain. Who knows?



Roger—I took a correspondence course in correspondence.
Shugg—Yes? How did you come out?
Roger—Oh, I won a couple of letters. (Yale R.)

REMEMBER THE TIME

P. W-l-r—What will you give me for this tie, Ed?
Ed—Anything to keep you from wearing it.

Mr. P-ck-d—What's the best way to keep people from biting their nails?
———(asleep as per)—Pull out all their teeth of course.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

We were alone. Alone in the moonlit fragrance of the Southern night. A cooling breeze, heavy with honeysuckle perfumes, lazily stirred the shadowy vines about us. I could feel her warm breath on my cheek. The dark eyes like living pools of sleeping fire, gazed trustfully into mine. Was it possible that this could be the same lovely creature that had been my companion on the preceeding night? Gone was the haughty toss of her head, the impatient stamp of her foot. To-night all was changed.

She moved closer so that her head rested lightly on my shoulder, her soft cheek brushing my own, and I smoothed back the silky hair from her forehead. The moon must have affected us both; but it was getting late.

"Snap out of it, old girl," I said, slapping her lightly on the neck, and clinching her up a little tighter I swung into the saddle and rode off toward the stable.—*Yale Record.*

B-tt-y—Sir, do you realize that I am the daughter of an English peer?

B-th-r C.—Not so good. I am the son of an American Doc.

V-r-se—Give me two bits of rat poison.
Clerk—Shall I wrap it up or will you eat it here?

Fresh (sneezing in class)—Excuse me, sir.
Mr. J-w-tt—Certainly.
Exit, Freshman.

LITERARY NOTE

We wonder who the little cherub is who writes the Boston American that he is lonely. He is about five feet four inches, has brown hair and eyes, and is considered good-looking (?!), according to the description, which is signed W. R. C.

If discovered, please notify SAGAMORE.

A large dog was found in the Hall the other day and had to be ejected by force. It was not the only dog that ever got into school, but it was the first dumb animal that wanted to stay when he got in.

Son—Hey, Pop, why do they have clocks in socks?
Pater—So they can see how fast the seams run.

B-tt-y—Say, do you know that L-t-a B-g-s is a noisy girl?
M-r-n—Yes, she combs her hair with a bang.

HEARD IN GYM.

Heinie (coaching track)—Don't do that, W-ch-l, use your head.
W-ch-l—Oh, is that allowed?

'13—J. Freeman Swett has entered the field of commercial advertising and is located in Philadelphia.

'16—The marriage of Jean E. Kimball of Chicago to Daniel Tyler, Jr., Yale '21, occurred the twenty-ninth of December.

'18—Barton Leach, Harvard '21, is an instructor in Government and International Law at Harvard College.

'15—Frances Tripp is instructor in geology again this year at Wellesley College.

'16—Madelon Chandler is teaching in the Typewriting Dept. of B. H. S. this year.

'16—Kenneth Akers, M. I. T. '20, is still associated with the Underwriters Company, for which firm he is now travelling in New England.

'17—Virginia Greeley, Normal Art School '21, is associated with her father at his very attractive studio on Beacon Hill.

'16—Lieut. "Bill" Wenstrom, U. S. A., West Point '19, is now on duty at Fort Riley, Kansas.

'19—Page Williams was a member of the Smith College delegation that defeated Dartmouth recently.

'15—Tsuya Matsuki is a very successful teacher of music in Cleveland, Ohio.

'21—"Pat" Wason is studying at Boston University.

'17—Roger Bird is the captain of the Dartmouth swimming team. Everything points to a successful season.

There are some corrections to be made in Who's Who in Athletics, 1921-22. Football manager was R. Aronson, '22. No Baseball manager appointed yet. M. Kramer, '22, elected manager of Swimming. R. Shugg, '23, elected manager of Hockey. No. captain of Swimming elected yet. A complete list will be published in the next issue of THE SAGAMORE.

SIDELIGHTS

The captaincy of the 1922 Football team has been left open until next year. Norman Waite, '23, was elected Football manager for 1922.

Although Captain Mitchell was not picked for any all-scholastic position, it is easily understood why he was not. During the season he was obliged to play other positions and thereby ruined his chances for an end. Nevertheless we all know what an excellent leader and player he was and it is certain that if the school had any say in the matter he would make any all-scholastic team in the country.

Brookline Alumni were very prominent in college and prep school football this season. Charlie O'Hearn starred for Yale, Phil Threshie played end for Dartmouth, Mark McIntyre was picked for half-back on the all-prep school eleven and John Corcoran made a letter at Boston College.

The Athletic Council, at a recent meeting finally decided what the insignia for each sport shall be in the future. It is important that each one wear the proper insignia and not forget to put on the "H T" or "S T" whatever the case may be. If you are a swimmer

don't be ashamed to wear the letter awarded you—be proud of the fact that you are a swimmer.

Let's all forget football and devote our interests to track, hockey and swimming. There are great prospects for all three winter sports, so all boys out for at least one of the three. Here's a good chance to even up the football season.

The following boys were awarded football letters: Captain Mitchell, Mullowney, Robinson, Kaplan, Newton, Thompson, McMillan, Denning, Vachon, Terzis, Loud, Gentle, Phillips, Tyler, Orth, Williams, Chase, Mills and Manager Aronson.

To write up each of the football games would only be a waste of space devoted to "dead" news, so the Athletic Department has decided to make a brief summary from the Everett game on.

Brookline was beaten 7—0 by Everett on another "fluke"—a badly executed lateral pass which was scooped up by Captain Oberlander, who ran for the only touchdown of the game.

In the Rindge game Brookline was completely outplayed and lost, 27—0, the worst beating of the year. Even Mr. Carrell could not explain what happened to the team.

The B. C. High game was a thriller. No score came until the third period when the visitors worked a triple pass which led to their touchdown. Score 7—0.

Then came the Newton game and right there is where Brookline proved that she still had a spark of life in her. Newton was only able to score twice on off tackle plays and this is the only way they were able to gain. Their famous lateral pass which had been their strongest form of attack in other games, was completely ruined by Brookline. Brookline executed some wonderful forward passes which resulted in long gains.

The whole team played the best game of the season, both offensively and defensively. On the offense Chase, Williams and Gentle showed great form. On the defense Mitchell, Mullowney and Thompson made themselves felt. Newton was stopped four times within our five yard line, which lowered the score somewhat.

Ike Newton intercepted a forward pass and almost scored, but

was tackled by Captain Stafford. And so it goes! Let us all join in and wish Mr. Carrell the best of luck in 1922.

Hockey Team candidates are reporting daily to Coach Carrell and have already been on the ice. This ought to be a big year in hockey for us, as we have several of last year's men back. Capt. Stover and Mgr. Shugg have worked hard to keep hockey in the school and much depends on the support of the student body. The most promising candidates are Capt. Stover, Walsh, Fleming, Whittemore, Demming, Young, Aronson, Kaufman, Badaracco, Shapiro, Feldman, Wachtel and Johnson.

The Swimming Team also has bright prospects for the coming season, as Coach J. McNamara has a lot of boys whom he has known for years, in fact whom he taught to swim; and that helps a lot. Practice is held in the tank after school. An excellent schedule has been prepared by Manager Kramer.

The Track Team candidates have been working out under the direction of Coach Carrell for some time now and he assures us that he will have as good a track team as ever. Capt. Thompson, Chase, Dowling, Gentle, Stark, Casson, Swett, Daley, Dauer, McCarn and Rosen are some of the boys who were members of last year's track team and much is expected from them.

Manager Underhill has arranged a very promising schedule which starts Jan. 14, '22, with B. C. High at the Brookline Gym.

New Zealand, Aug. 12, 2376.

Prof. Retro Spect has made an interesting trip into the wilds of America, where vestiges of an ancient civilization have been found. Excavations have been made in that section which the tribe of Yank inhabited. The professor investigated ancient Brookline, a town of cliff-dwellers who lived, one family above another, with a crude method of ascent by "elevators." He found what was evidently the high school in a fine state of preservation due to the excellent construction of the building.

We publish an extract from his book, "The Ancient Americans." "This school reveals a people in a high state of culture, although they retained some barbarous customs such as the study of mathematics, which we discontinued long ago. In the library I found magazines from similar institutions, placed on the tables, no doubt, to aid the student in reference work.

There were "The Distaff," Girls' High, Boston, having good editorials and many too brief stories; "The Review," Newton High, with excellent material and an attractive cover; "The Megaphone," Country Day School, a well-planned magazine with oases of jokes in that arid advertising section in the back; "The Shuttle," High School of Practical Arts, and "The Cambridge Review," both with novel headings and cartoons; also "The Sassamon," Natick High; "The Daisy," Eastern District High, Brooklyn; "The Thresher," Texas; "The Kent News," Conn.; "Somanthi's Events," South Manchester High School, Conn.

These were very interesting and contained literature superior to that in the library volumes designated "Standard Authors."

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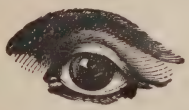

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.— *Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXVIII FEBRUARY, 1922 No. 3

Editorials

ONE OF THE Senior English classes has been reading an old English morality play called "The Summoning of Everyman." It tells how Everyman is called by Death to appear before his Maker "to give a straight account of all his deeds," and to learn whether he may or may not enter Paradise. He appeals to one after another of his companions—Fellowship, Kin, Wealth—to go with him and give him aid; but all refuse, and desert him in his need, save Wisdom and Good Deeds, who, alas, is almost too weak to attempt the journey.

Now, in this case, each one of us is Everyman, and we are to be summoned by the college of our choice to render our straight account, and to be judged for entrance. What will stand by us then? We know we shall have need of much wisdom—those examinations loom large ahead—but do we realize what an important part our Good Deeds will play in that crisis? Do we know that for almost every college Mr. Akers is required to fill out an extensive testimonial of our characters, habits, and activities?

Dartmouth has this scheme developed perhaps farther than any other college, though practically all of them require something similar. The following are the Dartmouth elements of selection: Scholarship, Character, Promise, Priority of Application, Professional and Occupational Distribution (in regard to parents), and

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How about our Good Deeds? Will they stand that test? Or are they, like Everyman's, too weak to attempt the journey? Why not try filling out that blank for ourselves, and see how we come out? And if we do find Good Deeds a bit shaky, let's not wait till the last minute to give her a helping hand, that she may in turn help us.

Literary Department

"HE WHO SEEKETH"

DONALD ROGERS slipped in the gears of his sport model Packard, which glided lazily down the long graveled drive of his father's estate. He wanted to be alone for a while; to get away from society and convention for an hour or two. A long drive in the country. The car leapt ahead up Riverside Drive. He hated Riverside Drive. Leaving it, he took a road leading out of the city. The trees blurred as he fed gasoline to the engine.

Andrew Rogers was a big man in Wall Street. Speculation had resulted luckily for him; had raised him from obscurity to the height of power and influence in the financial world. He gave his son everything a boy of nineteen could possibly desire, yet Donald seemed restless and discontented. Often the boy had complained to him of the tedium and superficialty of the social life he was compelled to endure, and always the father had replied sympathetically: "Ah, my boy, that is the price of being rich."

And so Donald thought he would go off by himself and think over the situation. Having put thirty miles between himself and the roar of the city, he swung the car off the road to a grass plot, and seated himself on a convenient rock overlooking the Palisades. Why was it that life seemed so dull, so devoid of interest, so unutterably boring? He had everything he wanted; his slightest wish was granted. But, boy-like, he could not endure the social restraint placed upon him. Oh, how artificial and insincere everyone seemed! How he longed to come down to the level of ordinary men, to fight his way upward, to overcome obstacles, instead of having every barrier removed from his path by someone else! Then he had no ideal, no religion. The thought jarred, set him thinking deeply. Of course, there was church every Sunday, but always it seemed as if people went there merely to display their Sunday best. There was always that social element in churchgoing that seemed to render the act of worship sacrilegious. Yes, it almost seemed as if money was more powerful than God. But, after all, what was God? What reason had he to believe in Him? Somehow, in some

way, he must find out whether a God really existed, or whether He, like everything in the world of wealth, was superficial. He must get out of this insincere environment, must find men who were men, and through them, God.

America had entered the war. The whole country was ablaze with enthusiasm. At last the shameful peace was broken: at last America was to fulfill the promise she had so long disregarded! At last she was going to fight for the righteous and humane!

Don sank back into the cushions of his armchair and picked up the evening paper. The inky splurge that occupied nearly half the front page shot a thrill of mingled pride and shame through him. There was something to be done, something big and glorious; but he would have no part in it. He was a rich man's son; he would stay at home. His fist banged the table. "I won't stay here! I will be in it! My chance has come. I must go!" What of his parents? He did not care; he was going!

* * * *

"We attack at dawn." The thrilling intelligence ran down the line of trenches like lightning. Don closed a small volume he had been reading by the light of a pocket flash. "At dawn." He wet his lips.

He had been sent to the Argonne sector soon after arriving in France. He felt himself among men who were ready to lay down their lives for a cause. Here there was no society; nothing but mud; mud knee-deep, in places, over one's head. Nothing but rain, the sky incessantly dripping, dripping. And there were the shells, the bullets that killed and maimed; the shrapnel that tore hideous wounds in one's body; the poisoned gas that choked, suffocated, sent one into convulsions; the suffering untold, indescribable; the wanton ruin; the poverty. But, strange though it seemed to Don, he thought he was nearer to God here in the midst of the mad conflict of man with man than he had been back there on Riverside Drive.

It was past midnight, and raining. There were inches of mud and water in the trench, but he had grown so accustomed to this

that it seemed almost natural. His company was to attack a machine gun nest in a copse about a quarter of a mile distant. It would be fearfully dangerous work, but it would be *something!* Don, sitting huddled on the firing step, managed to doze.

Hour after hour the rain streamed down. At length a lightening of the east told that dawn was at hand. Don was rudely awakened by a kick on the shins. The attack was to begin almost immediately. He had just time to swallow a biscuit and a lump of chocolate, when the command came: "Over the top, and good luck!"

Don charged forward with his comrades across the rutted, muddy slough. The machine guns opened on the advancing lines with a murderous fire. He saw men falling here and there in the ranks and vaguely wondered as he ran when his turn would come. There was a stabbing pain in his side; he stumbled, and plunged face downward in the mud.

When Don opened his eyes all was dark. The rain still fell softly. He was plastered with mud from head to foot, and the wound burned like a fire in his side. He was fearfully thirsty. Delirium seized him. He began to talk on, on, endlessly. Rising, he tried to go forward, insensible to the pain, but again fell. After what seemed like a long sleep, he realized that his face, hands, and entire body were burning with fever. A fearful thought brought him into clear comprehension of the truth; he had malaria! Good God! It was all over!

For two days he lay there, by inches dying in the miasmatic muck. In the hours of delirium he thought of home, and of the God he had come to find. Must he die without? No, no, never! He raved incoherently. Suddenly a light streamed across the field; it filled his eyes, his soul, with an ineffable radiance. He arose and walked toward it with arms outstretched.

"He who seeketh, findeth; and to him who knocketh, it shall be opened! O God, I have—found—"

The light was that of a large hospital room. The physician into whose arms he flung himself pushed him gently back onto the bed. "There, there, my lad," he said, "you will live to enjoy what you have found."

G. G. Hawley, '24.

FAST WORK

IT SO happened that at 4.15 one May afternoon when, only for a short time, the sun found the great iron doors of the D Street prison, they opened slowly. Then with equal precision they closed, leaving on the side walk a short droll man squinting and blinking in the dazzling light. After several moments, as if thawed by the heat, he turned around and surveyed carefully the doors from which he had come. From these his eyes wandered to the street, and thence to his clothes, which looked the worse for several months in a heap. Touched with shame, he took a limp cap from his head and started vigorously to brush.

As he was thus industriously whipping, he did not see the odd couple which had rounded the corner and was walking toward him. A girl, very plainly dressed, was struggling with difficulty under a large bundle; her escort, evidently undesired, was trying to argue with her. As they drew nearer, the man in front of the prison, becoming aware of their presence, straightened up and watched them with curiosity. He now used his cap to mop his forehead.

"Mr. Krogan, if you do not go away I shall call a policeman!" The young girl spoke with anger and her eyes blazed.

"Now don't get funny with me, girl. Your dad said you were goin' to marry me, and I say you are; so you might as well stop bein' huffy." The man, who had the jaw of a bull dog, sneered and took the girl by the arm.

"You let go of me!" she raged. "I'll never marry you for anyone. Besides, he is only my stepfather." Her escort, still undaunted, continued his advances; and, frightened, the girl dropped her bundle.

The man standing near the prison doors, which were now half in shade, had remained unobserved, but at this point stepped forward with a resolute air between the frightened girl and her disagreeable companion. The latter stopped short.

"Well, who the hell are you?" he blurted with an ugly snarl.

"Er-r-r, my name is Minor," the other answered with a forced smile, "Joseph Minor, but I'll let *you* call me Major," he added with a bow.

"Hm'm, 'nough of your fresh talk," Krogan grumbled. "What do you want around here?"

"I was about to pick up the young lady's bundle when you interrupted."

Krogan glanced at the other's clothing and then at the prison door. "Just out of prison, eh? Well, Mr. Minor, me an' my gal don't like to have a crook hangin' 'round, so beat it!"

Minor answered as he picked up the bundle and handed it to the girl. "It's funny, but prison life doesn't take the courtesy out of a man as bullying does."

"Huh, it don't! Well, I'll learn you to get the devil out of here," and he lurched forward with a terrific swing of his right fist.

Minor was evidently expecting something of the sort, for, as Krogan rushed blindly towards him, he sidestepped like lightning and sent his opponent headlong over his skilfully placed foot. Krogan crashed to the pavement and lay still as if stunned. Minor's eyes never left the prone body as he addressed the girl.

"Since I've deprived you of an escort, may——"

He made a flying leap and landed with his foot on Krogan's wrist, just as the hand was closing around a large revolver. The latter writhed beneath the heavy shoe and the gun fell from his lifeless fingers.

"By God, you'll pay for this!" he gasped.

Picking up the revolver, Minor walked over to the girl, oblivious of the volley of oaths that followed him.

"To continue, since I've deprived you of an escort, who might have carried your bundle, may I do my duty by carrying it for you, Miss ——?"

"Miss Greenville," she prompted.

"Well, Miss Greenville, I'd feel much safer if I could see you to your destination." He looked significantly at Krogan who was getting up slowly.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Minor, I would feel safer with someone."

Relieving her of the bundle, he turned to Krogan.

"You better move on," he said simply, fondling the revolver.

CHAPTER II.

For a while neither Mr. Minor nor Miss Greenville spoke as they walked side by side down the deserted street leading from the gloomy prison. The girl was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Minor, did you say that you had been in prison?"

He hesitated. "Er-r, yes, I was in prison."

"What for?"

Another pause. "Well, I was hard up and needed money, that was all." He bit his lip.

"You wouldn't do it again, would you?"

"No, Miss Greenville, I certainly would not; I've seen my mistake."

"What did you do to go to prison?" she continued frankly.

Minor was obviously becoming nervous. "It's all over now and I wouldn't do it again. Let it suffice to say that I was only there a few months. But tell me, how did you happen to be with such an amiable companion?" He changed the subject.

"Well, it was like this," she began. "Mr. Edson, who runs Edson's Spa, is my stepfather and he gives me my board for waiting on table. Mr. Krogan and several others meet there in the back room every night (something to do with business), and about a week ago father said I was going to marry Mr. Krogan."

"So they come on business, and Krogan took a liking to you," he mused thoughtfully. "That is sort of unfair. Isn't it?"

"Well, here we are," the girl said pointing to a large sign protruding over a doorway. "I am much obliged to you."

"If you don't mind, I'll come in and have something to eat, —no, on second thought I don't think I will," he added quickly, realizing the meagre state of his finances. "I'll be on my way to look for some work and lodging."

"No, you must come in and have something," she insisted, "and besides father might let you have a room."

Minor persisted that he was not hungry, but the girl, realizing his condition, would not take no for an answer. While Minor was eating the dinner she had prepared, she went into the back room to

call her father. Presently the door of that room opened and a man of sixty, short and emaciated, came forward, rubbing his hands.

"I am Mr. Edson. Nelly told me that you were in need of work. Won't you step into my office a moment. Oh, Nelly! Clear up these dishes and get ready for the night rush. Yes sir, this way." He spoke in short, nervous sentences and his narrow eyes scanned the newcomer from head to foot.

"Well, Mr. Minor," he began when they were seated, "Nelly told me all about meeting you and your fight with Krogan. It was very unwise!"

"I did not come to discuss the fight," Minor replied dryly.

"Oh, no offence," he moved closer. "You are just out of prison?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Mr. Edson, can you give me lodging and maybe some work?" Minor changed the subject pointedly.

"Er—— may be; but answer my question. What were you jailed for?"

"Second story work," he admitted.

"Good, how long experience?"

Minor leaned forward, "My first slip in six years' work."

Mr. Edson walked to the door and looked out, then returned.

"Tonight, there will be a break in the Kendall Mansion on L— Avenue. A skilful man is wanted for the side balcony and to pick the wall safe in the front room."

Minor's eyes pierced the speaker. "How many are there in on this?"

"I have Krogan and six others, the smartest and most thorough in the city."

"I'm game; for my share of the swag." Minor spoke deliberately.

"Tonight, then, at eleven o'clock, here."

(To be continued.)

I WANT TO BE A SENIOR

I want to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand
With a fountain pen behind my ear,
And a note book in my hand.
I wouldn't be a president
I wouldn't be a king
I wouldn't be an angel,
For angels have to sing.
I'd much rather be a Senior
And never do a thing.

BEATRICE MITNICK.

GREAT SCOTT, WHAT ROT!

The funny little Hottentot,
Of clothes they say he has a lot,
But darn it all, he wears 'em not.
The sun don't even make him hot,
Gosh! What a tough skin he has got,
The funny little Hottentot.
But if upon some ice he sot,
He'd jump right up, as like as not!

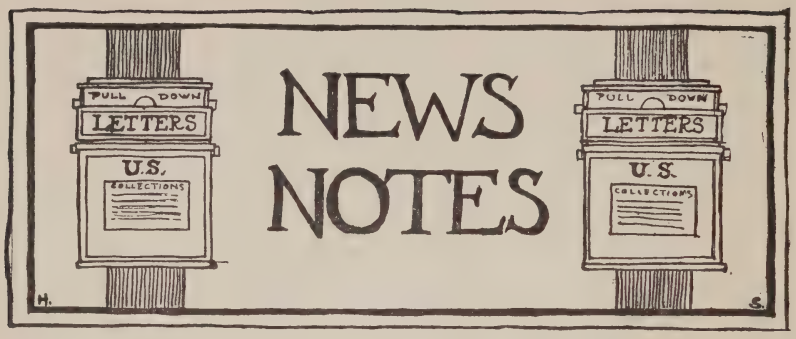
H. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—I think the authors should be shot.

THE STORM

The bark glides softly on its way,
As deep he paddles, deeper,
The rippled water laps the bow,
As soft he paddles, softer.
A nameless fear knots tight his brow,
As deep he paddles, deeper,
The changed sky foreboding casts,
As swift he paddles, swifter.
The heav'ns once more give forth their peal
As deep he paddles, deeper.
And once again the skies flash out
As fleet he paddles, fleeter.
The deluge pours with torrent force,
As deep he paddles, deeper.
A shriek, a crash, he nevermore
Will paddle, fleet and fleeter.

Bertha Mitchell, '22.



CALENDAR

Feb. 3—Junior Social.

Feb. 7—Teacher-Student Council Meeting.

Feb. 10—French Play.

Feb. 16—Mid-winter Meeting Honorary Society.

Feb. 17-27—Vacation.

Following is a report submitted by Aronson, Shugg, and Underhill, managers of football, hockey and track, respectively, on the scholastic standing of the teams at the end of the first quarter:

	Track	Hockey	Football
Number on Team	30	17	40
Percentage of A's	2%	1%	3%
Percentage of B's	23%	14%	14%
Percentage of C's	33%	27%	36%
Percentage of D's	29%	45%	28%
Percentage of E's	12%	13%	17%

NOTE:—The average number of subjects taken by men on all teams is 5.

GREAT DEBATE OF THE YEAR

Three Brookline girls prove conclusively that the young gentleman (gens adulescens virtutis) is no longer extant!

B. H. S. Jan. 19. There was great excitement here today

when three girls undertook to prove that "A Young Gentleman is a Thing of the Past." The affirmative was upheld by Marion Colby, Mary Hough and Mary Saunders, while the cause of the gentlemen was championed by Eleanor Golden, Elizabeth Sweeney and Betty Beisel. Betty Chandler read the minutes of the last meeting, and Carolyn Walker regulated the time at her discretion. The affirmative, to strengthen their case, bribed the judges with lollypops. This had the desired effect; the negative went down in ignominious defeat. During the time between the debate and rebuttal a spirited discussion from the floor was taken up.

NOTE:—To prove that he is not so open to bribery as circumstantial evidence may lead us to believe, Mr. Carlson today issued a statement to the effect that he voted for both sides!

Mr. Carlson, man of mystery, has let slip veiled and subtle hints which may mean that sometime in the near future the boys will have a chance to "get even" by debating a similar subject.

The Senior Committees are as follows:

Senior Dance Committee—Leland Powers, chairman; Miss Sherman, Bert Gentle, Miss Prentiss, Charles Swett, Miss Hough, Norman Maxon, Miss Maxon.

Picture Committee—Miss Prentiss, James Walsh, Miss Maxon, Joe Williams.

Class Day Committee—Francis Mitchell, chairman; Miss Merrill, Kenneth Koch, Miss Prentiss, Maurice Stern, Miss Rosenau, James Smith, Miss Kennedy.

Mr. Jewett will have charge of Class Day.

Jan. 20. Prize Speaking—Those competing this year for the J. Murray Kay Prize were Richard Levy, Nancy Powell, Randolph Umlah, Betty Beisel, Roger Shugg, Mercedes Baker, Gordon Leach, and Theresa Chisholm. The judges awarded the decision to Gordon Leach and Theresa Chisholm, with honorable mention to Nancy Powell. Music was provided by the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Cole; and the Girls' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Jessie Smith, sang several songs.

IMPORTANT!

THE SAGAMORE needs more good jokes. Thus far very few have been sent in. We feel that this is not because nothing funny ever happens, but because many do not know where to bring their jokes. There are now in all the larger rooms as well as in hall and corridors, boxes marked "Bubbles." Put them there!

NOTE:—Be sure to mention where you read the joke if it is not original.

Savez-vous qu'est-ce que c'est que "La Vie Parisienne?"

THE ALUMNI COUNCIL OF BROOKLINE

The Alumni Council of Brookline High School was organized more than a year ago, with the purpose of furthering, in every way possible, the interests of the High School, and it has continued to do this effectively though quietly. The Council is composed of graduate, faculty and undergraduate members, including the President of the Athletic Association, the Editor-in-Chief of THE SAGAMORE, and the President of the Girls' League. The faculty and graduate members are likewise chosen among those who will represent the varied interests of the school. The Council was instrumental in bringing about the return of Coach Carrell and in furthering the plans for a new High School building, and has given both moral and financial support to the athletic activities of the school during the period of readjustment. The members are at present: Mr. Richard Floyd, chairman; Mr. John Comerford, Mr. Francis Niccolls, Mr. Francis Capper, Mrs. Gardner Whitney, and Miss Dorothy Webbing, alumni; Mr. Akers, Miss Spaulding, Miss Henry, and Mr. Carrell, faculty; and Francis Mitchell, Robert Schacht, Marion Colby and Betty Chandler, students. At the last meeting it was voted that Mr. Malcolm Morse and Miss Elizabeth Neal be invited to join.

'16—Pierce Massey, M. I. T. '20, is taking his last year at the Harvard School of Business Administration. Last year he was assistant supervisor for the building of the Newhall apartments on Beacon Street.

'16—Addice Nelson, U. S. N., Annapolis '20, is engaged to marry Julia Cutler also of Brookline. He is attached to U. S. S. Florida.

'16—Isabel Morrison has gone into journalism having recently become associated with the Page Publishing Co. of Boston.

'16—Dorothy Isenbeck is living in Jamaica Plain now and is taking a correspondence course in short story writing given by Columbia University.

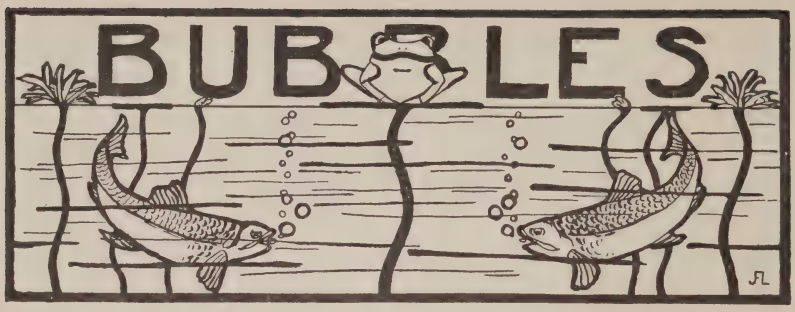
'16—"Bob" Cook is a first year man at the Harvard Medical School.

'19—The Richardson twins, Don and Phil, are very prominent in the activities of Boston University.

'19—Charlie O'Hearn, Yale football star of the past season, is now confined at home, nursing an injured leg.

'16—Ola Murray is living in New York where she is accompanist for one of the leading musicians and where she is also taking advanced vocal studies.

'20—Clarence Archibald, former track star, is a member of the Bates College track team, and probably will compete in Boston this winter.



At a dance given at the Coolidge Hotel a few weeks ago, Fr-d B. H-ll, Jr., was among the prettiest girls in the room.

You can trust Fred to be there every time!

"I don't like your heart action," said the doctor, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."

W-lly W-rr-n was going to call on his girl. Just as he was leaving the house, he turned back and inquired:

"O, mother, was that the bay rum in the brown bottle?"

"Heavens, no!" returned Mrs. W-rr-n, "that was the mucilage!"

"Oh," said W-lly, after a long pause. "Maybe that's why I can't get my hat off."

Steve—Why couldn't Eve have the measles, old boundah?

Jown—Cawn't say that I know. Why?

Steve—Because she'd Adam, old fellow.

Inquisitive Lady—does one often fall out of his plane while doing those stunts?

Aviator—No, madam, only once!

Miss C-ss-dy—There must be some mistake in my mark, Mr. P-ck-rd. I don't think I deserve to be marked E.

Mr. P-ck-ard—Neither do I, but it's the lowest mark I can give.

Warden—Yes, we always execute motormen by hanging them.

Visitor—But why don't you use the electric chair?

Warden—Well, you see it wouldn't do any good. They're not conductors.

Me—Miss L-w-s, I'll bet you a dollar I can tell you a perfectly good English sentence without a verb in it.

Miss L-w-s—I'll take you up.

Me—Thirty days.

But I have never collected the dollar.

"Papa," said Willie, "do the heathens in South Africa wear clothes?"

"No, son," replied father.

"Well," replied Willie, "then why did you put that button in the missionary collection this morning?"

A SHOCKING TALE

By "S."

Jack L—d is not out for the swimming team, nor as far as the author knows, even actively interested in aquatic sports, but nevertheless he was taking a bath one Saturday, and naturally he was quite wet. My story begins here.

The telephone rings, and someone wishes to speak to the young Neptune. But Jack, having learned from Mr. Packard that evaporation is a cooling process, prefers to remain in a state of warmth and non-evaporation, so he beguiles his kid brother into bringing the 'phone to him. This done, our hero grasps the 'phone with a wet hand, and feels a faint tingling shock all the way up his arm. However, being inured to the hardships of life, he heeds it not.

The next thing that Jack does, however, proves that he is almost as dumb as the fellow that thinks Scott's Emulsion is one of the Waverly Novels. He takes down the receiver with his other wet hand, and gets some 220 volts up his sleeve. (Sleeve must be taken figuratively.) This time our hero lets out a yell that lifts three

toothbrushes from the rack, and drops the telephone into the bathtub.

There are two or three morals to be drawn from this little story, but the author forgets what they are. Figure it out for yourself. And if you are shocked at this narrative, think of Jack. He was too.

June Bride—I would like an easy chair for my husband.
Salesman—Morris?
Bride—No. Clarence.

One evening a farmer met his hired man with a lantern and asked where he was going.

"Courting," was the reply.

"Courting?" said the farmer, "I never took a lantern when I went courting."

"Yes," replied the man, "and look what you got! ? ? ? ? ."

Sammie was fishing in a shell hole that was filled with water. While he was fishing, a doughboy came by and observed humorously:—

"They're not biting this afternoon, are they?"

"Sure they are, you're the fifth today."

Teacher—Is the word "pants" singular or plural?

R-d M-tch-ll—Well, when you wear them it's plural, but when you don't it's singular.

Oh, you red head.

Coach to W-ll—ms—Say, Joe, you seem weak today.
Joe—Well, it's a week (weak) day, isn't it?

Mull—If a lad had a stepfather, would the lad be a step-ladder?

Captain—Button up that coat.
Newlywed Recruit (absently)—Yes my dear.

Jimmie—Say dad, what are the "Silent Watches of the Night?"
Dad—The ones their owners forgot to wind.

He (motoring)—My clutch is weak tonight.
She—Yes, so I have noticed.

Father (looking at his son's report)—Do you expect to get into college on E's?
Son—Sure, the principal said that with hard work one could certainly get there with ease.

Mr. P-ck-rd was going to give a lecture on physics one evening, and he was late. As he sped along on his bicycle, he suddenly lost control on a steep hill, and tumbled off. Two men found him lying in the road.
"What's the matter?" they asked.
"Well," replied Mr. P-ck-rd, still a bit dazed. "I came down the decline with tremendous velocity, lost my center of gravity, and while trying to regain my equilibrium, was precipitated to the hard macadamized road, where the resulting friction was quite painful."
"G'wan, leave him alone," said one of the men. "He's a foreigner."

THIS IS A CLEAN JOKE

May I hold your Palm, Olive?
Not on your Lifebuoy!

THE CHINESE DEFINITIONS

Street Car:—No pushee, no pullee, go like hellie.
Coasting:—Whee! Walkee back two mile!

Fresh I—Did you know that Mr. C-rls-n was a great electrician?
Ditto II—Sure, all his clothes are charged!

ATHLETICS

The Swimming Team started the season by completely outclassing and decisively beating the swimming team of the Providence Tech High School. Brookline took first and second in every event except the diving, in which Captain Hulatt took second.

The final score was 45 to 8. The meet was not a very exciting one as most of the competition came from the members of the Brookline squad, but it gave Coach McNamara an excellent opportunity to size up his material. In Capt. Purinton, Meeghan, McCarthy and Terzis, Brookline has some sure point winners that can be depended on any time when needed. The summary:

Relay—Won by Brookline (Guy, Barrows, Terzis and Purinton). No time.

Dive—Won by Meeghan (B.); Hulatt (P. T.) second; Erickson (P. T.) third.

100-Yd. Swim—Won by McCarthy (B.); Koch (B.) second; Chandler (P. T.) third.

50-Yd-Swim—Won by Metcalf (B.); McMillan (B.) second; Hulatt (P. T.) third. Time 29 seconds.

Plunge for Distance—Won by Rosenberg (B.); 50 ft.; Terzis (B.) second, 48 ft.; Follen (P. T.) third, 44 ft.

220-Yd. Swim—Won by Daley (B.); Dunham (B.) second; Hulatt (P. T.), third. No time taken.

The Hockey Team defeated the Stone School 2 to 0 at the Brookline Rink. Due to the fact that the ice was slow, the score was low and the team did not have a chance to do itself justice, and did not show the form that it displayed in the Cambridge Latin game at the Arena, when Cambridge beat them by one solitary goal. The game was inclined to be a little rough as it was impossible to carry the puck on such ice. Both goals were scored in the third period by Bill Fleming on follow shots. The lineup:

Capt. Stover, Walsh, Baddaraco, r. w.; Walsh, Murray, c.; Fleming, Chase, l. w.; Shapiro, Newton, Donahue, r. d.; Mullowney, Denning, Whittemore, l. d.; Kelly, goal.

Brookline 45; B. C. High 26

Some meet, eh, what? The Track Team is now started on the long journey that ends with the championship of the State, the first victim being B. C. High. On Saturday night, January 14, 1922, in the Brookline Gym, Brookline succeeded in taking first place in every event except the shotput, which was won by Lowe of the visitors, and the high jump which resulted in a tie between Casson and Capt. Welch of B. C. High, at the height of 5 ft, 8 inches. Now that's going some when you stop to consider the reputation of the track teams of B. C. High.

The 600 and 1000 provided the excitement for the evening, with "Babe" Daley and Irwin Cowper coming out on top. Cowper sprang the surprise of the meet when he battled his way from the last position at the start to the first place at the finish. There was quite a bit of discussion as to the result of the 600, in which Coach Dempsey played an important part by claiming that Daley fouled Cavanaugh. As all the officials agreed that no foul was committed, the meet was continued, but under protest of Coach Dempsey.

Capt. Thompson, in his usual form, stepped the 300 to the tune of 38.1, with Cavanaugh of B. C. High a close second with 38.2 Due to the number of entries, the 300 was run in time trials.

All in all the meet was a big success, and we hope that the next one will turn out the same way; if it does, we can be sure of the State championship. The summary:

25-Yd. Dash—Won by Chase (B.); Welch (B. C.) second; Dauer (B.) third. Time—3 3/5 seconds.

300-Yd. Dash—Won by Thompson (B.); Cavanaugh (B. C.) second; Dauer(B.) third. Time—38 1/5 seconds.

600-Yd. Run—Won by Daley (B.); Mahoney (B. C.) second; F. McCarthy (B. C.) third. Time—1 minute 25 seconds.

1000-Yd. Run—Won by Cowper (B.); Troy (B. C.) second; Heeney (B.) third. Time—2 minutes 39 2/5 seconds.

High Jump—Tie for first place between Casson (B.) and Welch B. C.); Swett (B.) third. Height—5 ft. 8 in.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Rosen (B.); Swett (B.) second; Fitzgerald (B. C.) third. Distance—8 ft. 7 7/8 in.

Shotput—Won by Lowe (B. C.), Woodley (B. C.) second, Southwick (B) third. Distance—44 ft. 1 in.

Relay Race—Won by Brookline (Thompson, Stark, Swett, Daley.)

Brookline 1; Newton 0

Sweet victory. For the second time in four years, Brookline finally succeeded in beating Newton in hockey. And what a game! The score tells the story—for three solid periods of hockey only one goal could be made by both sides; and thank goodness that team was Brookline.

Alec Murray was the hero of the day, being the one to score the

goal; but no one knows what we would have done without Hal Whittemore, our sterling guardian of the goal. He made some stops that were worthy of any professional goal tender in the country, and that's not exaggerating it a bit.

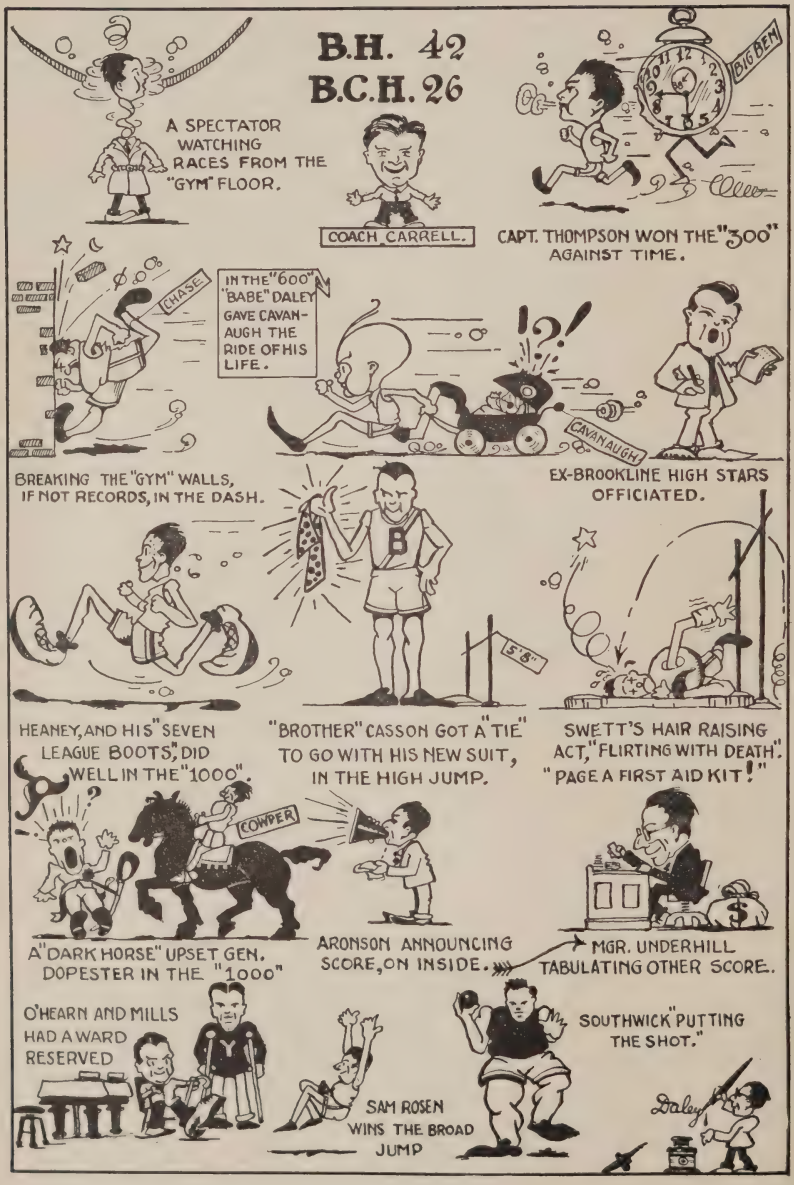
Newton was supposed to have a great passing team, but the passing of Brookline showed them up. The work of Capt. Stover, Fleming, and Mullowney was especially noticed—Mullowney more than the rest, for it was he who skated alone and carried the puck into Newton's territory only to have it taken away because he had nobody to pass the puck to.

The team was well supported and those who bought a ticket for twenty-five cents sure had an enjoyable afternoon. The summary:

Fleming, Chase, l. w.; Capt. Stover, Walsh, Baddaracco, r. w.; Murray, Walsh, c.; Mullowney, l. d.; Johnson, Denning, r. d.; Whittemore, g.

Time—3 Periods. Referee—Frank Gaffney. Goal scored by Murray.

The Athletic Department of THE SAGAMORE is greatly indebted to Charles Daley for the excellent cartoons which appear in this issue.


B.H. 42
B.C.H. 26
A SPECTATOR WATCHING RACES FROM THE "GYM" FLOOR.
COACH CARRELL.
BIG BEN
CAPT. THOMPSON WON THE "300" AGAINST TIME.
CHASE
IN THE "600" "BABE" DALEY GAVE CAVANAUGH THE RIDE OF HIS LIFE.
?!
CAVANAUGH
BREAKING THE "GYM" WALLS, IF NOT RECORDS, IN THE DASH.
B
5'8"
EX-BROOKLINE HIGH STARS OFFICIATED.
HEANEY, AND HIS "SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS," DID WELL IN THE "1000".
COMPER
"BROTHER" CASSON GOT A "TIE" TO GO WITH HIS NEW SUIT, IN THE HIGH JUMP.
SWETT'S HAIR RAISING ACT, "FLIRTING WITH DEATH". "PAGE A FIRST AID KIT!"
A "DARK HORSE" UPSET GEN. DOPESTER IN THE "1000"
ARONSON ANNOUNCING SCORE, ON INSIDE.
MGR. UNDERHILL TABULATING OTHER SCORE.
O'HEARN AND MILLS HAD A WARD RESERVED
SAM ROSEN WINS THE BROAD JUMP
SOUTHWICK PUTTING THE SHOT.
Daley

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

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The schedule for the rest of the year will be as follows: Mondays and Thursdays, Basketball and Captain Ball; Tuesdays and Fridays, practice for the Gym Team; Wednesdays, Swimming. In February this schedule will be changed a little. Track and Baseball will take the place of Basketball and the Gym Team. Indoor Tennis practice is also beginning now.

December 20, 1921, the Juniors defeated the Freshmen in a Gym Team tryout. January 10, 1922, the Freshmen defeated the Sophomores, although it was very close. Later on there will be an individual Gym meet. About the middle of February a Gym meet between the Haskell School of Cambridge and Brookline will be held. Also an individual Gym meet later.

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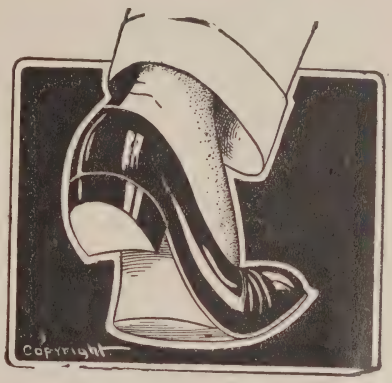

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXVIII MARCH, 1922 No. 4

Editorials

THREE matters of interest concerning the college world have recently given rise to considerable newspaper comment. We refer to the new Princeton regulation about automobiles, the reform in football proposed by Amherst's president, and the scheme for speedy advancement in studies to be tried at Smith. These are all progressive and somewhat radical steps, and certainly they should nowhere be considered with more interest than in the secondary schools which are to make up the colleges of the future.

President Hibben has made a regulation that no student attending Princeton shall have an automobile. He considers a boy better off without one. And are they not, like valets and French maids, merely outposts of the "primrose path," which the wealthy student follows at home? The real idea of college is to get into the game with all the rest in a democratic, unprejudiced way, leaving behind the luxury and material advantage that a chosen few may have in their home life. No doubt, if we had the same rule at B. H. S., traffic on Greenough Street would be much less dense, and we should all benefit by the exercise gained in walking to and from school!

There has been a good deal of talk about the football question. Many prominent men feel, as does President Lowell, that football in the colleges is going beyond the field of sport—it is becoming a spectacle. President Lowell says that many Harvard alumni consider that the college exists for just one thing—football. The stupendous crowds, the huge gate receipts are tending toward professional sport. It is even feared that soon the colleges may begin to buy and sell players!! President Meiklejohn of Amherst recently came out with a proposal to remedy this. He would have no professional coaching whatever—the undergraduates would coach, man-

age and play on their own teams. This certainly is a new and interesting idea. It is not now apparent how this would lessen the crowds, but it would certainly do away with any possibility of bargain and sale in amateur football.

The third project is along academic lines. It is noticeable that this scheme is to be first tried at a girls' college. President Nielson of Smith has devised a system whereby any Senior or Junior having stood especially high in a subject during previous years may be excused from recitations and examinations on that subject, and may go ahead as fast as possible. It is a well known fact that a teacher must teach to her slowest pupils, and that the more brilliant ones could often progress at a much greater rate than it is possible for them to do when tied down to the class. But by this plan the student will have a weekly conference with the professor, and will have all her recitation time for reading and research, and the preparation of a written weekly report. At the end of the year she will take a grand comprehensive examination in the whole subject. She will thus have learned all that she individually is capable of learning about that subject in a given time. Her work will depend entirely on her interest and ability. This system is to be entirely optional, so that the student may devote herself to the things which are congenial to her.

Surely here is food for thought. THE SAGAMORE would very much like to receive some written opinions on these matters, and perhaps we will publish the most interesting in the next issue. Whether you approve or disapprove, let us know your reasons.

Those of you who have read the warrant for the town meeting to be held on March 21, doubtless noticed with joy Article 7, which reads: "To appropriate $2000 to partially reimburse the Brookline High School Athletic Association for money expended for a grandstand on Brookline Field." It would certainly be a great thing for our athletics, which are greatly in need of money, to have this sum returned to the Association. But just because this article is in the warrant, it is not passed. Go to the town meeting, get your parents to go, talk it up, and let's see if we can't get this much needed and well deserved money.

Literary Department

BACHELOR BLUES

TAKE my word for it or not, I'm an unusually clever boy. Just witness the near-mess I got into. I had been laid up in the college infirmary for a week with a bad ankle. *Absolutely* laid up. Simply parked. Finally the heathen doctor got sore at me for being so restless and unobliging and told me to get out and go easy—very easy on my ankle. I got out willingly enough, and journeyed to town for the purpose of painting the place henna. This proved unusually difficult, as it was raining and the movies were closed. I tried to be thrilled by a dashing nut sundae, then I tried pool. No, I was not able to develop my soul thus. A hurdy-gurdy seemed to produce a feeling of satisfaction in me. I started to lope along the pavement in the most approved parlor-snake method, in time to the music. I glided and loped, and hitched, until I was quite convinced that I could do nothing so soul-satisfying as to attend a dance on a very weak ankle. I ambled along to the town hall, where all festivities were held. Yes, there was a regular Friday night hop going to start at eight o'clock, the janitor told me. I told him I was coming, but he was not impressed. So I ran after the street car for two stops, and then the conductor ceased teasing me and let me ride in his car.

By the merest of coincidences, I sat down beside a young lady in an enormous black hat. She was gazing with violent concentration and maddening persistency out of the window. Being of a very sociable nature, I greatly desired to break up this monotonous ride by a sight of her face. My ankle was quite tender, so of course it was perfectly justifiable to rub it occasionally and moan a bit, which I did. Just then I felt a tremendous thump on my shoulder. Thought I, "she has a sympathetic fist, anyway." Then I heard a chuckle, and there sat Charlie Shiggs, great friend of mine, in the seat in back of us.

He extended congratulations on my escape from the infirm, and made a date to step on my sore ankle for me. Then he went

into ecstasies because a girl by the name of Lilly was in town and had consented to go to the hop with him that night.

"Of course, you won't be going, will you?" he shouted. He has a loud voice, and I feared that people would think from this remark that I could not dance.

So I replied in equally loud tones, "Certainly I'm going! Why shouldn't I? I have no girl though." Whereupon Floppy Hat lost interest in the storm, and gazed straight at me. She looked perfectly possible, although a few years older than myself. I was just beginning to feel encouraged, when she suddenly remembered the window, and turned to it speedily.

Whereupon I turned to Shiggs and plunged into a hectic series of winks at him. Then I repeated slowly but distinctly, *"I have no girl.* Wish I had. Don't know anyone around here to ask, do you?" Shiggs shook his head and winked. He is always to be depended upon. He had seen her quick look and jumped to the same conclusion that I had. He slapped me on the back and thundered, "Why, James T. Green! You look positively ill for want of excitement. You *must* go to the hop and have a nice girl to cheer you up. We ought to be able to find one for you. Any nice girl would do. You don't have to have known each other all your lives. Anybody would vouch for *you,* Jim. As a matter of routine, Heaven ought to send us a girl." He tried to mesmerize her with his gaze.

"You're right," I said dejectedly. "I need excitement." Then looking straight at the berries on her hat, and addressing myself to Shiggs, I began to radiate eager hope. "Shiggs, old man, do you suppose there's anybody on this car that would want to go?"

Floppy Hat crossed her knees restlessly, but gazed through the glass. Shiggs leaned over nearer us and hissed, "There are only two women on this car. One's old Professor Turner's wife. You *could* ask her, but she'd want to bring her husband. There's another girl on the car, but perhaps she doesn't dance. Better not."

"No, Shiggs," I said, "that would *never* do. Well, if I can't get a girl, I won't go."

"Well, there *are* two women on the car. But, as you say, t'would

hardly do. Too bad. Going to be a good dance. Brad's orchestra."

And Shiggs, his duty done, sat back and read the newspaper. Not his own, of course, but the man's beside him.

She had evidently decided not to seize her golden opportunity, and favored me with no more looks. I moped, and felt a fool. Presently she stirred, and seemed about to rise. So I made one final shot, looking square at her as she passed by me. "I hate public dances in a small town, anyway. Couldn't be dragged to one if I had a harem begging me to."

She left us. Not a look, not a sigh. I slouched way down in my seat, trying to remember what lovely eyes I had. Anything to restore my self-respect. Shiggs came and sat with me, but his childish chatter annoyed me, so I left him and took a seat where I could count the buttons on the conductor's shoes.

The next morning, before my first class, I received a note through the mail. It ran thus:

My dear Mr. Green:

Having quite by accident heard you remark that you don't care for public dances in a small town, would you perhaps care to come to a private dance at 59 College Row, this (Sat.) evening at 8 P. M.?

Very sincerely,

Mrs. John N. Humphreys.

P. S. The town is small.

Mrs. John N. Humphreys is merely the young and newly-acquired wife of Mr. John N. Humphreys, president of the college. And she was merely entertaining a class of deaf-and-dumb young people that she taught in town. And I had merely made a darn fool of myself.

So, very contritely, I accepted her cordial welcome and murmured, "I'm not deaf, Mrs. Humphreys, but *very* dumb."

Frances Cowles, '22.

FAST WORK

(*Continued*)

(*Second Installment.*)

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY

MR. JOSEPH MINOR, an expert second-story burglar, has just finished a jail sentence. As he leaves prison he meets—

MISS NELLY GRENVILLE, a charming young girl, employed in Edson's Spa, an establishment run by her stepfather,—

MR. CHARLES EDSON. The latter is the powerful leader of a gang of crooks, keeping the restaurant solely as a blind. He has promised his stepdaughter to—

MR. JAKE KROGAN, a member of this gang, who is forcing his company upon the girl when Mr. Minor first meets her. The ex-convict gives him a sound thrashing, thereby incurring his eternal hatred. Nelly, ignorant of her stepfather's business, brings Minor to him, where the second-story man is again employed to aid in a large robbery that very night.

CHAPTER III.

THE two men rose and shook hands. Then, reaching for his hat, Joseph Minor turned toward the door. "Till eleven o'clock,—goodbye."

Just as he moved, the door creaked back on its hinges, disclosing the great frame of Jake Krogan. He held one hand behind him in a suggestive manner.

"Well, ain't this a nice party," he sneered. "Don't be goin', Mr. Minor, I got somethin' I want to—"

"Krogan, this man is working with us tonight. We don't want any trouble," Edson broke in sharply.

Krogan's face was a study as his anger rose and his face grew red. "What! that yellow cur! that blundering fool! I wouldn't any more work with him than old Pinkham himself. Comin' round an' gettin' fresh with me an' Nelly. I'd see him to Hell first!"

As he raged he produced a deadly automatic pictol, evidently undesirous of meeting Minor again in an even fight, and at these last words, levelled it at him. Edson, with a terrible oath threw himself toward the infuriated man.

"Put that away! Do you want to hang us all?" He grabbed the revolver. "I'll show you who runs this gang. As for my girl, you don't get her till you fork over with that coin; and I've waited about long enough. Now get the devil out of here and don't show up again till tonight."

Evidently Edson was accustomed to be obeyed, for Krogan only grumbled as the former shoved him out the door and threw his weapon after him.

"I thank you for your interference," Minor chuckled as he breathed freely once more. "I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable."

As he passed into the front of the restaurant he met Nelly industriously putting knives and forks in neat patterns. She stopped on seeing him and came forward.

"You have been having more trouble with Mr. Krogan, haven't you?" she said simply. "I'm sorry that I let you come here."

She spoke in such a peculiar way that Minor felt hurt. "Do you want me to go, then?"

"Oh, it's not your company that I mean, but I am afraid of father and Mr. Krogan. I wish I could run away or do something to get rid of them both!"

"Well I will admit that Krogan fellow's a bad egg."

"Promise me you won't have anything to do with either one," she pleaded. "They never tell me what they do, but I know that if it were all square they would not act so secretly."

Minor frowned—just how much did this girl know? Finally he spoke. "I have already planned one deal, which I must see through, but after that I will stop."

"Oh, you must not even do that," she persisted. "Please!" The girl walked up to him and took his hands. "I don't want you to."

Minor felt the slight pressure of her soft, warm hands in his, and his body thrilled at the touch. What wouldn't he promise! But this *one* opportunity could not be lost.

"Nelly, you don't understand, at all. . . . I promise this will be the last time. I'll explain later," he faltered weakly.

Nelly Grenville's eyes glistened as she pulled her hands away. "You men are all the same. Mad for money. You are just as wicked as father and Mr. Krogan. Oh! I loathe you all!" She was fairly crying as she uttered these words and, stamping her foot, she rushed from the room.

Minor stood for several minutes, dazed, till Mr. Edson entered.

"Mr. Minor, I forgot to give you a room. Hey, Nelly!" he shouted, but there was no answer. "Well, come with me then. I'll show you up."

When the young man found himself alone in a small chamber on the third floor, he threw himself into a chair. Which was worth more to him, what he might gain that night or the respect and goodwill of the girl with whom he had suddenly found himself in love? Such chances as that night promised were few and far between, but such a girl was one in a million. He actually got half way down the stairs one time to apologize but wavered and returned to his room.

Finally he made up his mind and left the restaurant to beguile the time till eleven by walking.

CHAPTER IV.

At precisely eleven o'clock Minor found himself outside Edson's Spa. The establishment which had closed a little while before was dark except where a ribbon of light showed from a crack beneath the door leading to the back room. He knocked and was admitted. On entering the office where he had been that afternoon he was hailed by Edson, who introduced him to several other men standing around. After these formalities the gang leader proceeded with the particulars, giving Minor a chance to survey his companions for the evening. They were certainly a motley crew, each one, however, having the appearance and assurance of an expert. There was one, a boy of about eighteen, slim and ænemic, who was noted for his quick draw. Another, an old man, was picked as a master locksmith, and so on. All listened to Edson attentively as he assigned locations and gave directions.

Departing by a rear door the men got into two waiting autos which glided off in opposite directions. The car in which Minor was riding stopped two blocks east of L— avenue, where the great Kendall mansion was located, and as they stepped out the second-story man saw, for the first time, a small black dog that one of the men was carrying. He soon learned that, after creeping to his appointed spot, he was not to enter till he heard its whine.

The men separated calmly and sauntered in the general direction of the great estate.

Minor, after a short walk, reached a high hedge, over the top of which he could see the massive pillars and Gothic arches of the Kendall Mansion. Observing a hole in the shrubbery, he wriggled through and came out on a large rolling lawn. A light mist covered the stars, leaving no light but a dull glow all over the heavens, and the tall structure of the house loomed ghostlike, enshrouded in the haze. Minor loped across the smooth grass with the tread of a panther, missing trees and flowerbeds, it seemed, by some instinct or intuition. At last he reached the porch, where, after assuring himself of the best way of scaling the balcony, he waited. Several minutes must have passed when, with a slight noise, a tiny shadow leapt around the corner. Minor crouched against a pillar but straightened again as he heard a faint whine and saw the form continue around the house. It was the signal of the dog.

With great precaution he began to climb, aided by a heavy drain pipe and the strong tendrils of ivy firmly rooted in the rough stone. At twenty feet from the ground he swung to a window ledge and thence to the balcony where he again took his bearings. Absolute silence reigned as the heavily curtained French window opened to his master touch and closed at his back. Once inside, Minor switched on a small flashlight and tiptoed the length of the high studded hall. At the farther end a door stood ajar. He was about to enter when he heard a footstep behind him. He whirled—but was reassured as Edson and the old locksmith advanced from the marble staircase.

"The safe is there." Edson whispered, pointing to the before-mentioned door. "Come on."

The other two followed in close succession, all halting at the door as they heard the regular breathing of a sleeping person. The leader crept to the bed and returned.

"It's an old man, we've got to be quiet. The safe is next to the chiffonier."

Minor and the locksmith knelt before the steel combination, the

latter opening a small bag of tools. Edson moved about the room restlessly, vacillating between the door, the bed and the window.

Minor rolled up his sleeves and rubbed the ends of his index fingers with a piece of fine sandpaper to make them more sensitive. Then, listening intently, he began to revolve the circular dial, welcoming each variation of sound with a slight smile. For several minutes he had worked thus when the delicate ticks were interrupted by a suppressed oath from Edson at the window.

"We're sold, fellows! The cops are here. Beat it!"

For, as they rushed to the windows, countless shadows entered the great iron gate below and slunk round the house.

(*To be concluded.*)

RECALL

It is winter in the mountains, and the icy needle fingers
Of the North Wind's demon dancers stab and sting my shrinking flesh;
While the snow flakes swiftly sifting, silver shadows soft are sifting
Through the dull gray convolutions of the snow-clouds' magic mesh.

Oh I'm longing for the country that I thought to leave forever,
For my warm green southern island flower-fragrant with the dew;
Where the sunlit sands stretch sea-ward, in a sweeping golden crescent,
Where the marsh makes mystic music when the tide comes creeping thro'.

Here the mountains seem to crush me, crowding closer, ever closer,
Shutting out the way before me, hiding all the path behind,
Till my weary brain's confusion, stamps it all as an illusion
Sent to taunt my lonely spirit, by the spiteful Northern Wind.

Oh I'm longing for my country, and I'm going home to live there,
To the open reach of ocean and the unobstructed view,
To the little scrub palmettoes drowsing low against the sand-dunes,
To the marshland's mystic music when the tide comes sweeing thro'.

Mary F. Brophey, Ex. 1922.

BETTY AND ?

THE family were gathered at breakfast one morning before Christmas when the mailman came. Bob answered the door and brought in the mail. There were three letters for Dad and one for Mother. The latter we recognized at once as one from Betty, my sister, at college.

Mother and Dad proceeded to read their letters and we continued eating. At last Mother spoke. We knew she would. She always tells us all about Betty when she gets a letter from her.

"Betty is coming home Friday for the holidays," mother began.

"Goody, goody!" yelled Dickie. Betty was Dickie's idol.

We were all very excited. Friday—just think—tomorrow!

Mother interrupted us. "Just a moment, I've something more to say. She's bringing her French chum who has been in this country just a week."

Brother Bob's face lit up and he smiled happily at us. I knew why. He didn't have anyone to take to the dance Christmas Eve and he thought he'd have her now.

"Aw—gee! Can't Sis come home for a few days without bringing an ole girl with her? I bet she ain't a good sport like Sis!" growled Dickie.

"My goodness! I suppose she'll be very stylish! I didn't intend to get a new dress for that Christmas Eve Ball but now I suppose I'll have to. That means new slippers and stockings, too. Oh, dear!" lamented Helen.

"Mother, I think we might as well get that library rug you wanted now. I thought perhaps we might wait until Spring but we'll get it and have it for the holidays. The other one is very shabby. Come down to the office this morning and we'll go over to Winslow's for it," Dad said.

"All right, Dad," said mother. "I think I'll get a dressing table for the guest chamber too. I've been wanting one for some time. Betty's friend would probably be lost without that," she laughed.

"I will get some new dance records," said Bob, who had visions

of taking up the rug in the hall and dancing, as he always does when any girls come to see Helen or Betty.

"Dorothy must have some new hair ribbons and slippers," said Mother. "She mustn't look shabby before our French guest."

Then I began to feel rather glad that we were going to have a visitor because I'd been asking for those things for ever so long and no one got them for me. Now I was going to have them!

After breakfast, Mother planned the meals for every day during Betty's stay and gave them to Martha, our cook, with orders to fix up the rooms.

Helen was to help, she said. I was on my Christmas vacation so I had to, too. Mother went down town and after she went, we missed Helen. She had slipped off, too, but I forgave her because I knew she'd get my things.

All the afternoon Martha cooked all sorts of goodies, and when evening came, Mother, Dad, Helen, and Bob returned laden with many parceels. Mother had bought curtains for the dining room, and she and Dad went to hang them. Helen put on her new dress, stockings and shoes for everybody's opinion of them.

The next morning Bob announced (much to the surprise of everyone) that he thought he would wash and clean the car, as it looked "bum." Funny he hadn't noticed it during the last four months during which Dad had asked him in vain every week to clean it.

The new furniture arrived and was set up the next morning. Helen ordered flowers for the library table, and heaps of candy!

About 3.30 Bob came down dressed in his best clothes and went to the station with the shining car.

Mother and sister sat in the living room all dressed up, reading. I had on my best dress, new slippers and a beautiful new hair ribbon! I sat by the window knitting until I had to go over to Billie Harmon's yard and nearly drag Dickie home. Mother could not persuade him to put on a clean suit. The only preparation he would make for our guest's arrival was to wash his face and hands. At last, I saw the car coming down the street, and I rushed out

on the piazza. Mother and Helen sat trying to read and making believe they weren't excited a bit.

I stood on the piazza while they got out. Bob came up the walk with a suitcase and a sulk and Betty followed, all smiles. But where was the guest?

Betty ran up and kissed me and placed a tiny, fluffy thing on the piazza. "Don't you just love him, Dot?" she cried. "Just think, right from France last week!" She picked him up and hugged him—that little French poodle!

ANNA COSTELLO, '22.

And yet some say there is nothing in these "spirit knocks."

It's not the man whose cause is just,
It's he who gets his blow in first!

Cheer up. Hard times aren't coming.
It's the soft times going.

As a man soweth, so shall he rip.

Pride goeth before a fall, and the cleaner and presser cometh after.

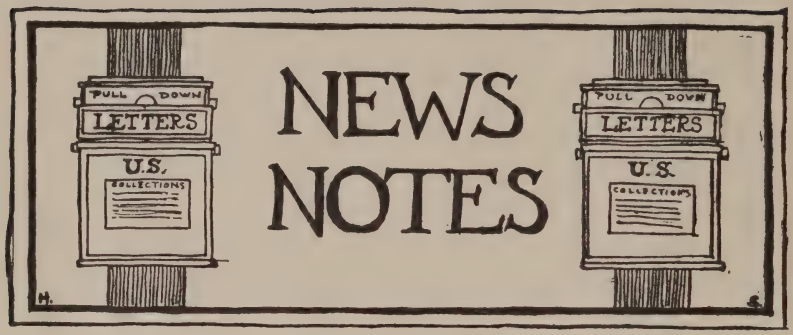
Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

Music (jazz) hath charms to move the savage hoof.

Your hard luck starts when you pay for the mirror.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it acquires a wonderful polish.

Where there's a will, there's a law suit.



CALENDAR

March 7—Teacher-Student Council.

March 9—English High at Brookline.

March 10—Girls' Interscholastic Debate.

March 17—Junior Jubilee

March 23—Interscholastic Swimming Meet at Brookline.

March 24—Dramatics.

Feb. 10—French Dramatics. Two plays were presented. The first of these was a pageant, "Jeanne d'Arc," in three parts, showing, first, the home life and the divine inspiration of the French heroine, then her experience with the French generals, who had no faith in her, and last, her reception into the court of the king. The cast, which was made up entirely of Freshmen, was headed by Barbara Rollins in the title role.

"La Joie Fait Peur" was the second play presented. The opening scene shows a French family which has lost a son in the war. The mother, sister and fiancé are in despair and the old servant, Noel, tries to cheer them. The son returns most unexpectedly, nearly killing Noel with the shock. Then they break the news to the family and the play ends happily. Those taking part were Marta Braggiotti, Betty Chandler, Bertha Mitchell, Irwin Cowper, Torsten Centervall and James Smith. The Girls' Glee Club sang French songs between the plays, and dancing afterwards completed the programs.

Great credit is due Miss Gambrill and Miss Henry of the French Department for arousing so much interest in a foreign language play—a thing not easily done—and also to the members of the cast for producing so excellent a performance.

Feb. 17—Boys' Interscholastic Debate. As a result of the dissatisfaction over the debate with Newton last year, a new plan was tried out. The subject for debate was announced to the Middlesex and Brookline boys at 8 o'clock of the morning of the 17th, giving the debaters exactly twelve hours in which to prepare speeches.

The subject was: "Resolved, That the United States should recognize Soviet Russia." Brookline was represented at home by Charles Wyzanski, Milton Kramer and Kent Hough, affirmative; and by Robert Schacht, Loren Taylor, and Roger Shugg, negative. Our teams were awarded a 2 to 1 decision at both places.

Feb. 2—Freshman-Sophomore Debate. Subject: "Resolved, That a large city is a better location for a girls' college than a small town."

Affirmative—D. Morgan, M. Roblin, R. Myers.

Negative— F. Small, B. Dalton, T. Chisholm.

The decision was awarded to the affirmative.

March 2—Junior-Senior Debate. Subject: "Resolved, That all cities and towns within a ten-mile radius of the State House should unite in forming one great city of Boston.

Affirmative—C. Fenerty, E. Golden, G. Cassidy.

Negative—M. Meehan, M. Arnold, M. Higgs.

The Alumni Council was largely responsible for getting Article 7, mentioned in the editorial department, into the Warrant. At the last meeting, the possibility of getting more money was discussed. We had several large loans towards stands which should be refunded, and we need still more stands, so that Newton may not again have to bring her seats with her. The Council also is considering the question of why so many Brookline boys and girls go to private schools, and what can be done about it.

Those making the Dramatic cast are: Irwin Cowper, Milton

Kramer, Loren Taylor, Kenneth Koch, Aloyse Duffy, Bertha Mitchell, Earl Underhill, Frances Small, Stephen Harris and Frederick Rahr. The play to be presented is "Believe Me, Xantippe," with Aloyse Duffy and Irwin Cowper taking the leading parts. As in previous years, Miss Kate Ryan will coach.

The new marshals have been duly installed in office, with Roxell Chase as their captain. They will be on duty till the end of the year. Has anybody heard anything about the marshal strain?

The Girls' Interscholastic Debate with Newton and Somerville is to take place on Friday evening, March 10.

FAMOUS SIGNS

Dry Cleaner's Sign

Kids cleaned, any size—10c. Bring 'em in.

Garage Sign

Autos repaired—flivvers fixed.

I asked Mr. Jewett the other morning why some girls were so dull. He said to me confidentially, "The real reason why some girls are not showing a flash of brightness is because it might ignite the powder on their noses."

Fl-gan—See the dancing snow flakes.
Ford—Practicing for the snow ball, I suppose.

Mr. Case—What is the difference between 1 yard and 2 yards?
Joe—A fence.

R. Sh-gg—How is it you have no horn on your car?
Mr. C-s-n—I don't think it necessary. I have a little round thing on the hood that says "Dodge Brothers".

Swede Dowling was riding to school in the train one stormy morning. The train was extremely slow, so Swede said to the conductor: "Say, is this a fast train?" "Sure," replied the conductor. "I thought so. Would you mind my getting out to see what it is tied to?"

GAROUCHEE

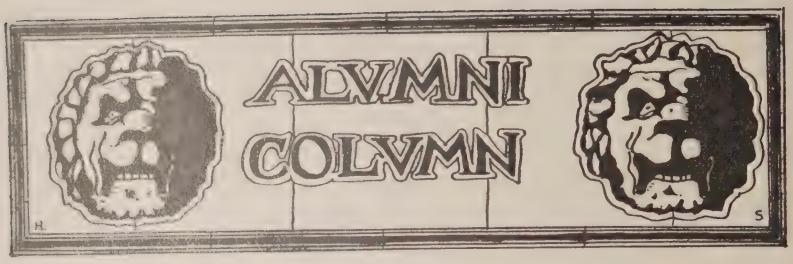
The frigid moon, one lonely night,
Poured down his lurid beams,
And stretched pale clouds behind the pines,
And swept with gold the streams.
Then Garouchee, the goblin king,
Enwrapped in midnight cloak,
Sat within his cavern door,
Behind the crooked oak.

Thru the black arms of the oak,
Grotesque, of awkward mold,
He searched with strained and eager eyes
The lake with path of gold.
Whom did he fear, that lonely night?
Why did he wait alone?
While molten ripples, on the shore,
Lapped themselves to foam.

The night wore on; from steeple far
Echoed one subtle note.
Then, silent, against the moonlit streak,
Glided an empty boat.
And now it turned its stealthy course,
Nearer, creeping on
To where the cloaked Garouchee crouched;
And lo, his fear was gone.

A smothered scraping, that was all,
The boat lay wet and still.
And, tense, the huddled goblin king
Raised up his knife to kill.
A shadow crept before his view
An awful figure leapt—
And now the pie had done its work,
And on the goblin slept.

M. Schacht, '23.



'17—Leo Handy, who is recognized as one of the foremost swimmers in the country, has accepted appointment as instructor at St. John's Casino at Miami, Florida, and left recently to begin his duties.

'20—Clarence Archibald, former track captain, ran a wonderful race as anchor man and snatched victory from defeat for the Bates College relay team which defeated Bowdoin at the B. A. A. games in February.

'21—Harold Bates was a member of the Dartmouth Freshman relay team that defeated both the Cornell and Harvard Freshman teams in the triangular meet at Mechanics Building, February 25.

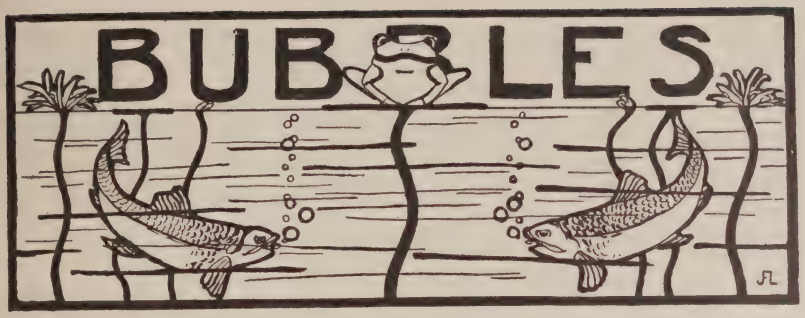
'16—Caroline Potter is an instructor in the French Department of B. H. S. this year.

'17—Mr. and Mrs. Sumner Talbot (Eleanor Hunt, '17) of Lowell, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Charles Robert Talbot, 2nd.

'19—Philip Richardson was chairman of the committee for the B. U. ice carnival held at the Arena late in February.

'19—Preston Robinson is in his Senior year at M. I. T., and is studying Chemical Engineering. He expects to complete the four year course in three years, graduating in June, 1922.

'16—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Olcott (Helen Snyder, '16), have recently moved from Milton to New York City, where they will reside.



No matter how late I stay up at night,
And puzzle my brain till it's sore,
There is always some one who is sure to say,
"Humph, I've heard that joke before."

When planting corn, put the seeds in clean ground so that it won't grow up with dirty ears.

WISE REMARK

Mul-o-ney, walking up to Andover Academy, sees a man cutting wood.

"Gosh!" says Mul., "That must be the village cut-up."

We—: "Why is there such good skating in Brookline at so small a cost?"

They: "That's because the water is so hard."

CHOICE SAYINGS

"The seat of knowledge," said the man as he sat on the dictionary.

"What a roll," cried the pickpocket as he ate his breakfast.

"Isn't that snappy," said Bob Schacht, as he let go the rubber band.

Senior (concluding an argument): And if that isn't so I'll eat my hat.

Junior: Aw, now don't chew the rag.

Mr. C-l-n—Give the number of bales of cotton exported from the United States for any one year.

F-l-er—1492—none.

Conductor (to a man who had a pipe in his mouth)—"No smoking."

Man—"I am not smoking."

Con.—"You have a pipe in your mouth."

Man—"Yes and I have my foot in my shoe, but I am not walking."

Steve—"Say, Mr. Packard, what is meant by beastly weather?"

Mr. P.—"When its raining cats and dogs."

Customer—"Waiter, a little bird told me this coffee was not strained."

Waiter—"A little bird, Sir?"

Cust.—"Yes, a swallow."

Quack Doctor—"Gentlemen, I have sold this medicine for years and have never received a complaint."

Voice in crowd—"Dead men tell no tales."

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED

What is the Board of Education?
When I went to school it was a shingle.

Teacher—"Give a quotation from the Bible."
Mope—"Judas went and hanged himself."
T—"Good, give another."
P—"Go thou and do likewise."

Polly—"Only fools are positive."
Betty—"Are you sure?"
Polly—"I am positive."

NEWS NOTICE

Shoes are made from all kinds of skins nowadays.
Even banana skins make slippers.

The hopes of the track team for a clean slate in the dual meets were severely shattered on Saturday night, January 28, in the Brookline gym when Medford High decisively beat them by the score of 40½ to 27½. This was an unexpected happening, as everyone figured that Brookline had at least an even chance, but the ones on whom Brookline depended for points failed to come through. In the dash Brookline qualified five out of the six, but even then were unable to win first. In the high jump Casson upset the dope when he was beaten by Moody of the visitors at a height which he has cleared many a time. And so it went.

Nevertheless there was some pretty exhibitions of running all through the meet, for instance the 600-yard run in which Captain Kelly made a new record when he stepped around the track in 1 min. 21s. The 1000-yard was another thriller, as was the relay, which was won by Brookline. The only other thing that I have to say is: "Wait until the State meet!" The summary:

25-yd. Dash—Won by Moore, M.; Chase, B., second; Rosen, B., third. Time 3 2/5.

300-yd. Dash—Won by Moore, M.; Chase, B., and Reilly, M., tie for second. Time 38 1/5 seconds.

600-yd. Run—Won by Kelly, M.; Daley, B., second; Dowe, M., third. Time, 1m. 21s.

1000-yd. Run—Won by Davidson, M.; Cowper, B., second; Heney, B., third. Time, 2.35 1/5.

High Jump—Won by Moody, M.; Casson, B., second; Warren, B., and Armstrong, M., tie for third. Height, 5 ft. 6 in.

Standing Broad Jump—Won by Linder, M.; W. Crooker, M., second; Rosen, B., third. Distance, 9 ft. 4 in.

Shot-put—Won by Southwick, B.; W. Crooker, M., second; Hormell, M., third. Distance, 39 ft. 1¾ in.

Relay Race—Won by Brookline (Chase, Swett, Thompson, Daley). Time, 1m. 17 3/5s.

Brookline, 41 1/6. Lynn Classical, 26 5/6.

On February 2, 1922, Brookline completely outclassed the fast team of the Lynn Classical High School in the Lynn Gym. This meet was just the reverse of the Medford, inasmuch as Brookline showed her real form and strength by taking every first place except in the 1000-yd. run and the broad jump.

In the dash Sam Rosen took first and Chase third. In the high jump a thing happened which proved to all those present what a wonderful sportsman Coach Carrell is. Casson and Gallagher were the only two men left and were jumping it out for first place when the Lynn man twisted his leg and was forced to withdraw from the event. When Mr. Carrell saw what had happened he immediately told the Lynn coach that he would split the points and let it go at that. If that's not fair play I'd like to know what is.

Chase, Dauer and Thompson all took places in the "300". Southwick and Williams took first and third, respectively, in the shot. Daley ran away with the "600." Rosen captured second in the broad. Heney and Cowper finished second and third in the 1000, and the relay was awarded to Brookline. That completes the meet and it was a different team than the one that was defeated by Medford.

Brookline 31, Wakefield 27

One of the funniest track meets that was ever held was run down at the Wakefield Armory on Friday evening, February 10, 1922. The track, some track, consisted of four banks placed on a floor that must have been originally made for a dance hall. If the runner did not strike the bank right he went flying over it into the crowd. Ask Chase, he knows.

Gentle, Stark and Stern placed in the 30-yard dash; Thompson finished first in the 300 after every other runner had fallen at least once; Gentle, Stern and Warren tied for first in the high jump; Daley was disqualified in the 600, so Brookline did not get any points in that event; Barrows was third in the 1000, due to the fact that Heney cut the last corner and was disqualified. Southwick and Williams again came through in the shot-put, and the relay race was won by Wakefield. The whole trouble was with the track, otherwise Brookline would have cleaned up every event.

Huntington Interscholastics

Although minus the services of Daley, Casson and Stark, the track team succeeded in finishing fourth out of the twenty-two schools that entered the meet on Saturday afternoon, February 18, 1922, at the Y. M. C. A. Thompson and Gentle took second and third in the 45-yd. low hurdles; Chase finished third in the 300, just barely being nosed out of second place; Swett came third in the high jump, and the relay team had the second best time of the day, so was awarded second to Medford, a team that they have already beaten. The grand total was 10½ points.

Hockey

By defeating Arlington, Newton and Somerville and Malden, the hockey team is now in line for runner-up in the championship of the league. All of the games have been close, not over two goals being scored in any one contest. In the Arlington game Walsh was the one to whom the credit is due, as he accounted for the lone tally. The Somerville game was a fast one with Brookline coming out ahead by two goals, one by Walsh and one by Fleming.

The team is now tie for second with Melrose, both having been defeated by Cambridge Latin, 1—0. The season ended Friday with Melrose at the Arena. Brookline has defeated all their opponents with the exception of Cambridge and Andover, which is a remarkable record.

Swimming

The swimming team has so far had a successful season. The team has been severely handicapped by the loss of Purinton, who was forced to withdraw from competition because of some difficulty in school. Studies have also caused the team much trouble, but notwithstanding these affairs, they are holding their own. They have beaten Rindge and Providence Tech and have been defeated by Andover and Exeter, which are of course out of their class. Joe McCarthy is the outstanding star of the team. He has started every race in at least one event and has not been defeated once over his own distance, the 220-yard swim. That is a pretty good record for a sophomore in high school. Bird is another consistent winner in the plunge. The season will end late in March with the Meehan Trophy meet at the Brookline Tank.

105 candidates answered the call of Coach Niccolls and work was begun on the machines in the gym on the 13th of February. This is to be the year in crew as far as the high school is concerned, because the objective is to salt away that Keith Trophy, and to do that we must beat Cambridge Latin.

Practice will be held every day on the machines until the river melts, then the squad will row from either the B. A. A. or the Riverside boathouse. Three veterans are left from last year and they will have to work hard to hold their seats, from the looks of the new material.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Ques.—Who's who and why?

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Angry Stude—Is this a hair in my apple pie?

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The poor Exchange Editor took her pen in hand at the eleventh hour, and sat, deep in thought, but uninspired. She gazed wearily upon the pile of waiting magazines, sighed and turned to her friend and advisor, the Ouija Board. Ouija was unusually sociable. Ergo—

E. E. "What do you think of the 'Kent News'?"

O. B. "Interesting, no doubt, to those of Kent, but I miss the jokes."

E. E. "Do you like the jokes in 'The Thresher,' from Houston, Texas?"

O. B. "Yes, fine! I like the paper altogether."

E. E. "What about the 'Radiator,' Somerville?"

O. B. "Nice looking paper with some good editorials."

E. E. "And 'The Eltrurian,' from Haverhill. Do you approve of that?"

O. B. "That is an interesting paper. Their book department is a good idea, but I wish newer books were reviewed."

E. E. "Then there is 'The Western Breeze,' Washington, D. C."

O. B. "That is a snappy paper with some jazzy jokes."

E. E. "Don't be slangy. I don't know whether you know what you are talking about. Can you name some of our exchanges?"

Ouija trembled with indigation, "Certainly. 'The Echo,' Winthrop; 'The Red and Black,' Roger's High, Newport; 'Mazda,' Saranac Lake High; 'Sassamon,' Natick High; 'The Advocate,' Needham; 'The Distaff,' Girls' High School, Boston; 'The Megaphone,' Country Day School."

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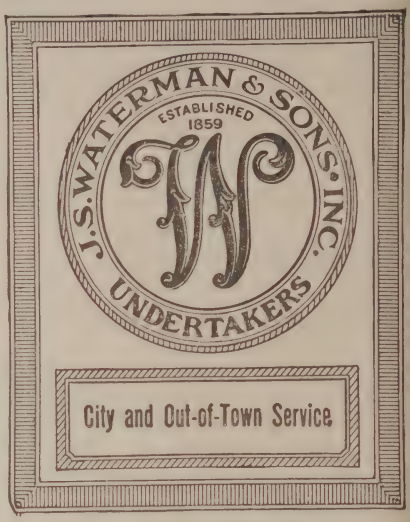

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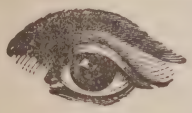

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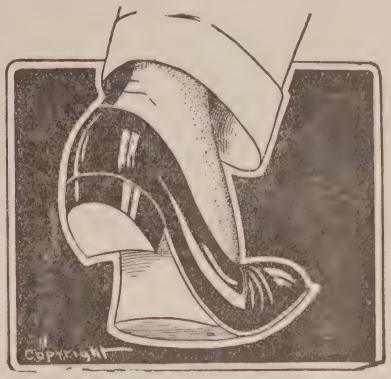

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COMPLIMENTS OF

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.— *Winthrop's Journal.*

Vol. XXVIII APRIL, 1922 No. 5

Editorials

IN accordance with our promise of the last issue, we publish with pleasure the opinions of some of our Brookline football men on one of the questions discussed therein. The Sagamore also offers hearty thanks to Coach Carrell for the article here printed.

The radical changes suggested by President Lowell of Harvard, and a few other noted educators of the country, seem to me, personally, to be out of the question. He favors the reduction in the number of games from ten or eleven to one, the abolishment of professional coaches, and the admittance of nobody but students to watch a contest. When these are accomplished, he argues, commercialism in college sports will be done away with.

A sport which has only one contest on its schedule, naturally will not draw the number of aspiring candidates that it would if it had ten games. Because of this, the coming generation will suffer morally, mentally, and physically. The student body will not have the life it formerly possessed, and will also be minus school spirit because of the lack of activity in sports. Personally, I think the abolishment of professional coaches would not be in harmony with what the game stands for. The game is meant to elevate the body and mind. Imagine a pupil of Brookline High School, for instance, trying to coach a baseball or football team. The players would not give the respect due a coach. It would be time spent unprofitably by both coach and participant.

If everybody but pupils were refused admittance at the gate, what woud be the result? My opinion is that if the general public were not admitted, the different sports would soon be dropped by all the colleges, because of the ever-increasing debt which would

occur. The different colleges by admitting only pupils, would not cover expenses, and therefore, would come back to the pupils to meet the expenses, or else drop the sport.

To summarize, I think that the college heads would do well to let the sports go on as before except to put a limit to the distance teams may travel in a season, and also to punish players in college who receive compensation for their efforts on the field.

E. Francis Mitchell, '22.

I believe President Meiklejohn's suggested innovation to be, in the whole, wrong, although it has some very good points. His idea, for instance, of doing away with all football coaches, not graduates of the college at which they are at present located, is a very good one, inasmuch as that sort of coach would appreciate the traditions of that university; and would appreciate a win over a bitter rival, not from a personal standpoint, as adding to his prestige, but from the standpoint of the entire college as adding to its prestige. Accordingly the coach could work in closer harmony and understanding with the student body, which is one of the prime essentials of a successful coach; he must have the confidence and support of every member of the university.

On the other hand, his idea of abolishing paid coaches, while theoretically good, has, when considered from a practical standpoint, some deficiencies. According to Fred Moore, graduate treasurer of athletics at Harvard, most of the coaches are young men having dependents, making it necessary to find a position. Therefore, three months in the fall devoted to coaching football for a certain remuneration is very helpful to them, besides aiding their alma mater. In other words, many star football coaches are not sufficiently well off to give their undivided attention to football for three months, free of charge. And, of course, no man could hold a position in town and at the same time occupy an executive post as head coach of either a large or small college football team.

Joseph Williams, '22.

There has been a great deal of agitation lately over the question

"Professional versus Undergraduate Coaches". I favor the professional coach. It is well known that the more a boy knows about football, the less likelihood of his getting seriously injured. The football knowledge of an undergraduate coach must necessarily be rather limited, and, as far as the finer points of the game are concerned, theoretical. The professional coach, on the other hand, has spent all his time in learning the game and imparting his knowledge to others. Can the undergraduate coach teach as much football as the professional coach?

Of more importance than a thorough knowledge of the game, is the essential knack of handling boys. An undergraduate coach may be a cracker-jack football player himself and not be able to handle a football team. A professional coach has been gaining experience along that line all the while he has been coaching.

And finally, a firm, experienced hand is required to pilot a football team safely past the shoals encountered during a season (See Brookline High, 1921). Why not give our children undergraduate teachers, headmasters, and school committee men, and let pupils and teachers learn their studies together!

W. Rowell Chase, '22.

There is a movement on foot now in football which aims to abolish the system of professional football coaching. Personally, I do not approve of this plan. It calls for an undergraduate as coach. In this way, the game would not be so scientific as in recent years, and there would be less opportunity for open play, for which reason the game would lose popularity.

The game would become one of individuals and the competition would become keener for high school stars, which means professionalism. In this "new" football, there would not be so much teamwork as there is now, because an undergraduate does not know how to produce co-operation like the man who has made coaching his life mission. With an undergraduate in power, it means favoritism creeping in.

The new style of football would call for less open play and more line-plunging, a detriment to the little man.

We learn some of the greatest lessons of life in football, namely, co-operation, perseverance and "sand", and these are attained by the present system of professional coaching.

EDWARD MULLOWNEY, '22.

The general public knows more about the game of football as it is played today than perhaps at any stage of its development; however, there would be less "boo-ing", etc., if they had played the game and could understand some of the predicaments in which a player finds himself. You know that it is quite possible for a boy or man to be perfectly honest, a gentleman, well coached, etc., and still violate a rule, for there is such a thing as an accident in football.

The present-day idea, of being at the top, is a good one and an inspiration to us, but surely we will not go on record as stating that to "be on top at any cost" is a wise motto. If two teams engaged in a football match play a good, clean and aggressive game, then the people who pay their admission have seen all that true sport-loving people could desire, and both teams should be satisfied to know that they played their best, whether their efforts are crowned with victory or not. If those connected with a losing team can truthfuly state after any game, that their team played as stated above, they surely should feel somewhat satisfied.

The rules and regulations as they exist today, are the result of years and years of study by experts who are interested in the future of the game, and have the physical welfare of the players at heart. Yes, the rules are all right, but *everyone* concerned must live up to them in order to make the game a real success.

If the coach is to blame for unfavorable conditions, remove him, for he is unfit to handle boys and men. If given a free rein, as in Brookline, and a desire to play the game as the rule makers have outlined, we would have very little trouble and no talk of putting the coach off the bench, etc.

I will never forget the support the Student Body gave our football team in 1921.

COACH CARRELL.

Literary Department

THE HUNTING OF MR. TODD

Story Winning Third Prize in The Boston Traveler Short Story Contest

By Stephen F. Harris

ONE day, during the closed hunting season, Jim Todd took his shotgun from the wall of his miserable shanty, and fared forth, his dog at his heels. He went hunting on posted property, too, and his actions were mirrored in the slinking black-and-tan hound that followed him.

The hunter was a tall man, thin and sallow-faced. He was a moonshine drinker, a miser, a petty evader of the law, and very much afraid of it. There were two reasons now why he was hunting—the first was that he felt reasonably sure of not being caught; the second was that he wished to save the money it would take to buy supper.

Todd pushed on through the southern woods, unmindful of the beauties of nature—for there was nothing in his soul to reflect them—and cursed his dog on to greater efforts. The cur at last scared up a cottontail and dashed away. Todd sat down on a stump and waited till the dog's barking came steadily from a fixed spot, and then he hurried toward it. The rabbit had been trapped in a partly hollow log.

The man drew out his hunting knife and sharpened a stock—why should he waste a five-cent shell in killing a cornered animal?—but twilight was falling swiftly and he wished to be returning home. So he kicked his dog out of the way and fired in the log. Reaching his long arm away inside, he found he could not touch the rabbit, but in the bottom of the log his hand encountered a peculiar thing. He drew it out, and found it to be a fat old leather wallet!

For the moment Todd was dumbfounded. Then, with trembling fingers, he opened the wallet and glanced at the contents. In the dim light he could see that it was stuffed, stuffed with banknotes of large denominations. He held a fortune in his hand.

"O my Gawd!" the man gurgled, "I'm rich—rich—rich!" His

hands shook like leaves, and he gasped for breath. He had money, a lot of money. Here before him was the only thing he loved. He heard a step behind him!

"I done got yuh this time, Jim Todd," cried the newcomer. "A-trespassin' on my land, air ye?"

Todd paled with fear. Then the thought of losing that precious money filled his coward's body with desperate strength. He darted to his gun, and swung it down with all his might. The stock splintered, and the man's head shattered like a melon.

Aghast at the deed, Todd recovered the wallet and ran, ran as he had never run before, ran till his heart seemed to burst, and all the way he was pursued by the terror of the thing he had done. In his own mind he died a dozen times. He saw the sheriff and the posse coming to seek him out, he saw the jail and then the hangman's noose. The dark woods were a nightmare of reality to him. Every shadow pointed to him like an accusing finger, and behind every bush lurked the men who would take him to prison.

When the pain in his side became unbearable, he stayed his flying feet. There was no sound but his own rasping breath. He was alone, save for the dog. He felt of the bulky wallet, and it restored his confidence.

"Rich, rich!" he gloated. He would flee from the country and somehow manage to cross the border, where he could spend his money in peace. Once safe from the law—what mattered the murder? Something soft and silent brushed his face; was heard a quivering wail. Only an owl, yet to the killer it was the ghost of the dead man come to haunt him. He started violently, and ran again, as though death itself were pursuing.

When he at last reached his cabin, he fell face downward on the table, and lay panting for many minutes. Finally the touch of that fat wallet revived him. He lighted a lamp, though his quaking fingers could scarce hold the match, and prepared to examine his fortune.

A vision of the gallows flashed upon him again. But wait—he would count his wealth. With it he could buy many things—silence, escape, liberty. . . .

Steadier now, he opened the wallet. At the touch of the bills his eyes flashed, and the color flooded back to his face. But, as he had a good look at the first banknote, he blanched. Frantically he scrutinized them all, and then fell to the floor.

Upon every note was written: Bank of Georgia, Confederate States of America!

SIR HIRAM HYX

There came a yuth to Newe York toune,
A lad wi' bonny een.
Sir Hyram Hyx, so he was cauld,
A farmer he had been.

Of this fare toune he dinna ken
E'en where to lay him downe,
Nor kinde of men that dwelt therin,
Whych duly he wae showne.

In this fare toune he met a man,
And sich a man was he,
Wi' golden hair, but shyfty een,
Who begd entreetingly.

"O come my lad, and syp a cup;
Drink in the blude reid wine,
Of paltry score, think nothing o't,
Enjoy this treet of myne."

So hence they gang where licor flode,
And buteous dames dyd dans,
Wi' golden combs and purple fans,
Whych do all yuths entrans.

(*Continued on Page 164*)

SIR HIRAM HYX

(*Concluded*)

And here our hero drained a cup,
But suchly it was brewd,
That when he had dashed downe the cup,
He ken'd not where he stud.

And then was lauched a hearty lauch,
When Hiram slept amane,
And then a teir blinded their een,
Sich dyd they lauch againe.

Sir Hyx awoke, 'twas erly daune,
He herd the birds o'er hed,
In truth, he ken'd not where he was,
But ken'd he must be fedd.

O woe be he, where was he then,
He seemd to loos his sense,
He tuched his purs, alas againe,
He'd lost each every pence.

"O say na sae, my all is gang!
O sich a vile affare!"
Then up he got and left Newe York
And ne'r was seen na maire.

H.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

TWENTY feet from the street was a house. It was yellow from afar, and of no particular color near to. In shape it was like about sixteen thousand others, with a truncated gray roof and windows opaque with dust. The cellar—nay, do not get excited—had a door on the front of the house, with a window to keep it company.

J. Peters entered aforesaid house and sat down. Immediately his son Bill and his daughter Elsie swooped upon him, and proceeded to make him as comfortable as possible. After a time they settled down, making a pretty picture, these three, with the old man leaning on the faded green back of the morris chair, his twenty-one and twenty-three year old son and daughter on the arms, and the fire driving away the cold and gathering darkness.

At the end of a considerable silence, the old man raised his head.

"I have a surprise for you," he said.

Chorus: "What?"

"I was down to my lawyer's today and fixed it so that you'd each get one-third of my estate. It isn't much, so you'll have to make it last."

"That was wonderful of you, father," exclaimed the girl, leaning down and kissing him on the forehead, "now I can have that adorable dress I saw at Gammage's."

That night after they had gone to bed, the old man thought for a long time. He wondered if he had done the right thing in giving away his property. He had heard of it's being done, but he had never bothered to find out how the matter had ended. Somehow or other he had a sneaking suspicion that it had been a failure. "Oh, well," turning over, *his* son and daughter were the kind that would appreciate that he was putting a lot of faith in them, and would act accordingly.

Now to an old man, details are very noticeable, and our old man was not the proof of the rule. The next morning, at breakfast, he sensed, more than observed, a slightly different attitude.

They were just a little too eager to get out and spend their newly-acquired money, they weren't quite as anxious for his comfort as they had been the night before, and they even ignored him, a little.

About three days later his daughter approached him.

"Father," she said, "I wish you'd stop smoking that horrible pipe in the house. It distresses me."

By the end of the month, he was almost a stranger in his own home. He was forced to either get his own meals or go out for them.

His kind act had come back to him, laden with contempt and bad treatment. His children were using him much worse than the old Chinese laundryman who invited him within his dingy walls to smoke and be comfortable.

Let us assume somewhat of the supernatural and peek into that chamber of the old man's mind where abides his character. He had always had that pecular quality which makes for success, call it persistence and ingenuity, mixed in the right proportions. He also had that power to get things done, which we call executive ability.

These he applied to the situation, resulting in his going home to his erstwhile loving children. They were both at home. He spoke.

"You know that I still own one-third of the house."

"What of it?"

"Well, I'd like to have my third definitely agreed upon."

This proposition struck them favorably, as they saw at last here was a chance to obtain the best part of the house for themselves, and after much haggling and bargaining, it was drawn up and signed that he should have the cellar and a bedroom, provided he kept the house warm.

The next day it was observed that packages of all kinds were pouring into the cellar. They were of a type to fire the imagination, from packages the size of a brick to ones that caused the two struggling, grunting and perspiring expressmen to eloquently pronounce judgment upon the fate that chose their vocation.

All was peaceful for another day. The morning of the next, Elsie was startled into full consciousness by a strange yodeling. More, there was the atmosphere of Monday about the place which

might be further described as an effluvium, consisting of a mixture of steam, chemicals, starch, soap, gas, pipe-smoke, wood-smoke and cooking food. This, reinforced by the sound of thumping, crashing and swashing, completed the impression. Hastily donning a kimona, she ran down to her brother's room.

"Get up, Bill, I think father's gone crazy."

When they reached the bottom of the cellar stairs, they beheld a sight, namely, a Chinese laundry in all its glories.

"Good morning," said the old man with a suave smile, accompanied by a twinkle in his eye.

"Father, how could you?" she began with unmaidenly rage.

"I'd like you to know that this is my cellar."

Remonstration proved to be in vain, and the two were literally forced out.

Thereafter the evenings were passed with "the peace which passeth understanding." The old man and the Celestial spent their time, evenings, beside the soothingly warm stove. The Oriental would wear a coat of silk, black as our cat, and would peer at a page of hieroglyphics through the clouds of smoke which he would draw from the long pipe with the absurdly small bowl. The old man would don old clothes, and would industriously help to fill the room with fumes from his pipe, with the short stem and the enormous bowl.

"That was some scheme," he meditated aloud, one of those evenings, entirely without compunction.

The Chinaman nodded assent. He always did, although he hardly understood a word of English. Just the same, he was a mighty comfortable person to have around. Occasionally he would burst into wild and unmusical song, undoubtedly prompted by the letters he received from somewhere.

A year passed in this way, and one day the old man had callers. Of course, they were the son and daughter. They had come back for forgiveness. The old man was no rock, so he forgave them and took them back.

Enough, we say.

WALLACE WARREN, '22.

FAST WORK

(*Concluded*)

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY

MR. JOSEPH MINOR, an expert second story burglar, has been employed to participate in a large robbery by—

MR. CHARLES EDSON, the leader of an organized gang of crooks. The latter has promised his stepdaughter—

MISS NELLY GRENVILLE, to—

JAKE KROGAN, a member of the gang, in return for a large sum of money, as yet unpaid. Once when Krogan was forcing his company upon Miss Grenville, Minor gave him a thorough thrashing, thereby incurring his eternal hatred, and her admiration. Miss Grenville, suspecting her stepfather's crooked occupation, requested Minor not to join him, but in vain. While the gang is in the midst of the break which has been planned, Edson sees through a window the police surrounding the house, and gives the alarm.

The story goes on:

AS the three men stood aghast, watching the grim figures slink around the house, they were startled by a cough coming from within the room. Edson's words had disturbed the sleeper.

"Who is there?" came a hoarse voice piercing the thick darkness.

There was no answer, but Minor felt his heart stop as he saw Edson draw a long knife and start creeping toward the bed. He grabbed the other's arm.

"What do you want?" Edson snarled. "I'll soon silence him, and then we can make our getaway."

"Don't make it any worse!" Minor answered, still holding his arm. "Let's get out of here."

Edson growled and returned his knife to its sheath as they started toward the door.

Again the voice from the bed challenged them, and the springs creaked as its occupant began to rise; but the invaders did not stop.

At the top of the staircase the three men were met by five others who had heard the commotion.

"What the devil is the matter?" one asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The game's up. The bulls are wise! Somebody sold us!" the gang leader snapped furiously, punctuating each phrase with curses. "Scatter and take your chances on getting away! If you escape, stick around and help the rest. Now beat it!"

All nodded, and drawing their revolvers, disappeared in different directions. Minor, believing that the best possibilities were in the cellar, ran down the marble stairs and groped along the dark passages toward the back of the house. He could hear no sound but his own footfalls; nevertheless he realized that the great mansion, apparently deep in sleep, was alive with sneaking forms, liable to appear at each corner. Finally he reached the cellar door, obvious from the dank, noisome odor issuing from it, and descended cautiously. As he stumbled forward, groping with his hands and trying to pierce the Stygian darkness with his eyes, he felt, subconsciously, the presence of another person, though his senses reassured him. Minor saw the sky through a window but did not dare to approach lest the light should make him visible from within. He waited. From above came knocks and indistinguishable voices, but all were faint. Given courage by prolonged silence, Minor pulled himself to the window ledge and unlocked it.

"So much as one move and you are dead." came a calm voice almost beside him, and simultaneously a sharp beam of light shone full in his face. "Get down." Minor obeyed. "Hands up! March!"

The two went up the stairs, Minor pressed by the cold muzzle of a Colt. In the upper hall the police had rounded up the other members of the gang and welcomed the captor of Minor heartily.

Not until they had been handcuffed and escorted to the police patrol did any of the captives speak. "Did any of you happen to notice that Krogan hasn't been with us since we entered the house?" Edson sneered significantly.

"If he's behind this, I'll kill him," another cursed.

The rest of the trip was in silence, for a cornered criminal is not of a communicative disposition. As they ran the gauntlet from the motorcar to the station house one of the policemen gave Edson a note.

"A young kid said that this was for you," he remarked jovially. "It looks harmless so I guess you can have it."

The gang leader opened it eagerly, and read:

"Dear Edson, Nelly and I'll come see you after our honeymoon. Give my love to Minor. J. K."

"Damn that cur." Edson clenched his fists and handed the paper to Minor. "This trick will be expensive for him."

Minor was no less impressed than Edson, though he did not show it. He spoke to the policeman who had brought the letter. "I must see Captain Kennedy, at once."

"Ha! I reckon you'll see him soon enough, and in the meantime just step in here." He opened a large grated door through which the prisoners reluctantly passed.

"It is very important that I see him," Minor persisted as the guard was locking the door, but the officer was evidently uninterested for it was 5 A. M. before he returned.

"Well, it is about time you showed up," Minor growled as he was released and escorted to the captain. Kennedy spoke impatiently:

"Well, what do you want, be quick—*I'll be hanged!* What are you doing here, Lytton?"

"Well, at present, I am awaiting trial with a gang of crooks. Here I had it all fixed to nab them as they were returning (even had their cars surrounded), and you had to go and spoil my plans. There is still one loose, and if it hadn't been for your blooming cop, I'd have had him now."

"You certainly are a wonder, Lytton. Left here at noon, yesterday, went to the D Street Prison, and now come back with a full catch. Fast work." He handed him a pass. "This will get you out of here."

CHAPTER VI.

Geoffrey Lytton, master detective, newly transferred to the city force, left the station house and hailed a taxi. He gave explicit instructions, emphasizing the speed, and then threw himself inside.

How long would Krogan wait before taking Nelly? Maybe

they had already left the city. But no, he couldn't get into the restaurant till she started work. What time did she begin, was the main question. The young detective, in spite of the haul he had just completed, was far from happy when the car pulled up near Edson's Spa.

Getting out of the auto he looked in the window. The main room was empty. He tried the door, which yielded to his hand, and entered. At first the whole restaurant seemed abandoned, but finally Lytton heard voices coming from Edson's office. He listened at the door.

"I tell you Minor got pinched with your dad's gang, so why are you yelling for him?" Krogan's harsh voice chuckled. "He'll think twice of Jake Krogan before he's free. Now Nelly, you're mine!"

"Leave me alone, Mr. Krogan!—Oh!"

The lithe detective opened the door noiselessly and entered, without so much as disturbing the great brute who had seized the terrified girl in his arms. In two steps Lytton was beside him, and, with a quick blow to the jaw, felled him like an ox. Still angry, he rised the limp body by the collar and threw it into a closet, locking the door behind him.

"Oh, Mr. Minor," the girl said faintly, "I knew you would come." She reeled slightly, but the detective caught her in his arms.

"Nelly, last night I would have given my right arm to have done as you wished, but it was my duty to the city and my reputation to round up those men. I'm a detective, and accepted your hospitality merely to capture your stepfather's gang. If you can ever forget that—if you can ever forgive me—Nelly will you marry me?"

The girl hesitated a moment. "You can't realize, Mr. Minor, my attitude toward Mr. Krogan and my stepfather when they would buy and sell me as they would a horse. Nevertheless, Mr. Edson is my stepfather, and I can forgive you only with a heavy penalty—." She looked up slyly.

"And that—" he asked eagerly.

"And that is—that you arrest Mr. Krogan also. Oh!"

Geoffrey Lytton clasped her in his muscular arms and kissed her.

After several moments Nelly Grenville spoke, "Please, dear, let me fix my hair." She slipped from his grasp and ran from the room.

When Nelly again returned, she listened at the door. Geoffrey Lytton was telephoning: "Yes, Kennedy, you'll find him under the desk, and—What's that?—Fast work?—Ha! Ha! Well, I'm much obliged for the three weeks for our honeymoon. So long."

(The end)

F. B. Hill, Jr.

FOR OUR LIBRARY

Miss Mary P. Frye, of Rawson Road, Brookline, has presented the High School with a large and extremely valuable collection of photographs, which are to be mounted and placed in the library. Old alumni will remember Miss Frye well, for she taught English and History here for nearly twenty-five years, and many a successful graduate can trace his prosperity directly to her teaching and influence.

During her numerous trips abroad, Miss Frye gathered a large number of photographs of historic places in literature, and photographic reproductions of famous paintings. These she has given to us as another token of the keen and kindly interest she has taken in our High School since she left it some years ago.

Miss Frye, we thank you.

ON THE SANDS OF TIME

She and I were talking,
Upon the beach of sand,
The waves were murmuring softly,
As I held her little — — pocket-book.

Yes, I held her little pocket book,
As we watched the full moon rise,
And she gave a little quiver,
When I gazed into her — — vanity box.

And as I think it over,
I was not such a sap,
For at this very moment,
She was sitting on my — — handkerchief.

As I gazed into her vanity box,
She closed it up with haste;
We were sitting there upon the beach,
My arm around her — — tennis racket.

It was ten o'clock by now, you see,
Each moment getting colder;
We cuddled close together there,
Her head upon my — — straw hat.

And bidding her good-bye, that night,
My soul was full of bliss,
For with the utmost passion,
My love returned my — — Frat Pin.

JOHN ORTH, '22.

SEA-MOODS

The sea . . .
Lying placidly,
Rippling, tinkling,
Sunnily twinkling;
Lapping, tapping,
Murmuring low,
Blue above, deep green below,
Not a breath of wind ablow
Across the sea,
Lying in all tranquility . . .
How it entrances me.

The sea . . .
Dashing, flashing,
Dancing, bouncing;
Wind a-blowing,
Waves a-flowing;
Crested white caps
Wet spray throwing.
Racing clouds above, below
Gleams of sunshine come and go.
O what a glorious place to be,
O how I love the sea.

The sea . . .
The darkening, threatening sea.
The oily, slinking waters
Of dullish leaden colors.
The storm clouds swiftly gather.
With rumbling peals of thunder
The heavens split asunder.
The ominous choppy swell,
With a weird and eerie yell
That comes before the squall,
Rolls up and on relentlessly,
And how I hate the sea!

SEA-MOODS

(*Concluded*)

The sea . . .
The vicious storming sea.
Raging green waves, crashing breakers
Clutching up with greedy fingers.
Hellish green foam, flying spume
Seeking victims for its tomb.
Relentless sea that hears no plea
Seething, frothing angrily,
Swirling up to murder me. . . .
How I fear the sea!

S. F. Harris, '22.

A BACK-YARD BALLAD

Oh once there was a lady fair
With eyes so deep and green,
And wondrous golden-yellow hair,
The fairest ever seen.

And to her lures, from all around,
Flocked suitors, great and small,
To sit upon the back-yard fence,
And sing to her, and call.

One day, a handsome, manly youth,
(Complexion like to hers)
Appeared; and thenceforth they conversed
In little, gentle purrs.

(*Continued on Page 176*)

A BACK-YARD BALLAD

(*Concluded*)

Now you must know, this lady fair
Lived with a tyrant bad
Who was her mistress; and who made
Existence somewhat sad.

Our lady's greatest grief was that
She had no place where she
Might have a proper, parlor call;
Back-yard it had to be.

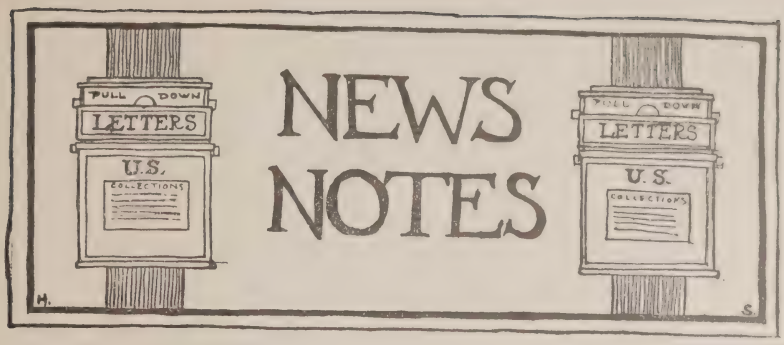
And so, one day, when Mistress dread
Was safely out of sight,
Into the parlor, stealthily,
Crept lady fair and knight.

Alas! So rapt, so fond are they
As quiet as a mouse,
The mistress creeps up from behind
And drives him from the house.

"Get out! I'll grace the dining-room
Or occupy the hall,
When either of my daughters wish
The parlor for a call."

"I really am not stingy,
You may take my word for that,
But here is where I *draw the line;*
You're nothing but the *cat!*"

ELIZABETH CHANDLER, '22.



CALENDAR

April 4—Teacher-Student Council.

April 7—Annual Concert of Band and Orchestra.

April 14-24—Spring Vacation.

April 24—Spring Term Begins.

GIRLS' INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE

March 10—On Friday evening, March 10th, the annual interscholastic debate with Newton and Somerville was held, with victorious results for the Brookline girls. To quote THE SAGAMORE of two years ago, when our teams conquered the Somerville and Newton debaters: "When one team proves that black is white, and the other turns around and convinces you that white is black, you begin to think a little gray matter has been at work." And hard work and careful planning it must have meant to our affirmative team, Bertha Rosenau, Frances Furber, Elizabeth Sweeney, and our negative team Mary Hough, Marion Colby, Betty Chandler, to be able to debate with equal skill and success both sides of the question: RESOLVED:—That school attendance should be made compulsory to the age of eighteen, or through the high school period. The rewards of their labor are great. Not only have these girls all the glory of victory, but also they have the distinction of having brought another shield to Brookline High, and, to come down to the very material, it has been suggested that this year they receive cups such as the boys' debating teams have in former years received.

CLASS CHAMPIONSHIP DEBATE

March 16—Freshman-Senior Debate. Subject: RESOLVED:—"That the extemporaneous form of debate is better than the prepared form for high schools."

Affirmative	*Negative*
Betty Beisel	Ruth Myers
Eleanor Golden	Mary Roblin
Georgiana Cassidy	Dorothy Morgan

The poor Seniors, not a vote! And the Freshmen are school champions and will get pins!

JUNIOR SOCIAL

March 17—'Twas the top of the morning, or rather afternoon, to everybody at the Junior Social on good Saint Patrick's Day—and the decoration committee saw to it that the saint received all due attention. From the romantic palms to the skittish toy balloons, Shailer Hall was green—but there was nothing green about the way the Junior Class managed the affair to provide a good time for everyone. Favors were given and snappy music was provided by Wetzel's Orchastra.

ASTRONOMICAL CLUB

On March 16th, last, the Astronomical Club had the great pleasure of hearing Professor George Humphreys lecture on General Astronomy. The meeting was open to all members of the school, and a large number were present. Mr. Humphreys spoke on the movement of stars and planets, constellations, orbits, and nebulæ. His lecture was very instructive and interesting.

The club has visited Harvard Observatory a number of times, and expects to visit Wellesley College Observatory in April. The club at present has twenty-two members. The officers for 1921-22 are: Wallace Bickell, '24, President; Helen Lucas, '24, Vice-President; Herman Fisher, '24, Secretary; Heaton Vorse, '21, Treasurer.

DRAMATICS

March 24-25—Never before was Dramatics as successful as this year. The play presented was "Believe Me, Xantippe," with Aloyse Duffy and Irwin Cowper in the leading roles. Other parts were taken by Bertha Mitchell, Frances Small, Kenneth Koch, Milton Kramer, Stephen Harris, Frederick Rahr, Earl Underhill, and Loren Taylor. Kenneth Koch as sheriff, with his "cigar," was a great hit.

Music was furnished by the Mandolin Club, and Marjorie Harding, '25, gave a violin seclection between the first and second acts. Dancing followed the performance. There was but one fly in the ointment—11.30 P. M.

HONORARY SOCIETY

March 27—At the Junior-Senior assembly, Honorary Society keys were given to Leland Powers, James Dunham, Stephen Harris, Charles Wyzanski, Frances Furber, Roger Shugg, Betty Beisel, Frances Cowles, Mary Hough and Kenneth Koch.

Vacation!

The Optimist—"Gee! a whole week of vacation!"

The Pessimist—"Aw, gosh, then we won't have the 19th off! They always give us a week off when there's a holiday!"

'03—Ben James was an official at the National Swimming Championships held at the Brookline Baths in March.

'06—Clarence Britten is general manager for Boni et Liveright, Inc., Publishers, New York. He has recently contributed an article on "College and School Life", to Civilization in the United States, edited by Harold E. Stearns.

'09—Sara Cunniff, well known in amateur theatrical circles, is now a stenographer at the Brookline Gymnasuim.

'13—Louise Roberts has recently been given a traveling fellowship at Radcliffe.

'14—Victor A. Kramer is now manager of the Park Laundry Co., Inc., in New York City.

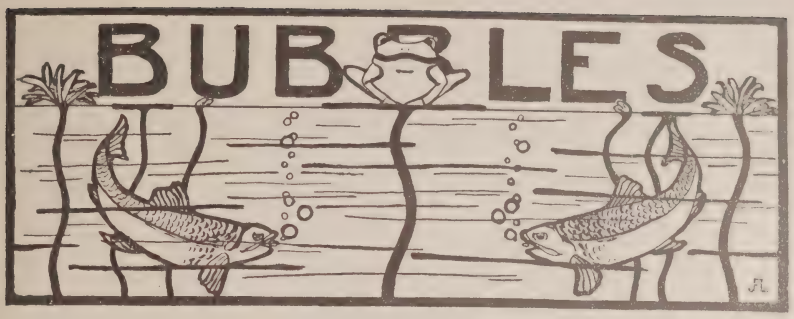
'18—Edna Shepard has been named as a member of the debating team at Mt. Holyoke College, Holyoke, Mass.

'19—Joseph Clancy is now a senior at Technology, and is studying chemical engineering.

'20—Richard Edwards and "Bill" Tripp, are in the sophomore class at Wesleyan. John O'Hara is at Boston College and is taking the science course. "Frank" Ball is studying physical education at the Posse Normal School of Gymnastics.

'20—Holden Furber has won the highest scholarship honors at Harvard.

'21—Priscilla Cowper, Helen Jackson, and Helen Forknall have won very high honors at Wellesley College.



GREAT TRIANGULAR WRESTLING MATCH

By "S"

On the night of March 24th, Kid (Norman) Smith, Brookline's prominent athlete, met three collars in a strenuous triple encounter. The Kid was in a fine spirited mood for the great wrestling, having previously been unable to find his garters, and the collar button which he dropped behind the radiator.

Results:

First bout won by collar. Time: Three minutes, twenty seconds, and five cuss words. Although the collar won the decision, it was a total wreck.

During the intermission Mrs. Smith entered the ring and begged "Norm" to be discreet in his choice of adjectives.

Second bout won by collar. This bout was short and snappy. The collar obtained a strangle hold on the Kid and held it till he hollered down, (or was it ——?). Time: two minutes, thirty-nine seconds, four gurgles, and eighteen cuss words.

During the intermission Kid Smith telephoned his girl, telling her that he would be half an hour late. Remarks made to the operator when she gave him the wrong number will not be reproduced here.

Smith defeats third collar! The third and last bout was nothing short of an endurance test. With grim determination, the Kid seized the collar by a buttonhold, and systematically broke a series of strangleholds and headlocks. He at last threw it down and tied it.

Time: six minutes, fifty-one seconds, and two cuss words (vocabulary exhausted).

The Kid was thirty-five minutes late at his girl's house, and was defeated there in a talking match. He stayed home the next day resting, with a sore neck and an under-developed sense of humor.

No, V-r-se, strawberries don't thrive on straw.
Nor do gooseberries grow on a goose.

Newton may be the cream of schools.
But, it will be Brookline that whips it.

The other day I was practicing the piano, and my neighbor came and said to stop playing; he couldn't read.

Did you ever see such ignorance? I could read when I was five years old.

Sw-tt was wearing his trousers inside out, and G. L-ch asked him what the idea was. Sw-tt replied very superciliously, "Don't you know nothing? I'm going to a dance to-night, and I want to get the bag out of the knees."

Fr-d R.—"Do you like indoor sports?"
E-ls-e—"Yes, but father won't let them stay long."

Some Bright Remarks Passed About by the Freshmen

Facts are stubborn things. Therefore, mules are facts I suppose.

I have such a frightful cold in my head that I am afraid to wash, because I might freeze the water.

A skirt covers a multitude of shins.

Girls are taught other things besides roasting their school—in cooking classes.

Burns was a Scotchman; that's why he didn't write free verse.

Snore: An unfavorable report from headquarters.

Someone broke my doorbell the other day, so I put it out of reach so it won't happen again.

Gee, Frances has wonderful hair! Aw, rats.

I asked a farmer if it didn't make him homesick to hear a mule bray. He said, "No, go right ahead."

CLINKER BOARD EXAM. QUESTIONS

Common Sence, No. 1

When was the War of 1812?

From what province of France was Jean D'Arc?

Who was the author of Macaulay's History of England?

What two countries were participants in the Spanish-American War?

In what season of the year did Washington spend the winter at Valley Forge?

Tell about the Swiss Navy.

Who was president during Monroe's Administration?

The rooster, like a lot of men,
Can crow to beat the deuce,
But when you crowd him for results
You find he can't produce.

Mr. J-w-t, (grabbing a Fresh by the collar)—"Young man, I believe Satan has got hold of you."

Fresh, (meekly)—"I believe so too, sir."

Fr-d H-ll—"Had an expert look up my family tree."

B-b S—"Where do you come in?"

Fr-d—"I'm the sap."

HEARD AT THE LUNCH COUNTER

R-g-r H.—"We sell good sandwiches, you can't get better."

Clarence—"I know it, I ate one three weeks ago, and I am not well yet."

Each night as home my way I wend
My back is bent from weight of books
They're not for study, though, my frend,
I carry them just for looks.

Father, (angrily)—"I received a letter from your teacher this morning."

Offspring—"That's all right, I won't tell Ma."

Arthie—"You know, Betty, your mouth is like a rosebud."

Betty—"Now, Arthie, this is too much."

Arthie—"Yes, like a rosebud, it's bound to open."

McCarthy, champ tight thrower, to Meegan: "Say, did you mean to hit me?"

"You bet."

"Well, it's a good thing you did, because I won't stand for any fooling."

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Apologies to K. C. B.

How Would you like
To Take a girl
To A dance
And All the time
You Were dancing together
She Was telling you
About A swell dance
Pete Had taken her to
And What a wonderful
Dancer Bill was
And Even on the Way
To The dance She
Was Telling you
What wonderful cars
Tom and Jerry had

How She loved to dance
With Them because there
Was More than one of
Them And on the way
Home She was still
Talking About them
And Then you wondered
If She said those
Nice Things about your
Dancing and you
Knew She didn't because
Well Just because
You Weren't so good
As Bill and the rest
And Afterwards you found
That She was kidding
You What would
You do?

PRACTICAL GIRL

"Be mine."
"Eh?"
"You shall be queen of my heart."
"Ah. Where are the crown jewels?"

Greek waiters surely are the clowns, their wit is as fine as silk. I asked one for *"extract of beef,"* and the dumbell brought me milk.

Say, who's the bright boy who thinks that Poe's "Raven" is the author's state of mind? I'd like to know him.

Isn't it strange that we can't live without air? And yet the physicists say it's no matter.

As much as we hate puns, the following is printed.
"We might use rouge in the foundry, as it enlarges the pores."

N-m Sm-th remarked—"Brains and beauty don't go together. I wonder which I lack?"

Swimming

Brookline won the second leg on the George R. Meehan Trophy by decisively beating all other competitors at the Brookline Tank on March 23, 1922. Brookline piled up a total of 33 points, while her nearest opponent, Huntington School of Boston, only managed to get 14 points. Joe McCarthy, Capt. Purington, Meeghan, Terzis, Metcalf, Blunt, Bird and Barrows are the ones to whom the greater part of the victory is due. These boys have worked hard all season to uphold the reputation that the swimming teams of the high school have held for many years and finally succeeded in doing so. Nevertheless, we cannot forget the wonderful work of the coach, Jim MacNamara, whose untiring efforts have made the team what it is today. He had been handicaped throughout the greater part of the season by a few of the fellows having scholastic difficulties, but he didn't give up and now you see the results—a championship team.

By this victory Brookline is now the only high school to have two legs on the trophy, which must be won three times in succession to become the permanent possession of any school. Step up into the library some day and look at this beautiful memorial.

Two records were broken by Brookline mermen—MacCarthy in the 220-yd. and Bird in the plunge. The others mentioned above were those who succeeded in placing.

Crew

The crew men have now been on the water for several days and are coming along in fine shape. Coach Niccolls is very much

pleased with the work of the candidates and has hopes for a very successful season. The squad has been reduced to about 30 men, twenty of whom are regulars and the rest substitutes.

The squad is practicing daily from the Tech Boathouse. Although the crew is forced to be without the services of Chase, last year's stroke, until after the track team comes back from Penn., Coach Niccolls is not worrying because he feels that Chase will be in condition to row the minute he gets back. The coach is especially pleased with the showing made by the Freshman class at his call for candidates last February, as he is always planning for the future, and there is no way like going out for things in your freshman year if you ever hope to do anything in athletics.

Miss Hazel Canning, sister of the stroke of the championship crew of 1919, has kindly consented to let us use her launch for coaching purposes this spring, so Harvard has nothing on us when it comes to class—just step over to the river some day and watch us sail by in our new launch.

Baseball

Spring weather has at last come and the baseball team has been able to practice outdoors every day. Coach Carrell has had the chance to look over his new material and knows just about where he stands, that is as far as preliminary work goes.

Captain Mullowney, Harwood, Shapiro, Fuller, Bland, and Murphy look like the leading choices for the slab work, three of whom are veterans. Moore, Reynolds and MacMillan seem to have a slight advantage over the other candidates for catcher. Daley, Fleming, Londoner, Chase, Gentle and Phillips are doing great work in the infield. Hopkins, Casson, Reilly and McGrath are holding their own in the race for the outfield.

Coach Carrell has the makings of a champion ball club and if we get the breaks this season there is no reason why we should not be the leaders in the Suburban League. Acting Manager Whitehouse has arranged some outside games with some of the leading high schools of the state which Brookline has never had the oppor-

tunity to see in action, so there ought to be a record attendance at Brookline Field this coming spring. We now have excellent seating facilities, as the new bleachers make an ideal spot to watch a ball game. Maybe some time you will get a ball from off someone's bat (which you will return promptly), who can tell?

Sidelights

The Track Team is running a dance in a short time, so be sure and save April 19. This is for the benefit of the Athletic Association to send the team to the Penn. Relay Carnival. Come and have a good time.

The candidates for the relay team are practicing every day to see who will be among the five men to make the trip.

It might be interesting to note how many Brookline men were mentioned for All-Scholastic teams on the various papers. Captain Stover, Jim Walsh, Whittemore and Mullowney were among the honored ones. Hope you all know that Brookline Hockey Team finished second in the league, being beaten only by Cambridge Latin.

At the hockey picture the other day the letter men of the team elected Ed. Badarraco captain for next year. In behalf of the school let us congratulate him. He played right wing on the team this year. Letters were awarded to Capt. Stover, Capt.-elect Badarraco, Whittemore, Walsh, Fleming, Mullowney, Hopkins, Murray, and Manager Shugg.

Some class to the crew—a coaching launch. This is a luxury that no other Brookline crew has had. We mean to get that trophy.

At a recent meeting of the letter men of the track team, Francis Daley, alias "Babe", was unanimously elected track captain for 1923. "Babe" has been a consistent point scorer on the track team for the last two years. Congratulations, "Babe!"

We acknowledge: "The Newsmonger," American Collegiate Institute, Smyrna, Asia Minor; "The Register," Rindge; "Vermont Cynic," "The Thresher," Housten; "Huntington Record," "Middlebury Campus," Middlebury College; "Kent News," Kent, Vt.; "Echo," Winthrop; "The Distaff," Girls' High, Boston; "The Megaphone," Country Day; "Fairmont High Echo," "The Western Breeze," Washington, D. C.

"The Criterion," Bridgeport, Conn.—You must have a busy school. There is a wealth of material without stories.

"Nobleman," Noble and Greenough—Yours is a good looking paper. "School Spirit" is a rather hackneyed editorial subject. "James P. Bartlett, A. B., LL. D." is well written.

"The Mirror," Dedham—"Class Notes" are good. The hero, Alfy, of "Stop! Look! Listen!" is painfully noble. It would be useful to know how, when a railroad president suddenly provides money for college, Alfy manages the "College Board Exams."

We enjoyed this in the "Western Breeze":

"Had Burke stopped to contemplate
All our future wrath and hate,
Much as he loved to orate,
He needn't have made that debate.
He didn't pause or hesitate,
To rattle on and idly prate,
Of Lord North's project and its fate,
Which patriots should loath and hate,
Of Burke's plan to conciliate,
Which at best was second rate!"

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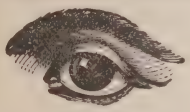

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS.

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$1.00 a Year

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COMPLIMENTS OF

Frank A. Russell

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXVIII MAY, 1922 No. 6

Editorials

IT IS the aim of all successful business concerns to be as efficient as possible. The least waste of time and material, and the best possible results are the things desired. However, there are always people who will charge such a concern with incompetency without having investigated the conditions.

A part of the business of Brookline High School is to prepare students who wish to go to college, and to enable those who are willing to work hard to pass the entrance examinations. For many years this has been done, and done successfully, but Brookline High School also is subject to attack. The charge has been made recently in a town meeting that the standards of this school are not high, and that it does not efficiently fit for college. What does the above-mentioned business firm do in such a case? Does it attempt to argue with the person who is making the charges? Does it appeal to its friends to uphold it against calumny? No. It publishes an annual report, and points out in cold, hard figures that cannot be doubted, exactly what has been accomplished. This not only shows its accusers their error, but strengthens the faith of its supporters. Let the following be considered the Annual Report of Brookline High School for the year of 1921:

According to the new plan of entrance, the applicant takes four comprehensive examinations, and is informed simply whether he has passed or failed. Failure in one examination necessitates the repetition of all of them. In June, 1921, nine seniors took these comprehensive examinations, and nine passed. College Board examinations are taken in all a student's subjects, and are considered as separate examinations, not in groups like the comprehensives. If

a pupil has done well in a subject and has worked his best, the school approves his taking the examination in that subject; this is as much as to say that the school considers him fitted to pass that test. The taking of eighty-eight examinations was approved, and eighty-six were passed. Ninety-seven examinations were consented to—that is, the school stated that the student in each case had a chance, but only a chance, of success. Sixty-three, or about two-thirds of these were passed. One hundred and thirty-three examinations were taken without school consent. The school took no responsibility for these, believing the student to be unfit to take the test, in most cases on account of lack of work. Sixty-eight, more than one-half of these were passed.

This, then, is the report we offer to all interested. When two-thirds of the examinations merely consented to, and one-half of those not even consented to by the school are passed, it surely cannot be said that the school's standards are not high. And since nearly one hundred per cent of those whom the school declares properly prepared pass, it is obvious that this well-known concern is right on the job, and is producing results in a highly efficient manner.

The following was evolved in fifteen minutes after listening to a newspaper article read in an English class:

The capitalist possesses a great advantage over the laborer in power, wealth, and, usually, intellect. It is the duty of really fine men to help those on the ladder below them, for this is the edict of Christianity and greatness in men.

Let the capitalist who complains bitterly of labor troubles look into his mirror. Higher wages? It is the natural ambition of man that surges within the laborer.. More money is needed to better himself. He earnestly desires to better himself. Higher wages? It is not always the purposeless, mercenary voice of the uncultured mass.

Mr. Capitalist: You say more money means more waste among your laborers. Then supervise the expenditure of it. Make it

improve your laborers, that they may in turn improve your goods, your corporation. How? Establish free schools in your factory; take out some corporation insurance to cover each employee; give them a form of self-government on the basis of our own Constitution; start some athletic activities among the men, and some dramatic work, and home classes for the women; infuse a college spirit into them. That is higher wages, Mr. Capitalist. That will make so many better Americans. Try it, Mr. Capitalist, the best of your contemporaries are doing it—you're shamefully behind the times.

ROGER SHUGG, '23.

LOGIC

The teacher had been explaining fractions to her class. When she had discussed the subject at length, she wished to see how much light had been shed, and inquired, "Now, Bobby, which would you rather have, one apple or two halves?"

Bobby replied, "Two halves."

"Oh, Bobby!" exclaimed the teacher a little disappointedly, "Why would you rather have two halves?"

"Because then I could see if it was bad inside," was the reply.

OH! BROTHER

Brother C-s-n, to a small freshman—You know, Tommy, you're a nice little boy.

Tommy—That's what they all say when they meet sister.

Jiggs—Every time I have an argument with my wife I enter it in a small diary.

Dinty—Ah! I see, you keep a little scrap book.

Literary Department

THE BIRCH-BARK MESSAGE

IN A WIGWAM near the western border of Arizona, the real drama of Life and Death was being enacted by the old chief of the Navahos, who was giving final instructions to his son.

"Shandin," said the chief, as he handed his son a strip of birch-bark on which were carved strange symbols, "I know I haven't long to live, so I must speak quickly. You will now take my place as chief of the largest tribe. My dying wish is that you will go to the next trading-post and find the old Indian who can translate this message. If you succeed, your power will be strengthened. I cannot explain now—I feel myself slipping—Remember—be always brave—honorable—kind to all in words and deeds. Nev——"

It was a night of anguish for the son, as he listened to the dull thud of the tom-toms beaten by the old tribesmen, and watched the death-dance around the camp fire. Steadily the wails changed to shrieks as the demonstration of their grief increased, but at dawn all noise ceased, for the chief had entered the land of the Great Spirit.

With the rising sun, Shandin, dressed in deerskin garments and moccasins, with his bow and arrows in his hand, ready for emergencies, started from his camp before the sun was over his head, to fulfill his father's wish. High hills and great plains had to be crossed, and it was a perilous journey to undertake. For days he lived on the wild things he brought down with his arrow, and by the next moon he had reached the thick wood near the end of his trail.

Twilight was falling. Shandin was not aware that eyes were steadily watching his approach. Suddenly, there was a crash of branches; then, to the Indian, all was darkness.

When he regained consciousness he found himself on a heap of skins in a small wigwam where a log fire crackled cheerfully. Where was he? How had he come here? He reached out to stir

up the fire, but, to his surprise, could not move his right arm. His sudden movement sent a piercing pain through him, and he fell back with a moan.

At that moment he heard the soft patter of moccasins in the other section of the tent and some one singing—

Ishtogmus wachee po!
Tuwa etowan kin
Ishtah ne sha kta!

Soon he beheld a dainty Indian with two black braids over her shoulders, and he saw that her eyes were filled with sympathy as she bent over him, holding a bowl of steaming soup. Feigning sleep, he watched her through half-closed lids, wondering what kind spirit had led him to such a haven.

"You rest," she said quietly. "Don't talk yet; eat this broth to get strong." Gently she smoothed the pillows of skins and furs and, smiling, left him.

That night he really rested, thinking of the little nurse who would greet him next day.

In the morning, instead of the gentle maiden, an old man sat beside the patient. He had heavy brows and large features, but eyes with kindness in their depths. As Shandin (Sunlight) awakened they looked at each other for several moments. Then the Indian maiden entered and knealt by the old man.

"Where am I?" Shandin asked. "I cannot remember."

"I will tell you," Kalugi (Butterfly) answered. "Seven dawns ago, father and I were gathering wood down the trail when we heard a strange cry in the distance. I ran ahead, and saw a great animal spring upon some dark object. They fell together, and father shot twice. We hurried to the spot, not knowing what we had done, and found you unconscious with a black and gray lynx dead by your side. How near you were to death no one knows, but we dragged you here. Father has skinned the wildcat, and you shall see it stretched on the side of the wigwam when you are able to walk."

The old man bowed and listened to the story, then clasped

the hand of the young Indian cordially, as he tried to give thanks.

"We only did right," said the old man, "for it is my life-work to help all travelers who come my way. Now sleep, my lad, and another day will bring you strength."

"Surely," thought Shandin, "I am lucky to live, but alas! I've failed on my father's mission." Then he, too, told a story of his lonely journey to take the last message of his old father to the great friend at the trading-post. Kalugi came to him, bringing a packet that had dangled from his belt when rescued. When he saw it, his eyes brightened and he knew at once that he had *not* failed. He handed the packet to the Medicine-man, who remained quiet and thoughtful for a few moments, then, without a word, went to another part of the tent. He returned with a small packet which exactly matched, but neither Kalugi nor Shandin could decipher the symbols.

The young Indian had taken the maiden's hand in his, and her shy glance did not rebuke him. Their eyes told the story of their hearts, so the Medicine-man felt the mission was indeed fulfilled. He thought of the past when his comrade, the Indian chief, and he had woven dreams of their off-springs becoming betrothed. But never a word of coercion had been used, no influence to force them, yet it seemed that they had indeed been saved for each other when the Indian had been so strangely guided to her own tepee.

Thus by the burning embers they sat, while the Medicine-man, as he smoked his peace-pipe, explained the traditions of their tribes marked on the strips of birch-bark and the desires of the chief and of himself.

"We are healed through happiness," he said, "so I give that prescription to you, with my blessing. This legend at first seemed a mystery, but it is the work of DESTINY."

Audrey Griffin, 1922.

IN THE GREAT WHITE NORTH

IT WAS A cold, stormy winter's night. The wind whistled through the trees with a wierd shriek. Now and then there was a lull in the storm and the deep, creepy, death-like howl of the wolves rent the air as they sang the hunger song of the north. Protected from the wild elements without, two men sat playing a dreary game of cards in a lonely log cabin twenty miles from the nearest post.

"Say Bill, it's shore some storm, ain't it?" drawled one of the men in a half-hearted effort to break the spell of silence between them. "The worst so far this winter, I guess."

"Well Mike," returned the other lazily, "I reckon you're right. This certainly is a great night for staying inside. Why, even Black Joe himself would hesitate before going out in this weather."

"Yes, even he, the strongest, toughest, and cruelest man around, knowing the country as well as he seems to, wouldn't pick this night for one of his crooked expeditions," added Mike after some deliberation.

"We've got no kick coming—the six silvers and the other stuff ought to pull in about five thousand bones. Some haul for a couple of trappers like us," said Bill with quite a hint of satisfaction in his voice.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, warned Mike, "one never can tell what might happen. They might mildew, or they might catch fire, or they might be eaten by rats, or they might even—"

"Aw say, Mike, cut the calamity stuff," broke in Bill with disgust. "This weather's bad enough now without your adding to it. It seems to be having a bad effect on you. Let's get back to the game."

As they resumed their momentarily forgotten game, Mike heaved a sigh and shrugged his shoulders in a vain effort to drive away the pessimistic thoughts which seemed bound to haunt him. The storm outside was beginning to break and the lulls became

more and more frequent and the dismal howling of the wolves rent the tumultuous air more often.

An hour passed, Mike began to grow uneasy, and after each howl he seemed to twitch all over. His nerves were on edge, it seemed as if something was about to snap. Finally he could stand it no longer, and throwing down his cards he stood up with a jerk and broke out with, "Say, Bill, the yelling of those confounded animals gets on my nerves. I certainly do feel queer tonight. I feel it in my bones—something is going to happen. Just listen to those ungodly screeches, will you?"

As they listened, two distant rifle shots rang out in quick succession. Both men turned pale and looked at each other with a knowing look. At once they knew that there was someone out there in the storm in great distress, and that they must go immediately and help—on this stormy night.

It's no easy matter for a man to leave his cozy dwelling and go out into such a night as this, even though life may depend upon it; but these two woodsmen hesitated not. They listened only to the call of duty. It was a quick get-away they made. Having loaded their dog-sled with the necessary supplies in record time, they set out in the direction from whence came the distress signal.

The going was terrible. They sank to their knees in the new-fallen snow, which the wind drifted into their faces with no little pain.

The night was dark, so dark that sight was utterly useless. Hearing and feeling were the only two senses that they had to guide them on their toilsome way. But they began and kept on with grim determination. On, on, on, through the deep black night and through the deep white snow, fighting madly for every inch they gained. After some time they began to tire and whenever it seemed impossible to move another inch, they would be inspired by the signal of distress, which they never failed to answer. Human endurance, however, is not boundless, so these two men finally had to give up—they could not possibly move another inch—they were defeated by the elements.

"A hopeless case," said Mike, as they found they must quit.

"If he would only stay in one place. First we hear him on the left, then on the right. I'll be hanged, it seems as if he is trying to dodge us."

"It certainly looks queer," replied Bill. "Let's go back—we'll find him in the morning—dead probably."

They turned their weary steps back and morning was still a long way off when they finally reached their lonely cabin. They had done their best, yet something seemed to tell them that they had neglected their duty.

The storm had broken. Its fury was spent. The moaning of the wind through the pines seemed to be the last groans of the dying storm. But the darkness was no less intense and the now continuous howling of the wolves sent cold chills down the spine. A dim light shone through the trees a hundred yards or so away from the slowly returning trappers. What a thrill of joy they feel as they are about to enter the cabin, a feeling of relief to the disheartened and exhausted men.

A feeling of relief indeed. But oh! sad Fate, how short lived you destined it to be.

The two men sat down by the smouldering fire, broken absolutely broken in spirit.

"A devil's deed," commented Mike sadly.

"Yes, the devil himself must have done it," was the grievous response. "Didn't leave us a single skin."

Carlton H. Barrows, '23.

EVENING

An opalescent blue,
A tinge of orange bright,
A glowing bit of crimson,
And a mystic shade of night.

A yellow faint, yet playful,
A salmon lightly lined
With a silver glowing softly
In the gentle evening wind.

A landscape that is cooling
With green and blue and brown,
With a fleecy mist that rises
From the meadows far, far, down.

Amid this fairy splendor
The weary sun retires
And leaves the moon as guardian
To keep celestial fires.

She soothes where he has ruffled,
She calms where tempests brew,
She brings back wingéd memories
And wakes lost dreams anew.

She bears the cherished slumber
To those who seek her face,
She seeks to be the bearer
Of peace in Life's great race.

B. G. Everett, '23.

AN OLD MAN WITH BLUE EYES

"LOU," said Alice to me, "let's go to church." I laughed. It seemed rather a funny idea. This was vacation! Just because we happened at that moment to have run out of amusement, I didn't see why Alice should suggest a duty as a substitute. I wondered if she felt well, and intimated as much.

"Oh yes," she replied, "I feel all right. Don't get worried, dear. I bet it would be awfully funny. There isn't even a regular minister, you know."

"It isn't exactly my idea of wild hilarity," said I, "but we might as well go."

The door of the tiny church was half open, and we heard the drone of a hymn as we hurried up the steps and into the only empty pew. There were six pews on each side; three long ones at the back, and three short ones at the front. These were to give room for the stove, which stood in the middle, right in front of the pulpit. No intention of having the minister freeze any more than anyone else, I thought to myself. The melodeon, the most *un*melodious of instruments, was on the platform at one side, and an oldish woman, rather stout, was playing it, and holding each note an interminably long time. The congregation, scarce thirty people, was made up largely of old men and women, little children, and a few pale-faced, scared-looking young girls. One man, collarless and unshaven, slumbered peacefully with both feet on the pew and his head on his knees. The suspicious hue of his nose reminded me of the recent arrest of the town store-keeper for dispensing forbidden beverages. I guess Alice had the same idea, or caught the expression of my face, for I heard a queer little gulp, beside me, which made me retreat precipitately into the hymn-book.

Three men were sitting on the platform, regular farmers, every one.

"Which is the minister?" I whispered to Alice.

"The middle one, I think. The others are just kind of—well, assisting brothers. We'll see in a minute," she answered.

The minister began to pray in a soft, slow drawl. At each

pause, one of the assisting brothers would chime in with a "Yes, amen." Minister: "Oh Lord our Father in Heaven, be with Thy chil-dren to*day*." Brother: "Yes, Lord, amen." Minister: "Be with Thy *ser*-vants; help them to get sal*va*tion this *morn*in'." Brother: "Yes, amen." Minister: "Bless the brother who has *tra*-velled so far today to be *with* us." Brother referred to: "Yes, amen, Lord." His voice with the accompaniment of the brothers, trailed on. As he warmed up to the subject, his tone became more and more earnest, and the amens became more earnest and emphatic. Somehow, to my surprise, I didn't feel like giggling. Everything was so peaceful—just the voice of the minister, praying and imploring the Great Spirit to come.

For the first time, I looked full into the face of the old man on the minister's left. His cheeks were rosy and rugged; his beard and hair were silver-white; his eyes were as blue as the sky. He had great rough hands, and a face as of one who had worked hard all his life, but in his eyes was perfect peace. They made you think of hills, and sun, and the sea. I stared at him, fascinated, and every bit of laughter left me. I forgot that I had come to be amused. Most of the women were crying now, and the tears were pouring down the cheeks of one old man near me.

Quite suddenly the minister stopped praying. "Has any brother or sister anything to say?" he asked. There was a movement in a corner of the room, and a litle wizened old woman rose. She was shaking so with palsy that she could scarce stand.

"Oh Lord," she began, "it won't be long. Not long now—an' I'm ready, Lord. Lord, I've tried to do what you gave me to do—I've tried to get salvation. I'm grateful, Lord, an' I'm ready." She fell back, exhausted, and a pale-faced young mother rose, with her baby in her arms, and two young children holding her skirts. She looked straight ahead, and spoke fast and tensely.

"The Lord knows what's best for me. I want to do his will. I want to do right. I want to be saved. I'll teach my children to follow him. Brothers and sisters, pray for them and me."

Then the old man with the clear blue eyes slowly got up, and

looking far over our heads to where the lake was a blue streak in the distance, he spoke.

"Some says there's a hereafter. Some says there ain't. I don't know. But I aim to do my work every day as I see it, and I *know* the good Lord will take care of my hereafter. I leave it all to Him." And such a glory shone from his kind old face when he said that!

"We would be glad to hear from any of our guests," said the minister. A burning desire filled me to get up and say something. I wanted to tell them that I understood—I wanted to say what they did. But I couldn't! When I started up, my knees sank under me, and words wouldn't come. I couldn't help feeling I should sound foolish. But the others weren't foolish.

Silently, Alice and I walked back across the meadow. Finally I burst out, "Why couldn't I speak? *Why!* I wanted to. What was it in that old man? What haven't I got?"

We saw him a few days later, in an old pair of blue overalls, driving a roadscraper, with that heavenly expression in his eyes. Just doing his work as he saw it, and leaving the rest to God. Then I knew what I lacked.

Elizabeth Chandler, '22.

SO TWEET

DAD'S birthday was coming, so Mother had to buy him a present. This was a matter of great thought, trouble, and contemplation with Mother. Dad had plenty of shirts and handkerchiefs, and the like, and as he had a pair of slippers and an ash tray given him last Christmas, Mother was completely at a loss as to what to do. I suggested that she give him half a dozen new phonograph records (Dad never plays the phonograph, but I do), but she said no, she favored a set of new curtains for the dining room. I said that was hardly an appropriate gift for a real he-man, and Mother said that was no lie, either. So there we were.

Dad himself finally settled the question. "If you must give me something," he said, "let it be a canary bird."

For two days Mother visited all the stores in town. At the end of that time her faith in human nature was sadly shaken, and she was convinced that American bird dealers were almost as crooked as the Armenian merchants she bought her oriental rugs from.

On the third day arrived a cage, stand, sand, seed and bird, and this latter was soon installed with the former in the parlor. He was a nice bird with a black eye and a long yellow tail, but he sang the same thing over and over again. Mother likes variety.

"I'm going to have him exchanged," she said.

"He's all right," replied Dad. "We'll keep him."

"I'll be sure and get a good one next time," said Mother.

"Say, whose bird is that, anyway?" shouted Dad. "I said we'd keep him!"

The riot lasted long into the night. Next day the new bird arrived. Mother said the first bird had been a "roller" (whatever that is) and wasn't as nice as the other kind. Birdie number two was all yellow, and very cute and perky. But for some hours after delivery he remained quite dumb and voiceless. Mother called up the bird store, and bawled out the proprietor. Two minutes after she hung up, Birdie burst into a cadence of sound that quite overwhelmed us. He'd chuckle low down in his throat, and then trill

up and down the scale, and end with three piping ascending notes.

Without a shade of originality, we named him Dicky. Dicky used to sing and sing, and when we played the phonograph it seemed as though he'd burst his little throat trying to outdo it. And he would. (That is, outdo the phonograph, not burst his throat). Dad expressed his appreciation by feeding him bits of lettuce and hard boiled egg, and letting him out of the cage. He used to skid all over the enameled shelf of the kitchen cabinet with his long toe nails and canary bird legs, and I thought he looked awfully funny. (The bird, I mean, not Dad). Then he'd fly down to the floor and hop under a chair, probably mistaking the framework underneath for a tree, and peck at broom straws and things.

After you let Dicky out, recaging him was a mad, hectic scramble. However, the exercise seemed to do him good, for he sang better and better each day.

I never did develop any real affection for Dicky, though. When I spoke to him he'd cock his head first on one side and then on the other, so he could look at me with both eyes, and then he'd say "Cheep, cheep." And I always thought his tone was insinuating.

One day when I was playing the piano, I thought Dicky was trying to follow the tune. I hoped he was, anyway. So several hours later I played the Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody, fully expecting that he'd try to sing it and die of apoplexy, or at least choke to death. But he didn't. He maintained a sullen and unsportsmanlike silence throughout. I finished the piece majestically and then rushed to the cage. Poor Dicky! Even in the darkness he had put his head under his wing! I was truly sorry for the little fellow, for I really hadn't wanted to make him hide his face with shame that way.

I think his heart broke with envy that night, for after that he seemed to pine away. His feathers began to fall out, and his beautiful song degenerated into a spluttering chirp that sounded just like radiator safety valves when they run over. In fact, the sound was so realistic that Dad got up early one cold and chilly morning and turned off all the radiators before he discovered that Dicky

was making the noise. Dad resolved not to be fooled again, but the next morning Dicky slept late and the radiators leaked all over the place. When Dad arose and saw the mess he softly swore to himself and then rung the bird's neck.

That's all.

H.

FELIS DOMESTICA

What is that shriek,
That heart-rending wail,
That symphony fearful,
My ears doth assail;

Is it tumult of battle,
Or thunder's loud roar,
That brings me upright
In my bed just at four?

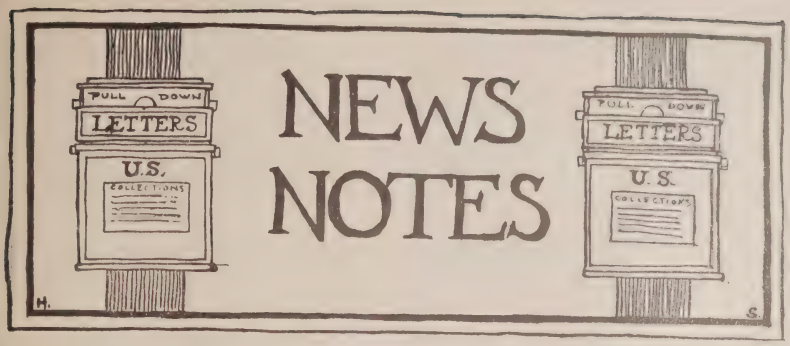
I shiver and shake
In the dawn's early light,
I jump to the window,
Oh boy! what a fight,

Gallant old Tom,
With a right-handed pass
Has delivered with science
A fine coup-de-grâce.

He chortles with glee,
Way up in the scale,
In terrible tremolos,
Known to this male.

He receives an ovation,—
Bricks, shoes and a bat.
Why is it they hate him,
My dear little cat?

WALLACE WARREN, '22.



CALENDAR

May 2—Teacher-Student Council Meeting.

May 5—Girls' League Meeting.

May 12—Senior Dance.

June 2—Class Day.

June 15-20—Final Examinations.

June 16—Graduation.

Band and Orchestra Concert

April 7—On Friday evening, April seventh, the annual concert of the band and orchestra was held in Shailer Hall. The concert was of a high order and brought out quite a bit of local talent. Barbara Hall, '25, contributed a harp solo and Grover Amick, '23, a cornet solo. Marshall Schacht, '23, was conductor of the orchestra. Great credit is certainly due Mr. Cole for his work in training the orchestra, and also to Mr. Fulton, leader of the band.

Senior Dance

The annual Senior Dance, the crowning social event of the year for the Senior Class comes on Friday evening, May twelfth. The committee in charge is: Leland Powers, chairman, Stephen Harris, Robert Schacht, Norman Wetzel, Marjorie Prentiss, Elsie Maxson, Elizabeth Sherman, Mary Hough.

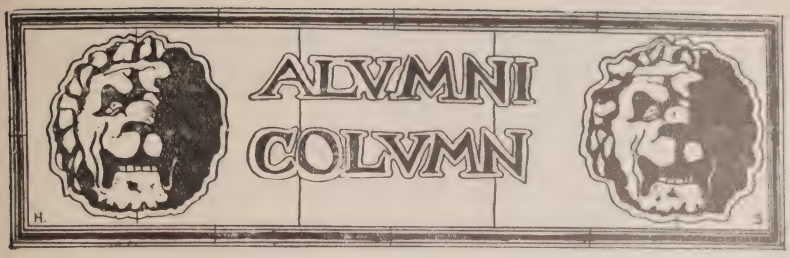
Class Day

Once again, on June second, the school will follow out the time-honored tradition of Class Day. An interesting program has been planned which includes several new features by the gym classes. In charge of the day is the following committee: Francis Mitchell, chairman; George Stark, Maurice Stern, James Smith, Bertha Rosenau, Marjorie Prentiss, Ruth Merrill, Margaret Kennedy and Frederick B. Hill. In accordance with the custom of the school, George Stark, as President of the Senior Class will be major. Mr. Jewett of the Physics department is supervising the program. Roger Hardy is again aide-de-camp. The following Junior boys have been named as ushers: Roger Shugg, head usher; Robert Smith, William Maher, John Harwood, Francis Daley, Howland Smith, Kenneth Burnham, William Potter, John Metcalf and Norman Waite. Mr. Haines is choosing the marshals.

THE SAGAMORE

Look for great and drastic changes in THE SAGAMORE for next year. The entire plan is to be changed. Be sure to see Class Day number editorial.

Don't miss your copy of the Class Day number of THE SAGAMORE. It is going to be bigger and better than ever before. For the benefit of those who do not subscribe extra copies will be on sale.



Albert Pollard is assistant treasurer of the Brookline Trust Co.

'14—Flo' Dussussoit, former Dartmouth athletic star, is now engaged in the wool business.

'18—Page Williams was chairman of the dramatics' committee at Smith College.

'18—Draper Hill, having recently completed his course at Harvard, is now working for the First National Corporation of Boston.

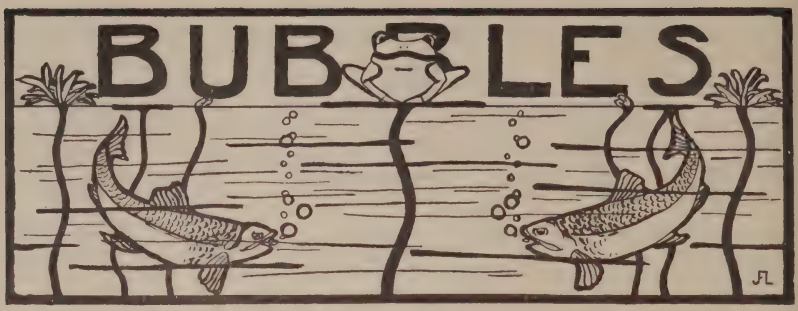
'18—H. S. Payson Rowe, Harvard '22, is now manager of the Harvard varsity track team, treasurer of the Harvard Advocate, and a member of the Student Council. He is a member of the Dicky Club, Institute of 1770, Pi Eta and Varsity Clubs.

'19—The engagement has recently been announced of Grace Ingersoll of Connecticut to Dick Edwards of Brookline.

'20—George Kelley, former athletic star, left recently for Canada, where he is going to play baseball this summer.

'21—Ariel Horle and Albert Prentiss are rowing on the Freshman crew at Technology.

Ex '22—Hubert Canning is rowing stroke on the Exeter four-oared crew.



BRAINY BOY

Miss P-k-ns—Name four seasons.

Anonymous—Pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard.

NONSENSE

They told me to scour the woods, but I had no soap.

Santa Claus has a sister, Mary Christmas.

Always forgive your enemies, especially those you can't lick.

A photograph album is often full of empty mugs.

Ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

If I don't write this some one must.

The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth.

Here lies my wife Jane: let her R. I. P.

The worst of all wise crackers is the fellow in the Physics Lab. that sings: "Ohm Sweet Ohm."

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Then noisily
Rattles off.

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What does the millionaire think about?
—Of wives and homes,
Blasted and damned,
Because of the gold that he holds?
He does not! Why should he?
He thinks of his tummy and golf.

AFTER "FREE VERSE" IN GENERAL.

MY HAT!

Last night her eyes lied to me.
I saw my love last night and her eyes lied.
But the soul behind denied.
I went with crashing heels on concrete.
Her eyes lied.
Like the cold moon on the leafless boughs,
They lied.
But the sun lit the moon;
Her soul lit her eyes.
The grass is growing.
Last night I smelled spring.
Her eyes lied.
My heels on concrete; my head in the clouds,
Pink clouds.
Her trophy cocked on my poetic hat,
My hat!
Her eyes lied;
Her soul denied.

GILBERT SMILEY, '22.

Baseball was a favorite sport among the Greeks. I do remember reading something about Mr. Homer, don't you?

H. B-ll—My, you did get fat this vacation, didn't you?
Sw-tt—I weigh exactly 125 pounds stripped.
B-ll—You can't tell exactly, these drug store scales are liable to be wrong.

Swett—Here comes a plucky girl.
Norm—How do you know?
Swett—Look at her eyebrows.

They were talking about the track meet as they walked home.
G. St-rk—Now there's Reilly, for instance, in a few weeks he'll be our best man.
R-th—Oh, George, this is so sudden.

M. E.—May I be the light of your future home?
H. E. R.—No, I don't want a light that goes out every night.

Dear Ed.—Can a table spoon?
Ans.—No, but a napkin.

Dear Ed.—Why is my wash board?
Ans.—Ah! there's the rub. Probably you don't hand it the right line. Your line should be well posted. The shirts carry tales if they are not of the right stripe.

Miss Sa-y-r—"Why were you late"?
Girl—"My train was late?"
Miss S.—"What train?"
Girl—"My train of thought. I was deciding whether to come or not."

"Where did you steal that mat?" demanded a policeman, as he seized the tramp.
"I didn't steal it; a lady gave it to me and told me to beat it."

Cust.—"Waiter, this coffee tastes like it was mud.
Wait.—"The cook ground it this morning.

BASEBALL

Brookline 3—Boston Latin 2

The second game of the season was called off in the second inning on account of a severe downpour of rain. Brookline was ahead and was in at bat when the umpire called the game off. This game will be played later in the season so hold on to your stubs and watch the papers for the date.

Brookline 4—Rindge 8

Rindge succeeded in topping Brookline in the first game of the Suburban League on the morning of April 19 by the score of 8 to 4. Too many errors spoiled Brookline's chances for winning the game. Captain Mullowney was touched for enough hits to make the game easy for Rindge and although Brookline, fighting to the last, scored 4 runs in the last inning, they were unable to overcome the lead that Rindge had on them. Casson, Chase and Mullowney starred for Brookline, while Colburn starred for Rindge.

Brookline 1—Newton 2

Brookline lost her second league game to Newton at Claflin Field on Saturday, April 22, and it sure was a hard game to lose, because John Harwood pitched sterling ball for nine hard innings; but of course it had to be spoiled by an untimely base hit by Leary of Newton. Brookline played the best brand of ball that any team representing the High School for four years has ever played. That

might seem a big thing to say, but it is true. Just ask anyone who was there. With the exception of a wild throw by Chase which Cuth Gentle caught with a wonderful one-hand stab, the game was an errorless one for Brookline.

Dick Londoner was the outstanding star of both teams in the field and at bat. He accepted every chance in the field which numbered five, and had a perfect day at the bat, turning in a beautiful two-bagger. This game was another pitching duel, with Harwood and Whittemore taking the leading roles. Harwood allowed five hits and Whittemore four.

The only reason Newton won the game was that she hit in the pinches. This was the downfall of the Brookline team, for many times there were two and sometimes three men on base but no one could seem to come through with a hit when it was most needed.

SIDELIGHTS

The baseball team is sure getting the support of the student body at all the games, especially at the home games. Have you bought your season ticket yet?

It's a good thing that the relay team did not depend upon the student body to send it to Penn.—the profits on the two dances would just about pay for the carfare from Brookline to Boston.

The crew has now a beautiful coaching launch on the river and Coach Niccolls intends to invite the faculty over to the river some day to watch the progress of the crew. All those interested may come over and see Mr. Niccolls.

There is now a new eligibility rule for athletics. Watch out or the goblins will get you. Only allowed to be down in one study.

The spring sports ought to be well under way in a few days. Golf and tennis are about due, and Brookline is always pretty well represented in both of these.

The crew has its first race with Tabor Academy at Tabor on May 6. Both first and second crews will make the trip. No one knows what the crew will be—not even Coach Niccolls, as a lot depends upon how Chase is going when he gets back from Penn.

A Hottentot strolled along a shining beach where the waves were wont. (Don't ask me to explain that, for so it is said.) I think the breezes were wont, too. He ejaculated, "Aloha Oe," emphatically as he stumbled over a box in the sand. Cast up by a storm, this contained several magazines. Our Hottentot investigated and was soon deep in literary pursuit. With that mysterious and charming adaptability of fictitious characters, he found that he could read English, such as it was. He liked the cuts in the "Philomath," Framingham. Of course, he looked at the pictures first, as only savages do.

He howled at "The Bureau of Misinformation" and "How to Track Meat" in "The Nobleman" from Noble & Greenough and carried it home to read aloud in the next tribe council, at which he, being a most sturdy youth, acted as custodian of the mace.

He approved of "The Archon," Dummer Academy, as a neat paper with very good jokes. After enjoying "The Western Breeze" and "The Radiator," he lay back on the sand, after placing an unripe custard apple under his head, exhausted with joy.

He spent the rest of a weary life pacing the beach looking for more magazines. Is this not tragic when we consider the excellent magazines which he neglected behind the library door in Brookline High School!

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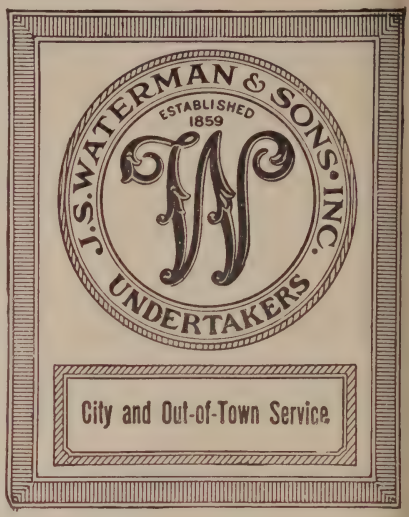

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The Sagamore

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VOL. XXVIII JUNE, 1922 No. 7

Editorials

THE SAGAMORE has always occupied a place in Brookline High School life similar to the position of that famous Greek statue, "The Discus-Thrower," in the world of art. Both have come down through the years until they are now traditions. THE SAGAMORE has appeared faithfully for over twenty-five years; its editorials have fulfilled their missions; its stories and poems have been read and forgotten; its news has been scornfully overlooked because it already had gray hairs; and its jokes have tickled the ribs of 1892 students, only to follow the path of all humor by tickling all over again 1922 pupils. As people have become accustomed to casually admiring the strength of line in the "Discus-Thrower," so have we in Brookline High School come to look upon our monthly SAGAMORE as a matter of course. A poem of an unusually high order is received in the same state of mental calm as a very poor story, used to fill up space (unfortunately). The student mutters, "I don't understand that rot!" concerning the poem, while he snorts, "What suffering fool scribbled that plotless stuff!" over the story. All this drives the 1922 SAGAMORE Board to absolute desperation (even as other Boards): "Ye gods! They eat grape-nuts for breakfast and read the SAGAMORE with that same infernal placidity. They say there was a reason about grape-nuts, but Brookline High School doesn't even reason out the SAGAMORE! What bomb will lift them out of their slumbers?"

So, after much bomb-hunting, the 1922 Board thinks it has found a very pleasant explosive. It will blow up for the first time early next October, and will continue to explode every two weeks thereafter. In other words, the gray-haired SAGAMORE, that ven-

Class Officers, 1922

GEORGE M. STARK
President

MARJORIE PRENTISS
Vice President

MARGARET KENNEDY
Secretary

FRED HILL
Treasurer

erable collector of literary treasures, has succeeded where Ponce De Leon failed. Rip Van Winkle has grown shockingly ambitious, and instead of working once a month, will now perform every two weeks.

We of the Board cannot say anything definite in a more boisterous tone than a stage whisper at present, because our plans are not yet settled. But the size of the SAGAMORE will probably develop into that of the Literary Digest, with eight pages to an issue. Then if the same star of chance that smiled on John D. Rockefeller and J. P. etc. smiles on us, we hope to publish four specially enlarged editions during the year, which will more than satisfy your literary appetite.

The SAGAMORE will contain news of everything that is being done or planned at Brookline High School. It will supply in generous quantities wit for the witty. Furthermore, every issue will welcome a beautiful poem, an interesting short story, or an unusual essay.

The Editor-in-Chief will be known as the Chairman, his assistant as the Vice-Chairman, and the business manager as the Treasurer. These three, together with the News Editor will comprise the SAGAMORE Board, which will be elected each May by the retiring Board on the merit of their year's work.

There will be eleven positions on the Editorial Staff, all subject to a very definite competition open to anyone in the school. Furthermore, amateur gold-diggers have eight positions on the business staff open to them.

If you love to write, if you care to learn about writing, if you wish to acquire newspaper experience, or if you would reform Brookline High School, come out and compete for the SAGAMORE.

The new SAGAMORE has just one great ambition: *To become a vital force in school life by standing solidly behind and pushing on everything that will tend to make Brookline High School bigger and better and happier.*

Next Fall subscribe, read the SAGAMORE, think about what it says, and then write and tell us what you think. Brookline High School must grow—we can push it on with a live SAGAMORE.

THE SAGAMORE SHORT STORY CONTEST

During the past year a short story contest was held in connection with the Literary Department of the SAGAMORE, prizes of three and two dollars being offered for the best stories of less than 1000 words. There have been many stories handed in, some of which were published, and from these the following were awarded the two prizes:

First—"He Who Seeketh," by Gessner Hawley.

Second—"Survival of the Fittest," by Wallace Warren.

The SAGAMORE is pleased to announce the Staff for next year under the new system:

CHAIRMAN ..... ROGER SHUGG
VICE-CHAIRMAN ..... GESSNER HAWLEY
LITERARY ASSISTANT ..... MURIEL BARRIE
FEATURE EDITOR ..... BARBARA EVERETT
ASSISTANT FEATURE EDITOR ..... FRANCES MARSHAL
NEWS EDITOR ..... MARION HIGGS
FIRST ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR ..... WILLIAM POTTER
SECOND ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR ..... DOROTHY MORGAN
THIRD ASSISTANT NEWS EDITOR ..... RUTH THOMAS
ATHLETIC EDITOR ..... CLYDE FORE
FIRST ASSISTANT ATHLETIC EDITOR ..... FRANCIS DALEY
SECOND ASSISTANT ATHLETIC EDITOR ..... RUTH RICHARDSON
BUBBLES EDITOR ..... JOHN ORTH
FIRST ASSISTANT BUBBLES EDITOR ..... KENNETH WING
SECOND ASSISTANT BUBBLES EDITOR ..... MARJORIE HOEG
TREASURER ..... ROBERT MORGAN
SUBSCRIPTION MANAGER ..... ELLERY KOCH
ADVERTISING MANAGER ..... ALFRED CLIFTON

(Lower Business Positions Open to Competition.)

Address of Welcome

By George M. Stark

Friends:

IT IS my privilege and pleasure to extend to you all, in behalf of my Classmates, a most cordial welcome to our exercises this afternoon. You have witnessed the out-door features of the Class Day program in which the whole school took part. Now you are about to witness that part of the program which we, as Seniors, present.

The program of these exercises is somewhat a personal one, revealing in our oration the high ideals and principles which have set the standards for our class; declaring in our poem our hopes and aspirations; reviewing in our History our achievements and proficiencies. Following this our prophets will unfold what may be expected of us in the future. Finally, we shall close these exercises by singing our farewell to Brookline High School.

We are justly proud of our class. We believe that we have nobly maintained the unblemished traditions of Brookline High and have added to her renown.

In the midst of the mingled joy and sorrow of Class Day and Graduation, we are not unmindful of the fact that we owe to you, our parents, the advantages we have received and enjoyed here.

Last but not least are thanks due to the faculty of Brookline High School for their instruction and kind assistance, for their efforts to turn us to our new fields of endeavor, fully prepared to meet our new trials and experiences.

For all of us, today marks the closing of our school career. For some it means entering the business world, for others it means the stepping-stone to college. No matter what college we may enter, no matter what position we may gain, we will always remember the instruction, the kind advice, and the friends made during our four years at Brookline High School.

It is to this occasion, then, that I extend you, in behalf of the Class of 1922, a most hearty and cordial welcome.

Photo by Alfred Brown

HONORARY SOCIETY (Alpha Pi)

Back Row; G. Snell, F. Hill, S. Harris, L. Powers, K. Koch, R. Shugg, J. Dunham.
Middle Row: C. Wyzanski, E. Chandler, F. Cowles, B. Beisel, A. Griffin, M. Hough, F Furber.
Front Row: R. Chase, M. Kramer, M. Colby, R. Schacht, B. Rosenau, Mr. Snow

CUTHBERT GENTLE.

THE CLASS OF 1922 plants this ivy with the faith that it will flourish and in future years resemble the affection which the Class of 1922 holds for Brookline High School. Although it is now very small, it will grow as our love for Brookline has grown in the years in which we have been sheltered and brought up here.

In former years, graduating classes have planted their sprigs of ivy in practically the same old place; but to us of 1922 falls the honor of being the first to plant the Ivy on the site of the new Brookline High School. Therefore, fellow classmates, as this magnificent building to be has been the inspiration and desire of all Brookline, let our thoughts and actions be governed by the fact that each one of us is the product of such an inspiring institution. Being spared in health and strength, let each one of us do his duty to the school and the nation as his or her opportunity permits.

Photo by Alfred Brown

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

Back Row: Mr.Atticks, Mr. Bridgham, Mr. Jewett, M. Kramer.
Middle Row: R. Chase, R. Shugg, L. Briggs, E. Johnson, F. Small, C. Gentle.
Front Row: Miss Sawyer, Miss Liden, G. Stark, E. Chandler, Miss Spaulding.

CLASS ORATION

MILTON KRAMER

Classmates:

ONE desire dominates us all as we face toward the future. That desire is to be happy. Each one of us will strive in his own individual way to attain this. Some of us will struggle vainly for contentment through the acquisition of riches, possessions, and through physical pleasures. On the other hand, others of us will be successful in securing happiness for ourselves through the pursuit of education, the practice of charitable acts, and through the development of our enjoyment of art, literature, music and nature. We may even with no external helps, find happiness in the simple doing of our duty in the sphere in which circumstances place us. So we see that by various and different means we all aim to achieve the same goal, felicity.

In the days of the cave man, happiness was sought by strength of arm. A man, seeing something which he wanted, took it. He did not care whether or not he hurt some one else in the taking of it. As long as he got it, he was satisfied. Similarly in later days, when Rome conquered a neighboring land, she invaded it and robbed her foe of all his wealth, his art, and, in fact, of everything which Rome wanted. By the seizure of these things, Rome fulfilled her desire. Just so in mediaeval days. The countries of the Middle Ages strove for happiness by taking some one else's property. In spite of, or because of, these autocratic methods, Rome fell, the countries of the Middle Ages fell, and a new era arose. With this new age a new spirit has come, a different method of achieving happiness.

A few hundred years ago, Europeans, unhappy with their conditions, came to America. After settling the land, they divided into

colonies and were ruled by England. Angered by England's policy, they revolted and established their own government. These colonists were the first to have the new spirit. Whatever the causes were does not interest us at present. The important point is that a decided change had come, a change which had a tremendous effect on the whole world. Each colonist, seeing that his own happiness depended upon his neighbor's well-being, decided to co-operate with his countrymen. No longer could they be contented to live alone. Accordingly, they formed the United States. They were the first to perceive the advisability of looking out for one another's interest. Instead of thinking, as before, that the loss of one was the gain of another, they realized that they could not be happy with their neighbors wretched.

Thus, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a new spirit and ideal was given a trial. This spirit has gradually grown and developed until the present day finds it being practiced internationally. The allies defeated Germany. Did they invade Germany and dispossess it? Could they derive happiness from the seizing of their adversaries' goods? Of course not. Instead, knowing that their own well-being depends on Germany's they are aiding that country to recover. At the present time the allies are promoting loans for their foe. Such a thing was never dreamt of before, but now we find it expedient to help our enemies; happiness is no longer found in dispossessing another for one's own benefit. A new spirit is here.

How then is satisfaction derived? What is this new spirit? The reply is found in the word—creation. This is an age in which every one must produce to be happy. Each one of us owes a debt to society. This obligation can be paid only by our giving something. There are a multiplicity of ways in which we may give. Whatever course of life we pursue, we can always be creators and producers. Even the least fortunate of us can be of value to the community. Whether we be men or women, in a profession or in a business, we cannot be happy by merely being consumers. We must give at least the equivalent of what we receive. For, in truth, how can we expect to receive without giving? It is only too true that one gets

out of life what one puts in. If the input is large the output will be correspondingly large, and we shall be happy.

Authors and artists are extremely happy. Material pleasures are of no value to them. They have no comforts. Some of them are forced to go hungry for days. What, then, holds and binds them to their work? They are held by the happiness they derive from creating, from giving all they have in them. Just so with real business men. By real I mean not those men who are in a pursuit of wealth alone, but those men who employ all their faculties for the producing of something of value to the world. No longer can possessions and riches make us happy. Real satisfaction can be derived only from the so-called imponderables; namely, the pursuit of education, the practice of charitable acts, the development and creation of art, literature, music, and, in fact, the producing of anything which will be for the good of mankind.

So, classmates, let us go on in life with this idea fixed in our minds. Let us all be producers and creators, let us give to the world all we have, and in this way we shall attain our goal, our one desire—happiness.

PRIZE SPEAKERS
Back Row: R. Levy, N. Powell, M. Baker, R. Shugg.
Front Row: R. Umlah, G. Leach, T. Chisholm, E. Beisel.

By Kenneth Koch

GREAT scientific phenomena have been happening all around us, day by day, and yet science missed the one great phenomenon of the age. Back in September of the year 1918, a meteor struck the world on the site of old Brookline High School. This comet was the Class of 1922, and immediately after it struck, things began to happen. Like all other meteors, this classy comet of '22 had a brilliant and glorious tail, and this is the tale:

I

So that this comet might strike home, Joe Williams was elected chief engineer, Madeline MacSkimmon, sub engineer, K. Koch, fireman, and Violet Bidwell mapped out the course.

Shortly after our arrival, we were received with open arms by the humble Sophomores, who seemed to appreciate our presence!

During the Fall, Joe Williams held up our end, and played end on the football team, while Charlie Swett, Miltie Kramer, Walsh and Wetzel scouted news and ads for the Sagamore. John Dowling and

George Lee proved their steel on the rifle team and Jim Walsh, by his great experience in the African variety, was an indispensible asset to the golf team. Brother Casson beat the "Cow that Jumped Over The Moon," in the high jump, while little Bob Schacht starred behind the footlights in dramatics.

Satisfied with our record, we decided to take a vacation, and so, with the consent of the School Committee, we rested for the Summer.

II

A second time our comet revolved in its orbit, a second time to make our presence felt. Joe Williams was at our head, Madeline MacSkimmon was his assistant, John Dowling took account of stock, while Marjorie Prentiss recorded it.

As Sophomores, we received the Freshmen with an entertainment and with Lolly-pops, which we knew they would enjoy, as they were mere infants!

Big Chief Sagamore won more of our number to his side; Kramer, Whitehouse and Aronson became his Braves, while Betty Sherman and Bertha Rosenau became Squaws. Mitchell, Johnson and Southwick chased the pig-skin during the Fall. Casson and Johnson chased the puck during the Winter, Walsh chased golf balls during the Spring, and Dowling almost shot himself to death!

All hail to the track champions, Casson, Rosen and Thompson; all hail to the crew champions, Smith, Williams and Aronson; to the tennis champion, Fleming, to the swimming champions, Hill and Barrows. But why not hail the base ball team, a Sophomore outfit, with Mitchell, Barnes, Sheehan, Mullowney, Casson and Chase all letter men.

Our girls also took a hand in the school activities. Caroline Rowe made the tennis team, while Aloyse Duffy charmed the judges at "prize speaking." With the help of Bertha Rosenau, '22, the Girls' Debating Team annexed the championship and the Boys' Debating Team with the help of Kramer and Schacht and their sword-like tongues, seized the shield of victory.

But our actors, Swett, Whitehouse, Kramer, Underhill, and Williams were such that Bill Shakespeare filled his tomb with

copious tears of joy.

In fact, the Faculty, who thought we were doing too much, actually forced us to rest during the hot weather!

III

Three months passed away, and again we returned. With Joe Williams as guide; Caroline Rowe, assistant guide; Frances Mitchell, financier; and Marjorie Prentiss, recorder, we passed through a most successful year.

Need I mention Dramatics, with Cowper, Gentle, and Underhill from our class? Need I mention the Debating Clubs, with Bertha Rosenau, Betty Chandler, Marion Colby, Chase and Schacht? Need I mention the SAGAMORE, with Stark, Kramer, Whitehouse, Schacht, Swett, Southwick, Aronson, Misses Chandler, Sherman and Hough? Need I mention all these to convince you that we were the Banner Class? Need I mention how through the efforts of our class, Mr. Carrell was returned to us? No! I need not mention these facts. We were the cream of classes, the chosen people.

Our girls, such as Caroline Rowe, Betty MacDonald, Dorothy Hirshburg, carried off the honors in girls' athletics. The boys of our class, such as Southwick, Sturgis, Casson, Swett, and Mitchell starred in football. Gentle, Chase, Southwick, Swett and Casson carried us over the top in track. In baseball, Mullowney, Barnes, Casson, Chase, Fleming and Mitchell scored. Kramer won the prize speaking contest.

Do you wonder that Brookline awoke to the fact that the Class of 1922 was the greatest in its history?

Do you wonder, when you know that Chase, Smith, Williams, and Aronson represented us in crew? When you know that the swimming team was helped by Purington, Barrows, and Williams, the tennis team by Casson and Fleming, the rifle team by Gentle and Dowling? Do you wonder that Brookline sat up? We were born on a comet, we were the sons and girls of Zip and Dash. We deserved a vacation. We got one.

IV

At last the fatal day came. We were Seniors, proud, haughty,

wise, and mighty Seniors!

George Stark was elected to pilot our comet on its last trip around Brookline High School, while Marjorie Prentiss was ever by his side. Fred Hill gloated over the gold, and Margaret Kennedy wrote our correspondence.

As this was our last year at Brookline we made it our best. Through the persistency of the Class of '22, new stands for Brookline Field were purchased by money raised from the student body. The town decided that we were too grand for this old building, so they are building a newer and larger high school in case any more such classes as we should appear in the future.

Poor Cicero would blush if he could see our debaters—Chase, Schacht, Kramer, Wyzanski, Bertha Rosenau, Betty Chandler, Elizabeth Sweeney, Mary Hough and Marion Colby.

Chief Sagamore took to our class kindly, as we had saved him from bankruptcy. Most of his friends were from '22. George Stark, Hill, Harris, Southwick, Mullowney, Aronson, Snell, Smith, Betty Chandler, Mary Taylor, Georgianna Cassidy, and Eleanor Golden all helped the poor Indian.

The "Parlez-vous Francais" Club, with Fred Hill, president, gave several plays of great value to the students. The Boys' Mandolin Club made even the Sphinx cry out with joy, while the Girls' League, president, Marion Colby, had a great influence over the little Freshmen.

Mitchell, Stover, Mills, Mullowney, Swett, Fleming, Chase, Casson, Southwick, Gentle, Williams, and Johnson tore up the football field. Our crew, with Smith, Chase, Williams and Aronson tore around the river! The swimming team, captained by Purington and managed by Kramer, with Dunham, Koch, Johnson and Barrows, '22, annexed the New England championship. Our hockey team, with Stover, Walsh, Hopkins, Fleming, and Mullowney finished second in the G. B. H. A. A. The same fate befell our track team, Thompson, Cowper, Chase, Rosen, Casson, Swett, Gentle, Stark, Williams, Underhill, and Southwick. Our relay team, consisting of Thompson, Chase, Swett, and Daley, '23, won at Pennsylvania the title of the second best relay team in the United States!!

In baseball Mullowney, Chase, Fleming, Gentle, Hopkins, and Casson hit the ball all over the lot. Walsh again captained the golf team; Bill Fleming guided the tennis team. The band and orchestra had such talented musicians as W. Hickey, Schacht, Powers, Snell, Audrey Griffen, J. Dunham, K. Koch, Chase, and Bemis.

The Honorary Society, presided over by R. Schacht, consisted of B. Rosenau, B. Chandler, M. Colby, L. Powers, Chase, Dunham, Harris, Wyzanski, Koch, Kramer, B. Beisel, Frances Cowles, Mary Hough and Audrey Griffin.

Our local talent was displayed in dramatics. Irwin Cowper, Aloyse Duffy, Bertha Mitchell, Kramer, Koch, Underhill and Harris tripped to the footlights.

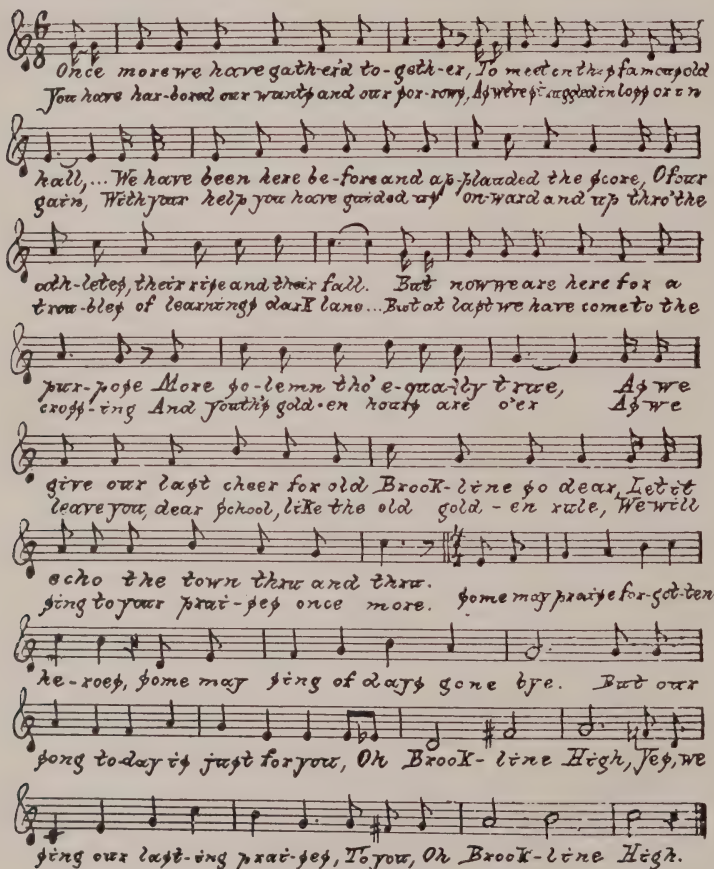
The Senior Dance was a huge success, due largely to the work of the committee under Leland Powers.

Finally we come to our Class Day, where history ends, and weaves itself into the present. But keep in mind that the Comet of the Class of 1922 will always be a lucky star.

Class Song 1922

Words by
IRWIN COWPER

Music by
MARION COLBY


Once more we have gath-ered to-geth-er, To meet on the fam'ous old
You have har-bored our wants and our sor-rows, As we've struggled on long or in
hall, ... We have been here be-fore and ap-plauded the score, Of our
gain, With your help you have guided us on-ward and up thro' the
odh-letes, their rise and their fall. But now we are here for a
trou-bles of learning's dark lane ... But at last we have come to the
pur-pose More so-lemn tho' e-qually true, As we
cross-ing And youth's gold-en hours are o'er As we
give our last cheer for old Brook-line so dear, Let it
leave you, dear school, like the old gold-en rule, We will
echo the town thru and thru.
Sing to your prai-ses once more. Some may praise for-got-ten
he-roes, Some may sing of days gone bye. But our
song today is just for you, Oh Brook-line High, Yes, we
sing our last-ing prai-ses, To you, Oh Brook-line High.

Class Poem of 1922

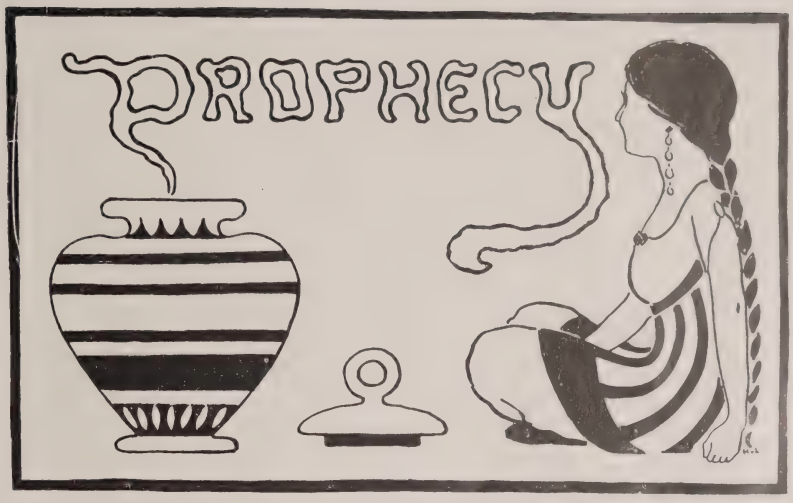
Elizabeth Chandler

There is a law of Nature, which remains
Throughout the years, relentless and supreme—
'Tis the foundation rock of Life's whole scheme,
'Gainst which we strive with unavailing pains.
We would be rich, successful in an hour;
Something for nothing is our foolish thought.
Results, when effort lacks, are vainly sought;
And influence won with ease is short-lived power.
All ruses, tricks, and substitutes devised
To take the place of normal, honest toil
Are, by the wise, discarded and despised—
True victors only claim the victor's spoil.
By law of compensation do we live;
Forever we shall get but what we give.

Photo by Alfred Brown

BOYS' DEBATING TEAM

Back Row: C. Wyzanski, R. Morgan, G. Stark, K. Hough, R. Shugg.
Front Row: M. Kramer, Mr. Carlson, R. Schacht, L. Taylor.



ELEANOR GOLDEN
Prophetess

STEPHEN HARRIS
Prophet

Enter Steve Harris with a flashlight and a bird cage.

Steve (wildly): Ah, I have eluded him! What place is this? A graveyard. 'Tis midnight! I hear the sun dial striking twelve. The weeping willows, how sadly they weep all over the place. How eerily the wind moans! 'Tis worse than hearing the lawn mown. "Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid—" What tombstone is this? (Reads with aid of flashlight):

"Here lies Clyde Stover,
Played hockey, Sock! and all was over."

The paths of hockey lead but to the grave. (After a pause):

"Gertrude Cadigan owns this plot,
All because she talked a lot."

Well, well, how the plots thicken!

"Eleanor Golden, Prophetess, departed from this life—"

(*Ghost of Eleanor Golden rises from the grave.*) (*Long pause.*) (Aghast): Speak, Spook!

E. Who dares come here at midnight. Who calls me from the other world?

S. Oh, it's you! Can the Hamlet stuff, Eleanor.

E. Oh, it's you! (Relieved). Then I don't have to keep that up any longer.

S. Eleanor, you're just the spook I'm looking for! I want to find out a lot of things, and they say you spirits know it all.

E. Yes, I was down on the Common the other day watching Kay McEttrick's School of Dancing. Alice Webb, Victoria Nelson, Brother Casson, and Betty McDonald were doing Nature interpretations. Norman Wetzel played a hand organ for them. In the middle of the performance it rained—

S. Merciful Heavens!

E. (continuing)—and they ran into Richardson and Rosen's Beauty Parlor on Boylston Street. Benny and Sammy left by the back door.

S. Have you read "Beauty Secrets" by Bertha Mitchell and Marjorie Prentiss?

E. No, but my friend Kay Barrows was reading that on her wedding day. Some wedding! The late Frances Grennan was a bridesmaid. Kay was an hour late to the ceremony, and her fiancé from West Point was used to military promptness and dismissed himself.

S. She's as badly off as Betty Chandler, who got on Ellis Island by mistake on her return from Europe. Now she can't get off.

E. Why?

S. She can't pass the literacy test!

E. John Morse is highly successful as a designer of women's gowns.

S. No wonder, with Dorothy Hughes, Myrtle Stonehouse, Frances McMurray, and Blynn Lisherness as models, and with Bill Thurman as assistant.

E. Elsie Maxson, they say, has a more or less permanent position as an artist's model.

S. Speaking of art, George Stark drew $75,000 a year as President of the United States. During his administration there were 17 strikes, three business panics, five wars, and two rebellions. Milton Kramer led one of them, and Greg Collins the other.

E. Sure enough, I remember when Leland Powers impeached him in a fiery speech before the Senate. It broke Ruth Merrill's heart to leave the White House.

S. She was his secretary. And $500,000 was mysteriously taken from the treasury.

E. By George!

S. Incidentally, where is Whitehouse?

E. Oh, Foster? He's pressing suits in New York.

S. I always thought he'd be a lawyer.

E. Oh no, a tailor. Margaret Connolly sews for him. He has his little shop just behind Kay Fenerty's fashionable cigar store. The place is getting to be quite a resort for the ladies. Mary Stranahan, Teresa Kearns, Mary Mitchell, and Mildred Kelley hang around there all the time.

S. (in stage whisper to class)—Oh Foster, yoohoo!

E. Kay is awfully afraid that Charlie Swett and his Anti-Tobacco League will break up her business. Charlie is one of the most rigid reformers in the country.

S. And he is supported by Jimmie Dunham, the reverend and pious missionary, who has done so much to convert the heathen.

E. Where, in China?

S. No, in Brookline.

E. Mary Burke and Celia Scahill are strict members of his parish, bringing up their children in the straight and narrow path.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATICS

L. Taylor, M. Kramer, B. Mitchell, K. Koch, A. Duffy, I. Cowper, S. Harris, F. Small, E. Underhill, F. Rahr.

Mildred Rudginsky and Mary Fuller manage all the church socials.

S. Episcopalian?

E. No, vegetarian. They put on plays at Christmas and Easter. Dicky Aronson portrays St. Peter perfectly, and Topper Robinson and Bill Fleming make perfect angels.

S. Oh these flappers!

E. Speaking of flappers, Bob Evans has at last found his vocation.

S. He works in a florist's shop, doesn't he? Rings a gong every time the Century Plant blooms.

E. No, Bowser Prée does that. Speed is chief loafer in a bread factory.

S. Janet Beaton and Alice Gaertner run a canning factory.

E. Mary Hough is their food tester, isn't she?

S. Yes, she is. They can anything, and Mary eats anything!

E. Where are Doug Hammond and Mack Crosby now?

S. They're in the dairy business. Crosby is advertising the famous Hammond eggs.

E. Lend me your flashlight, Steve. (Takes it and reads):

Here lies Vera Bloom,
Nipped in the bud, a flower.

S. Eventually, why not now?

E. George Snell lies beneath this grass,
The College Boards he could not pass.

S. What a grave situation!

E. Mary Taylor and Marjorie Meehan are now on the College Entrance Exam. Board. Their motto is: "They Shall not Pass."

S. Which reminds me that Jessie Manly and Helen Owens are still in school. Helen hasn't missed a day yet.

E. Mary Hayes and Catherine Noonan are giving lectures at school of "How to Talk without Thinking." Their lectures illustrate their theory.

S. Frances Brown is still managing her famous Finishing School of Flirtation and Vamping.

E. Yes, her star pupils are Caroline Rowe, Mary Donahue, and

Ruth Hastings.

S. And Aloyse Duffy teaches a class in Dramatic Effect. Vi Bidwell graduated from the school last year with the degree of B. V.

E. Have you seen the modern version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with a vamp introduced? It was Ruth Tannenholz.

S. I sure did. Wasn't Sarah Hooban great as Eliza crossing the ice, pursued by the bloodhounds, Everett Hunt and John Kenney?

E. Yes, but I shudder when I remember Bert Gentle as the cruel, wicked Simon Legree—the beat, the bruste! What a contrast to the saintly Little Eva, played by Ursula Nyhan!

S. And oh! Eleanor—Topsy! Haw! Haw! Jo Sweeny was perfect.

E. Little Eva makes me think of Eddie Southwick. He was here yesterday with his kindergarten on a picnic. They left bottles all over the place.

S. Yes, I know Eddie. He's a gentle old soul now, mellowed by age.

E. A case something like that of Lloyd Liebes. "Broadway Harry" is now leading a quiet life of seclusion, far from the maddening throng.

S. Kenneth Koch is in Sing Sing, too. They put him there for selling wooden cigars, after Ruth Sondheim with her legal mind defended him in court.

E. Yes, but Ken is still active. He's just written that popular song, "The Bars and Stripes Forever."

S. Is anybody else from Brookline there?

E. No, Clarence Wachtel is still at large. He's doing a prosperous business blackmailing.

S. It always was hard to keep him quiet. Incidentally, Eleanor, isn't this sad? (Reads):

"Lillian Landry, of remarkable gravity,
Lies quietly now, and fills her last cavity."

Speaking of death, did you know that Jimmy Nicoll, Wayne Hadley, and Warren Hopkins have formed a corporation,—doctor, druggist, and undertaker, respectively.

E. But not respectably.

S. Sometimes Rube gets bored at the funerals and reads his newspaper.

E. I saw in the newspaper that Kathleen Meade is running for president on the Socialist ticket.

S. Yes, Kay Matsuki is making ardent soap-box speeches for her all over the country. And speaking of politics, Bill Hickey is editor, owner, manager, and expert accountant on his newspaper, "The Irish Potato."

E. Florence Johnson is his bookkeeper.

S. Where are those two brainy girls, Marion Colby and Margaret Kennedy?

E. Oh, they're up in heaven showing the angels how to run it. Thelma Horton is there too, teaching shorthand to the Recording Angel.

S. Where's Joe Williams?

E. He just goes on his knees first before one girl and then another.

S. I didn't know he was so romantic.

E. He isn't. He works in a shoe store.

S. But Robert Barnes is a romantic person. He's a screen idol now, and makes love to fifteen girls a week, approximately.

E. How do you mean, approximately?

S. Oh, roughly.

E. Oh, roughly! (amazed).

S. Are you following the new serial movie, "The Dilemmas of Daredevil Dot?"

E. Dorothy Bower gets thrown over a cliff once a week. Bob Aloe is the pursuing villain. Jimmie Mills, the handsome hero, foils him every time, and then looks so romantic in bandages.

S. Helen Fleming, Anna Costello, and Mary McQueeney and Carlton Barrows were bathing beauties, but they wanted to travel. Now they've signed up as traffic cops in Venice, guaranteed to stop anything.

E. Mary Tierney and Kay Carey are gymn instructors now.

They've just published their book, "Wim, Wigor, and Wiwacity," in one wolume.

S. What a wital work!

E. And Lillian Fiske is peddling now.

S. Old clothes?

E. No, organ in church.

S. Isn't this sad, Eleanor? (Reads with flashlight):

"Gilbert Smiley wrote free verse,
Neighbors couldn't stand the curse—
Mob, riot, shots; then hearse."

E. This is getting worse and worse.

S. That reminds me of Vorse. Where is he?

E. Oh, he moved to Turkey. Al Atwood went with him, and it was all they could do to make Ted Taylor stay home with his wife.

S. Who's wife? Lila Clevenger was travelling through Arizona wearing one of her sweaters.

E. (tragically) And what happened?

S. Scalped by a Navajo Indian. The authorities felt that he was justified.

E. Did you know that Charlie Wyzanski was sent as ambassador to Mexico?

S. Yes, and I don't think a strong nation ought to impose on a weaker one that way.

E. That's nothing. Didn't you know that Carolyn Walker had gone in for diplomacy?

S. No, at one time she showed signs of being a pawnbroker.

E. She's ambassador to Brazil. Fred Hall is attaché and the country hasn't recovered yet.

S. Have you seen the famous Brazilian Ballet, in which Doris Levin, Rose Johnson, Pauline Prince, Margaret McElroy, and Walter O'Brien are the rage with their sprightly toe dancing?

E. Yes, I saw them, and that reminds me of the policeman's parade yesterday. The three huskies of the force—Sid Hoffman, Lawrence Fenerty, and policewoman Edith Wolper, led the parade.

S. Where is May Toner, the famous side seat flivver driver?

E. She's married. Barbara Chase is still running her flivver.

She and Pauline Chamberlain were arrested for speeding once, and they've bragged about it ever since.

S. Sure enough. They were pinched in front of Mary Mahoney's Italian Restaurant on Harrison Avenue, where Anna O'Hara and Helen Phleghaar work.

E. That's right. I have a copy of their book "The Technique of Eating Spaghetti, from Beginning to End."

S. I was in Chicago not long ago. Rowlie Chase, the Mayor, has put the city on the honor system. Been pretty successful. Crime has only increased twenty-five per cent. That was while Benny Snow and Elson Blunt were there.

E. Why did they leave?

S. Jimmie Thompson arrived from New York and they got discouraged with their old-fashioned methods.

E. There's a lot of graft in Chicago, isn't there?

S. Yes. Underhill, the politician, boss of Chicago, got Harry O'Brien his position as manager of Grand Central Station. Adeline Connelly runs the information bureau. Al Ewer runs a peanut stand.

E. Francis Mitchell is president of a girls' college, and teaches English there. He always did have a literary head.

S. Well read?

E. Eddie Mullowney was janitor there for some years, but ended his career by eloping with one of the girls. The girls are crazy about John Teele.

S. I thought they preferred Djer-Kiss.

E. (ignoring him) He's a professor there. Teaches radio.

S. And where is Bob Schacht?

E. Oh, he's advertising Palm Olive Soap!
Keep that schoolgirl complexion!

S. Where's Dorothy Hirshberg?

E. Oh, she's still trying to learn to drive a car.

S. Lavinia Davis and Rebecca Allen told me that they were going to Switzerland to climb mountains.

E. Big bluffs?

S. Do you think that's funny? That sounds like it might be one of the jokes in the Minstrel Show.

E. What Minstrel Show?

S. Oh, don't you know? Addison Cowles, George Breck, and Francis Mackey are sweeping the country, creating a riot of mirth with their hilarious humor and horseplay.

E. I remember now. Ralph Bemis, the famous millionaire, furnished them with the money to start on their tour, and the home town gave him a vote of thanks.

S. Guess who's starring on Broadway in that clever comedy, "Believe Me, Imdippe."

E. Irwin Cowper.

S. Righto! Who else could it be? Professor Wallace Warren, the noted psychological expert, wrote it especially for him.

E. I'll bet Wally dramatized a chapter of his own life.

S. He did. 'Twas sadder than this; (reads with flashlight):

"Here parks Georgie Cassidy,
Believed in strict veracity—
But now she's lying placidly."

Poor Georgiana, how long?

E. Six.

S. Feet or years?

E. Years. She wasn't a centipede.

S. Let's change the subject. I hear that Louise Wilson and Audrey Griffin, with Miss Lewis' supervision, have started the New Maudlin School of Writing.

E. And that reminds me of Fred Hill's magazine, "Shady Stories." Bertha Roseneau is his chief contributor, and it's a race between them which can write the shadiest story.

S. But Ted is well in the lead! However, everybody buys it to read Frances Cowles' Advice to the Lovelorn.

E. Hazel Woods and Ruth Lee are painted for the cover alternately. They even rival the covers on Vanity Fair. By the way, Stephen, where have you been all these years?

S. Oh, I've spent a great deal of time observing the sad, sad cases in Al Billing's Insane Asylum. Betty Sherman and Marion

Vandeveer are there. It's awful. They stand before mirrors all day long, and tear their hair.

E. Isn't that terrible!

S. (ignoring her) Jimmie Walsh is there too. He thinks he's Jack Dempsey, and he talks and talks and talks about it. The whole force can't keep him quiet.

E. Do many of them get ideas like that?

S. Oh, yes. Norman Smith thinks he's Sir Francis Drake, and we can hardly keep him from going to sea.

E. His girl?

S. And poor Maurice Stern—he reads statistics out of his little book all day long. He went crazy in the first place trying to divide the population of two by the square root of Afghanistan. (Eleanor's face shows that the first insidious doubt is creeping into her mind.)

E. Is Betty Beisel there, Stephen?

S. Of course! It seems that for some years Betty has been laboring under the delusion that she is Queen Elizabeth.

E. I feared it.

S. Fiskie Chase is there, too, and he thinks he's Napoleon. But you know he's not Napoleon, Eleanor.

E. (humoring him) Of course not, Stephen.

S. And Jimmie Smith, who went to Camp Devens, is there, and he thinks he's Napoleon, too. But you know he isn't Napoleon, Eleanor.

E. Of course he isn't, Stephen.

S. Sssshh! Listen, Eleanor. Neither of them are. *I* am. (Eleanor nods). (Enter Keeper—Al Billings).

Al. (taking Steve gently by the arm). Come, come, Napoleon. You've got a date with Queen Elizabeth tonight.

S. (as they exit) By the way, Eleanor, what happened to you?

E. I really don't know. It happened so suddenly—something fell on me just after we gave the Class Prophecy.

(Exit Napoleon and Keeper. The Ghost of Eleanor sinks into the grave!)

Photo by Alfred Brown

ORCHESTRA

K. Hough, M. Kracs, W. Coleman, E. Koch, Mr. Carlson, E. Petit, J. Smith, M. McCarthy, F. Cowles, M. Schacht, M. Harding, R. Schacht, G. Snell, M. Goudey, R. Armstrong, Mr. Cole, A. Griffin, F. Hill, W. Knight, V. Griffin, G. Amick, L. Griffin, E. Snow, O. Norris, R. Horsfall, S. Clarke, M. Kendrick, P. Collye, J. McCarthy, W. Potter, A. Holmes, M. Hough.

Annals of 1922

Allen, Rebecca, 26 Aspinwall Ave. (Nickname) "Becky."
Favorite Occupation. I'll tell you later.
Greatest Ambition. To have Miss Young arrest me for speeding on the typewriter.
Destination. Miss White's L. School.
"Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection."

Barrows, Katharine S., 89 Rawson Road. N. "Kay," "Kiphy."
F. O. Sailing, speeding, gardening.
G. A. To design a wonderful garden.
D. Miss Wheelocks School.
"Happy I am
From care I am free
Why aren't they all
Contented like me?"
Senior Social '21; Class Day Dance '21.

Beaton, Janet, 1037 Beacon St.
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To get thin.
D. College.
"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

Beisel, Elizabeth E., 39 Clark Road. N. "Betty," "Bebe."
F. O. Hiking, Dancing, Reading.
G. A. To roller skate to the top of Pike's Peak.
D. Art School.
"She moves a goddess, she looks a queen."
Alpha Pi
Class Baseball Team '20; Class Field Ball Team '21; Gym. Team '21; French Club; Class Day Dance '20, '21; Home Room Committee, Girls' League '21; Class Day Marshal '21; Calendar Committee Girls' League '22; Glee Club '21; Class Debating Team '22; Prize Speaking '22; President of Glee Club '22; Senior Advisor; Marshal.

Bidwell, Violet S., 54 Egmont St. N. "Vi."
F. O. Fishing?
G. A. To draw—checques.
D. Don't you wish you knew?
"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye:
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."
Class Secretary '18; Class Gift Committee; Class Ring Committee.

Bloom, Vera, Francis St. N. "V."
F. O. Scouting.
G. A. To enter the Advertising Business.
D. Boston University.
"Soft, peculiar bloom."

Bower, Dorothy, 9 Summit Ave. N. "Dot."
F. O. Studying Latin.
G. A. To Graduate from the *old* high.
D. Unknown.
"She rose an athlete."
Volley Ball '20, '21; Baseball '20, '21 (Captain) '22; Basket Ball '21, '22; Field Ball '21; Captain Gym Team '21; Manager Girls' Gym Team '22; Track Team '22; Senior Advisor '22; Class Day Dance '21.

Brown, Frances C., 48 Allston St., Allston. N. "Brownie," "Fran."
F. O. Dancing, swimming.
G. A. To get through B. H. S. and be successful.
D. Miss Wheelock's School.
"A little beauty is a dangerous thing."
Girls' Gym Team '20, 21; Girls' Swimming Team '21, '22; Girls' Mandolin Club '21, '22; Senior Social '21; Senior Social Committee '22; Class Day Marshal; Girls' League '21; Marshal '21; Secretary Girls' Mandolin Club '22; Banner Bearer '19; Class Day Dance '20.

Burke, Mary F., 93 Walnut St.
F. O. Dancing, reading, sports.
G. A. To Graduate from B. H. S.
D. Miss Gibb's Secretarial School.
"And when you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs."

Cadigan, Gertrude, 18 Naples Road. N. "Caddy."
F. O. Dancing.
D. Not sure.
"The gossip of society."
Secretary French Club, '22.

Carey, Catherine, 5 Davis Ave. N. "Kay."
F. O. Dancing, trying to learn history.
G. A. To travel.
D. New England Conservatory.
"Travel is a part of education."
Senior Social, '21.

CASSIDY, GEORGIANNA, 2 Kendall Place. N. "Hopalong."
F. O. Reading.
G. A. To understand free verse.
D. Boston University.
"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."
News Editor SAGAMORE '22; Class Debating Team '22; Senior Social '22; French Club '21, '22.

CHAMBERLIN, PAULINE AUGUSTA, 14 Strathmore Road. N. "Polly."
F. O. Studying music.
G. A. Follow a musical career, especially vocal.
D. Some school of torture.
"Creeping like a snail
Unwilling to school."
French Club.

CHANDLER, ELIZABETH L., 213 Aspinwall Ave. N. "Betty," "Betsy" and others.
F. O. Having my picture taken for this SAGAMORE.
G. A. To be the crime reporter on the Boston American.
D. Smith College.
"The editor sat in his sanctum,
His countenance furrowed with care—"
Alpha Pi.
Editor-in-Chief of the SAGAMORE '22; Literary Editor '21; Assistant on Bulletin '21; Interscholastic Debating Team '21, '22; Chairman Rhetorical Committee '22; French Club '20, '21; Vice-president '22; French Play '22; Secretary Teacher-Student Council '22; Library Committee '21; Class Swimming Team '21; Alumni Council '22; Committee on Stands, '22; Vice-President Girls' League '21; Chairman Constitution Committee '21; Four Minute Speaker '21, '22; Marshal '21, '22; Class Day Marshal '21; Senior Social Committee '22; Senior Advisor '22.

CHASE, BARBARA, 126 Harvard St. N. "Babs," "Babbits."
F. O. Overhauling the Flivver.
G. A. To do good in the world.
D. Nurses' Training School.
"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."
Orchestra '19; Glee Club '20, '21; Vice-president Art Club '21; Vice-President Glee Club '22; President Art Club '22; Senior Advisor '22.

Photo by Alfred Brown

BAND

Back Row: L. Powers, R. Harris, G. Amick, J. Dunham, K. Koch, M. Goudey, W. Chase, I. Plant
M. Hughes, J. Maher, J. Kendrick, W. O'Connor.

Front Row: R. Schacht, R. Bemis, F. Hill, M. Hoeg, Mr. Cole, E. Watson,
A. Griffin, Mr Jewett, Mr. Smith.

CLEVENGER, LILA CLEMENS, 132 Clark Road. N. "Lilee."
F. O. Basket Ball
G. A. Designer.
D. Abbott Academy, Wellesley College.
"Those curious locks so aptly twined."
Class Basket Ball '21; Class Field Ball '21.

COLBY, MARION ADELE, 48 Harris St. N. "Marry."
F. O. Debating with Mary W.
G. A. To be a preacher in an Irish parish.
D. Immediately—Secretaryship of St. Mark's Church. Eventually—just a—
"None know thee but to love thee;
None name thee but to praise."
Alpha Pi.
French Club 20,' '21; Class Day Dance '20; Interscholastic Debating Team '21, '22; Secretary-Treasurer Debating Club '22; Chairman Home Room Committee Girls' League '21; Senior Advisor '22; President Girls' League '22; Four Minute Speaker '21, '22; Senior Social Act '21; Composer of Music for Class Song '22; Alumni Council '22.

CONNELLY, ADELINE, 68 Chestnut St. N. "Add," "Babe."
F. O. Dancing, swimming, tennis.
G. A. To be a peanut seller at a Harvard-Yale game.
D. Boston University.
"Woman's at best a contradiction still."
Orchestra '19, '20.

CONNOLLY, MARGARET, 615 Hammond St. N. "Peg."
F. O. Dancing, walking.
G. A. To graduate.
D. The world at large.
"The world lies open to thy hand."

COSTELLO, ANNA, 51 St. Paul St. N. "Darby."
F. O. Sleeping.
G. A. To find a good freckle remover.
D. Heaven?
"Joy like a bird makes life a melody."

Cowles, Frances Walker, 131 Thorndike St. N. "Fricky."
F. O. Tennis, burning up roads.
G. A. To keep cool.
D. Smith or Vassar.
"I have a long, dark shadow who goes in and out with me, etc."
Alpha Pi.
Marshal '20, '22; Class Debating Team '21; Chairman Class Gift Committee '22; Orchestra '22; Girls' Mandolin Club '22; French Club '22; Senior Advisor.

Davis, Lavinia Richardson, 14 Prospect St. N. "Jean."
F. O. Dancing, tennis, canoeing, and?
G. A. To be the Society reporter for the Boston Transcript.
D. Emerson College of Oratory.
"A rhapsody of words."

Donohue, Mary, 40 Eliot Crescent. N. "Molly."
F. O. Canoeing, dancing.
G. A. To pay attention in history.
D. Time will tell.
"From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot
She was all mirth."

Duffy, Aloyse, 18 Toxteth St. N. "Al."
F. O. Dancing, tennis.
G. A. To see my name blazing on Broadway.
D. Miss Gibb's School.
"On the stage she was natural,
Simple, affecting.
'Twas only that when she was off
She was acting."
Dramatics '22; Prize Speaking '19.

Fenerty, Catherine Elizabeth, 16 Littell Road. N. "Kay."
F. O. Getting A's in Chemistry.
G. A. To be a school teacher.
D. Boston Normal.
"The sounding jargon of the schools."
Class Debating Team '19, '20, '21; Glee Club '20, '21, 22; Spanish Club '21; Member Rhetorical Committee '21; Red Cross Committee '22; Special Chorus '20, '21.

Fisk, Lillian H., 108 Westbourne Terrace. N. "Lil."
F. O. Painting and trying to play the piano.
G. A. To be a success.
D. The college of hard knocks.
"And music too—dear music."
Orchestra '19, Mandolin Club '21, '22; Art Club '22; Senior Social '20, '21.

Fleming, Helen, 86 Brook Street. N. "June."
F. O. Dreaming, dancing, canoeing.
G. A. To sail in Venice.
D. Boston University.
"For she was just that quiet kind."

Fuller, Mary, 201 Davis Ave. N. "Spec."
F. O. Playing.
G. A. To get out of B. H. S.
D. N. E. Conservatory of Music.
"And I will play with thee."
Mandolin Club '22.

Gaertner, Alice, 199 Strathmore Road.
F. O. Horseback riding and tennis.
G. A. To get to college.
D. Wellesley or Smith.
"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."
Tennis Team '21, '22.

Golden, Eleanor, 37 Claflin Road. N. "El."
F. O. Existing.
G. A. Conspicuous by its absence.
D. College, Deo Volente.
"That she is small matters not a bit,
For from her head comes so much wit."
Class Debating Team '22; Sagamore '22; Marshal '22; Senior Advisor; Class Day Dance '21; Prophetess '22.

Grennan, Frances E., 7 Thayer Place. N. "F."
F. O. Making fudge, dancing, reading.
G. A. To learn to like Gym.
D. Normal School.
"Good nature is one of the richest fruits of personality."

Photo by Alfred Brown

BOYS' MANDOLIN CLUB

Back Row: P. Brooks, H. O'Brien, A. Atwood, M. Goudey.
Middle Row: J. Dunham, J. Teele, S. Perin, N. Wetzel (Leader), A. Billings, A. Cowles.
Front Row: Richardson, Linsky, A. Birnbaum, R. Bemis, R. Aronson.

GRIFFIN, AUDREY MACBETH, 91 Highland Road.

F. O. Typewriting, dancing.

G. A. To be a success in whatever I undertake.

D. Miss Wheelock's School.

"Virtutis amor."

Alpha Pi.

Glee Club '19, '20, '21; French Club '19, '20, '21; Band, '19, '20, '21, '22; Orchestra '20, '21, '22; Secretary Art Club '21, '22; Librarian Band '20, '21, '22; Special Chorus '20; Secretary-Treasurer Band '22.

HAYES, MARY, 36 Bowker St. N. "Maisie."

F. O. Talking.

G. A. Information Bureau Clerk.

D. Forsyth.

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end."

Class Day Marshal '22; Baseball '19, '20, '21; Volley Ball '20, '21; Field Ball '21.

HIRSHBERG, DOROTHY, 64 Verndale St. N. "Dot," "Dotty."

F. O. Doing nothing.

G. A. If I did know, I wouldn't tell.

D. Wellesley College.

"My baby-talk lady!"

Class Debating Team '20; Class Volley Ball '19, '20; Class Swimming '21; Senior Advisor; Basket Ball '21; Class Day Dance '20, '21.

HOOBAN, SARAH, 7 Timon Ave. N. "Sal," "Sally."

F. O. Swimming.

G. A. To get A in history.

D. Boston University.

"Steadfast, sober, and demure."

HORTON, THELMA E., 11 University Road. N. "Thel."

F. O. Dancing, driving, reading.

G. A. Second floor, B. H. S.

D. Anywhere, and everywhere.

"The brightest gem the office holds."

Chairman Red Cross Committee; Secretary Class Day; Senior Banner Bearer.

HOUGH, MARY K., 10 Monmouth Court. N. "Makie."
F. O. Dancing or playing tennis.
G. A. To be a prominent member of the Idler at Radcliffe.
D. Radcliffe, I hope.
"Worthy of tribute, sincere we all deem her.
And well may the senior class highly esteem her."
Alpha Pi.
Class Swimming Team '20, '21; Four Minute Speaker '21, '22; Marshal '21, '22; Class Day Marshal '21; Orchestra '22; Interscholastic Debating Team '22; Senior Dance Committee '22; SAGAMORE Board '21; Secretary French Club '22; Senior Social '22; Program Committee Girls' League '22.

HUGHES, DOROTHY ELEANOR, 63 Perry St. N. "Dot," "Dottie."
F. O. Dancing, tennis, skating.
G. A. To be a model for Vogue.
D. Boston University.
"A cute little smile,
A cute little curl,
A cute little voice,
And a cute little girl."

JOHNSON, FLORENCE B., 162 Chestnut St. N. "Bunnie."
F. O. Swimming, joy riding.
G. A. To be successful.
"Midnight—is it for work?"
Bookkeeper SAGAMORE '21, '22.

JOHNSON, ROSE GERTRUDE, 181 Davis Ave.
F. O. Swimming, baseball.
G. A. To get through High.
D. Miss Wheelock's.
"A sunshine heart—"
Class Baseball Team '20, '21; Class Day Marshal '21; Class Day Dance '20.

KEARNS, THERESA R., 643 Chestnut Hill Ave. N. "Tessie."
F. O. Dancing, movies.
G. A. To get an A in History.
D. Boston University.
"A faithful soul, a true and loyal friend."

KELLEY, MILDRED F., 7 Timon Ave. N. "Milly."
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To write 150 words a minute in type.
D. Business.
"The brightness of her smile."

KENNEDY, MARGARET KATHRYN, 12 Morss Ave. N. "Madge," "Pep."
F. O. Swimming, dancing, tennis.
G. A. To have the Irish question settled between Marion and me.
D. Katherine Gibbs School.
"For the blue of Irish eyes
Is the hue of Irish skies."
Secretary Senior Class '22; Class Day Committee '22; Marshal '22; Four Minute Speaker '22.

LANDREY, M. LILLIAN, 300 Boylston St. N. "Lill," "Lillyann."
F. O. Elocution.
G. A. To be a Dental Hygienist.
D. Forsyth Dental.
"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."
Class Day Dance '21.

LEE, RUTH T., 120 Franklin Street. N. "Ruthie."
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. Pass Business Law.
D. Business.
"Somewhat slender, always in style,
A little flirtatious all the while."
Gym Team; Class Day Dance.

LEVIN, DORIS E., 27 Elba St. N. "Dodo," "Dot."
F. O. Bluffing, eating.
G. A. To be slender and sylph-like.
D. Wellesley (maybe) or Old Maids' Home.
"Pondering things of wondrous weight."

MACDONALD, BETTY, 37 Winchester St. N. "Red," "Mac."
F. O. Dancing, tennis, knitting sweaters.
G. A. To be able to do 150 words a minute in shorthand.
D. Miss Gibbs' School.
"Some ladies now make pretty songs
And some make pretty nurses."

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' MANDOLIN CLUB

Back Row: M. Fuller, L. Fisk, M. Arnold, J. Holt.
Middle Row: P. Carl, D. Clark, B. Rollins, B. Horn, F. Cowles, E. Smith, E. Prince.
Front Row: B. Allen, I. MacDonald.

Debating Club '18; Senior Advisor; Baseball Team '20, '21; Field Ball Team '20, '21; Candy Committee, Dramatics '21; Secretary Class Day '22; Marshal '20.

MAHONEY, MARY KATHLEEN, 15 Glenland Road. N. "Kay."
F. O. Motoring, canoeing, etc.
G. A. To be successful in the business world.
D. Boston University.
"Her hair was like a coronet."

MANLEY, JESSIE ELIZABETH, 137 Pond Ave. N. "Speedy."
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To be a dancer.
D. My home.
"Take all in good part wherever thou be
And wish me no worse than I wish unto thee."

MATSUKI, KATHARINE, 815 Washington St. N. "Kay."
F. O. Dancing, tennis.
G. A. To make good.
D. ?
"She plays such a clean game."
Class Day Marshal '21; Chairman Calendar Committee Girls' League '22.

MAXSON, ELSIE, 95 Centre Street. N. "Pete."
F. O. Trying to hurry.
G. A. To drive.
D. Unknown.
"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare."
Class Day Banner Bearer '19, '20, '21, '22; Gym Team '20; Field Ball Team '20; Class Day Dance '20, '21; Senior Dance Committee '22; Picture Committee '22.

MCELROY, MARGARET A., 44 Williams St. N. "Peg," "Peggy."
F. O. Walking, riding.
G. A. To pass Latin.
D. Dramatic School.
"Oh blessed with temper whose unclouded sky
Can make tomorrow as cheerful as today."
Prize Speaking '20; Class Debating Team '20, '21; Senior Advisor; Home Room Committee Girls' League '22.

McEttrick, Katherine, 99 Greenough St. N. "K."
F. O. Drawing, painting, etc.
G. A. Dancing school teacher.
D. Finally home.
"On with the dance!"
Freshman Art Club; May Party Committee; Senior Social Committee; Senior Art Club; Special Chorus '20; Spanish Play.

McMurray, Frances, 102 Davis Ave. N. "Fran."
F. O. Canoeing, motoring, swimming.
G. A. Not knowing, I cannot state.
D. Boston University.
"Who never climbs, never fails."

McQueeney, Mary, 29 School St. N. "Merrimac."
F. O. Reading, writing, making fudge.
G. A. To ride in an airplane.
Undecided.
"For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose natures never vary."

Meade, Kathleen, M., 64 Brook St. N. "Kay."
F. O. Endeavoring to obtain an A in Chemistry.
G. A. To receive an R. A.
D. Peter Bent Brigham Hospital Training School.
"Dreams of doing good for good-for-nothing people."
Class Day Dance '21; Special Chorus '18; French Club '18, '19.

Merrill, Ruth C., 15 Gibbs St. N. "Rufus."
F. O. Swimming, dancing.
G. A. To be a success at something.
D. Art School.
"Love me little,
Love me long.
Do not flirt
For it is wrong."

MITCHELL, BERTHA, 64 Wallingford Road, Brighton. N. "Bee," "Bert."
F. O. Reading, tennis.
G. A. To have a career.
D. Boston University.
"If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."
Mandolin Club '20; French Club '21, '22; Home Room Committee; Girls' League '22; Volley Ball '20; Class Day Marshal '21; French Play '22; Dramatics '22.

MITCHELL, MARY G., 635 Hammond St.
F. O. Trying to keep still during the History period.
G. A. To study oratory for the movies.
D. Boston University.
"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

NYHAN, URSULA G., 77 Brington Road. N. "Urse."
F. O. Teaching, dancing.
G. A. To receive a degree from Columbia.
D. Columbia University.
"Laugh and be fat."

NOONAN, CATHERINE F., 12 Juniper St. N. "Catty," "Cath."
G. A. To take temperatures.
D. Charlesgate Hospital Training School.
"Her unextinguished laughter shakes the skies."
French Club '20, '21.

O'HARA, ANNA, 26 Cameron St. N. "Anne."
F. O. Studying History.
G. A. To see the world.
D. Undecided.
"Though serious, she's surely one
Who well doth like a bit of fun."

OWENS, HELEN, 12 White Place. N.
F. O. Dancing, swimming, bowling.
G. A. To pass in History.
D. The Business World.
"She is no better than she should be."

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' LEAGUE OFFICERS
Back Row: M. Bryant, E. Johnson, F. Small, K. Matsuki.
Front Row: C. Rowe, L. Briggs, M. Colby, Miss Sawyer, M. Prentiss.

PFLEGHAAR, HELEN OLIVE, 50 Regent Circle. N. "Hop."
F. O. Swimming.
G. A. To work with children.
D. Children's Hospital.
"Ah: What would the world be to us
If children were no more?"
French Club '22; Debating Club '22.

PRENTISS, MARJORIE, 1730 Beacon St. N. "Midge," "Marge," "Wardie."
F. O. ? Ask Dad—he knows.
G. A. To do something worth while.
D. Miss Wheelock's.
"Born for success, she seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold,
With shining gifts that took all eyes."
Class Secretary '20, '21; Vice-President '22; Prize Speaking '19; Alternate '20; Sophomore-Freshman Social Committee '20; Marshal, '20, '21, '22; Junior Social Committee '21; Class Day Banner Bearer '21; Athletic Council '21; Dramatics '21; Chairman Hospitality Committee Girls' League '22; Senior Social Committee '21; Senior Dance Committee '22; Picture Committee '22; Class Day Committee '22.

PRINCE, PAULINE, 6 Fuller Street. N. "Paul."
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To talk French without splitting my tongue.
"He has strangled
His language."

ROSENAU, BERTHA P., 65 Naples Road. N. "Bert."
F. O. Taking vacations.
G. A. Mere words can't express it.
D. Bryn Mawr College.
"She from whose divine lyre
Persuasion flows."
Alpha Pi.
Interscholastic Debating Team '20, '21, '22; Reporter on SAGAMORE; Four Minute Speaker; French Club '20, 21; Chairman Rhetorical Committee Debating Club '21; Class Swimming Team; Class Baseball Team; Assistant Literary Editor SAGAMORE; Class Day Marshal '21; Marshal '21; President Girls' Debating Club '22; Girls' Varsity Swimming Team; Class Day Committee; Senior Social '21; Vice-President Honorary Society '22; Senior Advisor; Alumni Council '22; Secretary Girls' Interscholastic Debating League; Banner Bearer '22; Class Day Committee '22.

ROWE, CAROLYN HELEN, 115 Walnut Street. N. "Girlie," "Rosie."
F. O. Tennis, dancing, canoeing.
G. A. To get through B. S. P. E.
D. Boston School of Physical Education.
"A hit, a very palpable hit."
Gym Team '19, '20, '21; Baseball Team '19, '20, '21; Tennis Team '19, '21, '22; Captain Tennis Team '21; Captain Baseball Team '21; Captain Fieldball Team '21; Vice-President Class '21; Girls' Mandolin Club '20, '21, '22; Volleyball Team '21; Captain Basketball Team '21; Chairman Athletic Committee, Girls' League '21, 22; Marshal '20, '21; Four Minute Speaker '22; Vice-President Athletic Association '22.

RUDGINSKY, MILDRED RITA, 34 Russell Street. N. "Me."
F. O. Being a general nuisance.
G. A. To do my little bit satisfactorily.
D. Sargent.
"Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright."
Baseball; Volleyball; Swimming '20; Basketball; Volleyball; Track '22; Spanish Play '20.

SCAHILL, CELIA A., 255 Walnut Street. N. "C."
F. O. Dancing, swimming, reading.
G. A. To be successful.
D. Boston University. Secretarial Science.
"Success is counted sweetest."
Home Room Committee, Girls' League '21; Class Day Dance 21; Senior Advisor '22.

SHERMAN, BETTY, 32 Atherton Road. N. "Sherm."
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To be happy.
D. Miss Wheelock's School.
"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laughed, and danced, and talked, and sung."
SAGAMORE Board '19, '20, '21; Varsity Gym Team '20; Fieldball Team '20; Cheer Leader '20, '21, '22; Senior Social '20, '21; Banner-Bearer '20; Class Day Dance '20, '21; Dramatics '21; Teacher-Student Council '21; Senior Dance Committee '22.

SONDHEIM, RUTH, 52 Vernon Sreet. N. "Ruthie."
F. O. Bumming.
G. A. Try and guess.
D. Boston University, College Secretarial Science.
"Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."
Class Day Dance '21; Special Chorus '20.

STONEHOUSE, MYRTLE A., 9 Linden Street.
F. O. Dancing, canoeing, motoring, fishing.
G. A. To think up something to write here.
D. Boston University.
"Behold the fair-haired Menelaus."

STRANAHAN, MARY, 380 Washington Street. N. "Stranny," "May-a."
F. O. Dancing, swimming, arguing.
G. A. To drive my own machine.
D. Quite unsettled.
"I
Lived ignorant of the future."

SWEENEY, ELIZABETH, 17 Fairbanks Street. N. "Jo."
F. O. Dancing, arguing, talking.
G. A. To debate against Dartmouth.
D. Insane Asylum, via College Board Exams.
"Deep brown eyes running over with glee
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."
Senior Advisor; Marshal '21, '22; Glee Club '21, '22; Four Minute Speaker '21, '22; Interscholastic Debating Team '22; French Club '21, '22.

TANNENHOLZ, RUTH IRMA, 49 St. Mary's Street. N. "Tanney."
F. O. Dancing and riding.
G. A. To play like "Sid" Reinhertz.
D. Miss Gibb's School.
"Her talk was like a stream which runs."

TAYLOR, MARY FRANCES, 46 Kenwood Street. N. "Mary Frances."
F. O. Sleeping.
G. A. To start to school on time.
D. Radcliffe.
"Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est."
French Editor, SAGAMORE '22; French Club; Debating Club.

TIERNEY, MARY F., 15 Winslow Road. N. "Sip," "May."
F. O. Chauffing, athletics.
G. A. To own my own auto.
D. Some institution of physical torture.
"We're very grateful, miss, to you,
For all the typewriting you do."
Gym Team '19, '20, '21, '22; Captain Gym Team '20; Glee Club '20, '21; Class Day Dance '20; Special Chorus '20; Baseball Team '20, '22; Fieldball Team '21; Basketball Team '22; Track Team '22; Home Room Committee, Girls' League '22; Senior Advisor '22; Senior Social '22.

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' DEBATING TEAM

Back Row: E. Sweeney, M. Hough, M. Colby, F. Furber.
Front Row: Miss Sawyer (Coach), B. Rosenau (Pres.), E. Chandler.

TONER, MAY, 70 Summit Avenue. N. "Tony."
F. O. Dancing and trying to steer a Ford.
G. A. To get through college in two years.
D. Simmons. Try to pass exams. first.
"May is here."
Class Day Dance '20; Senior Advisor '22; Baseball Team '20; Four Minute Speaker '19; Advisory Committee, Girls' League '22; Art Club '21; Glee Club '19.

VANDEVEER, MARIAN, 26 Evans Way, Boston.
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To graduate.
D.
"A still, small voice."

WALKER, CAROLYN, 5 Griggs Road. N. "Carol," "Cally."
F. O. Dancing, talking in class—and out.
G. A. To own a yellow roadster.
D. Any Nut Farm.
"Or light, or dark, or short, or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all."
Varsity Gym Team '20; Class Gym Team '21; Fieldball Team '21; Athletic Committee '21; Class Day Marshal '21; Glee Club '22; Debating Club '21, '22; Senior Advisor '22; French Club '20, '21, '22.

WEBB, ALICE, 45 Marion Street. N. "Al," "Allie."
F. O. Stalling Lizzie, talking on the 'phone.
G. A. To be something that no one else has been.
D. Eventually, H——, or H——.
"For all may have, if they dare try,
A glorious life."
Volleyball Team '19; Class Day Dance '19, '20; Advisory Committee, Girls' League '22; Four Minute Speaker '22.

WILSON, LOUISE CAROLINE, 288 Washington Street. N. "Lou."
F. O. Reading and writing (what?).
G. A. To graduate.
D. Boston School of Physical Education.
"The athlete's skill."
Orchestra '20, '21, '22; Class Gym Team '21; Class Day Marshal '21; Glee Club '19, '20, '21; Special Chorus '20.

Wolper, Edith, 16 Crowninshield Road. N. "Pep."
F. O. Chemistry Experiments (?)
G. A. To grow taller.
D. Smith.
"Into the Senior Class, oh see,
Who should climb but little me!"

Woods, Hazel, 231 High Street.
F. O. Dancing, swimming.
G. A. Pass subject I am down in.
D. Business.
"Why should I fear to own to all
That beauty and fashion my heart enthrall?"

Aloe, Robert C., 62 Egmont Street. N. "Alley."
F. O. Studying?
G. A. Unknown.
D. West Point.
"I'm the Sheik."

Aronson, Richard, 495 Boylston Street. N. "Dicky," "Pal," "Scrime."
F. O. Crewing, kidding Mrs. Niccolls.
G. A. To be the coxswain of a Varsity Crew.
D. Cornell or Syracuse.
"You are a devil at everything, and there is nothing in the 'versal world but what you can turn your hand to."
Crew '19; Championship Second Crew; Championship First Crew '20; Crew '21, '22; Manager Football '22; Cheer Leader '20, '21, '22; Junior member of Athletic Council '21; Costume Manager Dramatics '22; Assistant Manager '21; Boys' Mandolin Club '20, '21; Four Minute Speaker '22; Senior Social Cast '21, '22; Committee for Stands '22; Athletic Editor of Sagamore '22; Assistant Editor Athletics '21; Assistant Manager Swimming '21; Hockey Squad '22; Subscription Manager Sagamore '20.

Atwood Albert B., 1900 Beacon Street. N. "Al."
F. O. Watching traffic? on Tremont St. Beach.
G. A. Anything but an undertaker.
"Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die."
Mandolin Club '22; Band '22.

Barnes, Robert Emerson, 53 Centre Street. N. "Bob."
F. O. All Sports.
G. A. Success.
D. Boston University.
"I'll speak to thee in silence."
Varsity Baseball '20 '21.

Bemis, Ralph A., 156 Babcock Street. N. "Bemie."
F. O. Haven't any.
G. A. To finish preliminary education.
D. Amherst.
"A cheerful grin goes a long way in the world."
Band and orchestra '21, '22; Mandolin Club '22.

Billings, Adelbert N., 42 Vernon Street. N. "Al," "Bert."
F. O. Flunking Solid and Trig.
G. A. To win an argument with Mr. Case.
D. M. I. T.
"Mathematics make men subtle."
Freshman Swimming Team '18; Boys' Mandolin Club '21, '22; Class Tug of War '19, '20, '21; Lunch Counter '21, '22.

Blunt, Elson M., Jr., 32 Mason Terrace. N. "Eli."
F. O. Shooting ducks in my dreams.
G. A. To keep single till out of school.
D. Boston University.
"A single life's no burden."
Rifle team '20, '21, '22; Swimming Team '22; Tennis '21, '22.

Breck, George Winslow, 118 Sumner Road. N. "Judd."
F. O. Proving that the text book is wrong, or trying to.
G. A. To do the same.
D. Yale Sheffield.
"Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span."
Swimming Team, Second Baseball Team.

Casson, Harold D., 5 Winchester St. N. "Brother, "Bud."
F. O. Blowing the Sax.
G. A. To get into college.
D. The cruel world.
"Gayly the Troubadour
Touched his guitar."
Track '19, '20, '21, '22; Baseball '20, '21, '22; Tennis, '21, '22; Hockey '20, '21; Football '20; Court of Justice '21; Stage Manager Dramatics '22; Usher Class Day '21; Mandolin Club '19, '20, '21, '22; Tug of War '19, '20, '21, '22; Class Relay Team '19, '20, '21; Captain Class Football Team '19; State Champion High Jumper '20, '21.

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Back Row: E. Sweeney, C. Walker, H Wicken, R. Walker, M. Centerwall, M. Bragiotti, F. Warnock.

Third Row: R. Thomas, T. Chisholm, B. Dalton, C. Turner, M. Philipps, M Parker, R. Kelsey, K. Lucas.

Second Row: E. Bowker, (Treas.), B. Chase (Vice-Pres.), Miss J. G. Smith (Leader), R. Larkin, B. Beisel (Pres.), M. Higgs (Sec.)

Front Row: N. Powell, L. Smith, D. Jones, M. Marshall, R. Lovering.

Chase, Walter B., 5 Elm St. N. "Fiskie."
F. O. Playing baseball.
G. A. To graduate.
D. Boston University.
"I strove and strove as you can see
A baseball player for to be."
Baseball; Band; Orchestra; Marshal.

Chase, William Rowell, 22 Greenough St. N. "Rollie."
F. O. Fishing.
G. A. To make money.
D. Harvard.
"Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much in love he is."

Alpha Pi

Head Usher Boys' Debate '22; Head Usher Dramatics '22; Head Usher Prize Speaking '22; Class Gift Committee '22; Captain of Marshals '22; Prosecuting Attorney for Court of Justice '22; Teacher-Student Council '22; Traveling Relay Team '22; Football '21; Track '21, '22; Crew '21, '22; Chairman of Stand Committee '22; Alternate Boys' Debating Team '21; Usher at Class Day '21; Usher at Graduation Exercises '21; Class Day Tug of War '18, '20, '22; Senior Social Cast '22.

Collins, Gregory A., 381 Pond Ave. N. "Peggory," "Bootlegger," "Farmer."
F. O. Doing Solid.
G. A. Trying to convince "Pa" that I am a math scholar.
"A thing is not logical just because it is theological."
Class Relay '18; Class Day Usher '21.

Cowles, Addison, 15 Dwight St. N. "Addy."
F. O. Tennis, sleeping.
G. A. To be tennis Champ of Coolidge Corner.
"Men of few words are the best men."
Manager B. H. S. Dramatics '22; Senior Social '21; Mandolin Club '21, '22.

Cowper, Irwin Clive, 72 Stedman St. N. "Kewpie."
F. O. Whaddya mean? Work? If so, midnight walks with K. Koch.
G. A. George Arliss II.
D. Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Cornell, or B. U.
"All the world's a stage."
Dramatics '21, '22; French Play '22; Senior Social '21; Prize Act Senior Social '22; Track '22; Author of words for Class Song.

Crosby, Clarence M., 160 Aspinwall Ave. N. "Mac."
F. O. Censored.
"Then to the well-trod stage anon."

Dunham, James W., 471 Washington St. N. "Jimmie."
F. O. Disagreeing with Mr. Case.
G. A. To oblige Mr. Case.
D. M. I. T.
" 'Tis now the summer of your youth."
Alpha Pi.
Band '20, '21, '22; Orchestra '21; Swimming Team '22; Mandolin Club '22.

Evans, Robert, 7 Washburn Terrace. N. "Speed."
F. O. Talking.
G. A. To beat Ed. Mullowney running.
D. Tufts.
"I worry not, for what's the use?
To worry bores one like the deuce."

Fenerty, Lawrence D., 16 Littell Road. N. "Fin."
F. O. Eating.
G. A. To graduate.
D. Boston College.
"Life is a serious matter with me,
But nobody seems to realize it."

Fleming, William, Harvard Ave. N. "Bill."
F. O. Studying.
G. A. To be president.
D. Tufts.
"Skating well is the great art of social life."
Football '21, '22; Baseball '21, '22; Hockey '20, '21, '22; Tennis '20, '21, '22; Captain '22; Marshal '22.

Gentle, James Cuthbert, 1915 Beacon St. N. "Cuth."
F. O. Athletics.
G. A. College.
D. Work.
"Judges ought to be more learned than witty."
Chief Justice '22; Teacher-Student Council Marshal '21, '22; Class Ivy Orator; Rifle Team '20, '21, Captain '22; Football '21; Track '21, '22; Baseball '22; Dramatics '21, '22; Spanish Play '20; Tennis; Senior Social '21; '22; Class Tug of War, Class Day Usher '21.

HALL, FREDERIC H., 16 Garrison Road. N. "Freddie."
F. O. Movies.
G. A. Screen idol.
"Somewhere, somehow, sometime,
I think I'll try
To do some awful shocking thing,
So folks won't think me shy.
But not just now—oh my!"

HAMMOND, DOUGLAS, 1483 Center. N. "Doug."
"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."

HARRIS, STEPHEN FITCH, 56 Cummings Road. N. "Steve."
F. O. Arguing, piano-playing, writing, day-dreaming.
G. A. To choke E. G. and C. W.
D. University of Maryland.
"I never dare to write
As funny as I can.
Alpha Pi.
Class Football '20; Library Committee '21; Rifle Team '22; Senior Dance Committee '22; Class Prophet '22; Assistant Literary Editor of SAGAMORE '22.

HICKEY, WILLIAM, 1160 Boylston Street. N. "Bill."
F. O. Dreaming of the future.
G. A. To get a B. A.
D. Boston University.
"The air-built castle, and the golden dream."
Band '19, '20, '21, '22; Orchestra '21; Marshal '21, '22.

HILL, FREDERICK B. JR., 14 Park Street. "Ted."
F. O. Informal debating, more commonly called arguing.
G. A. To squelch Rowell Chase in the above mentioned!
D. Harvard College.
"Even though vanquished, he could argue still—"
Alpha Pi.
Band '20, '21, '22; Prize Speaking Alternate '19, '20; N. E. Championship Swimming Team '20; Orchestra '22; President of Band '22; President of French Club '22; Treasurer of Class '22; High School Representative to Brookline Chronicle '22; Literary Editor of SAGAMORE '22; Head Usher French Play; Head Usher Senior Social '22; Chairman Senior Social Committee; Class Gift Committee; Class Day Committee; Marshal '21, '22; Crew Squad '19, '20, '21.

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: C. Rowe, L. McNamara, A. Atkins.
Front Row: L. Briggs, M. Bryant, O. Gaertner.

HOFFMAN, SIDNEY, JR., 74 Browne St. N. "Murphy."
F. O. Kidding Aronson.
G. A. To lick up Mullowney.
D. Harvard.
"As yet a child."

HOPKINS, REUBEN WARREN, 142 Crafts Road. N. "Hoppy," "Rube."
D. Harvard College.
"Farmers are the founders of human civilization."
Hockey Team '22; Baseball Team '22.

HUNT, EVERETT, 299 Tappan St. N. "Ed."
F. O. Playing golf.
G. A. To be able to play good golf.
"Thine eyes—underneath their long lashes."

KENNEY, JOHN HAROLD, 63 River Road. N. "Bubbles."
F. O. Counting someone else's money.
G. A. To wear knickers.
D. Boston University School of Business Administration.
"I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money!"

KOCH, WALDRON KENNETH, 147 Thorndike St. N. "Cokie," "Ken," "Red."
F. O. Playing bridge; midnight walks with Cowper.
G. A. To beat my kid brother.
D. Harvard.
"'Curly hair,' saith the sage, 'is a gift of the gods.'"

Alpha Pi.

Class Treasurer '19; Class Swimming Team '19, '21; Swimming Team '22; Usher Class Day '21; Usher Graduation '21; Marshal '21; School Band '19, '20, '21, '22; Dramatics '22; Class Historian, '22; Class Day Committee '22; French Club '21, '22; Usher French Play '22.

KRAMER, MILTON ARNOLD, 672 Washington St. N. "Kid," "Mimi."
F. O. Talking, bluffing, eating.
G. A. To become the King of Laundrymen.
D. Harvard College.
"If I reprehend anything in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs."

Alpha Pi.

Prize Speaking '19; Winner Prize Speaking '20; Interscholastic Debate '20, '22; Sagamore Board '19, '20, '21; Dramatics '20, '22; Manager of Swimming '22; Class Football '19, '20, '21; Usher at Class Day '20, '21; Usher at Senior Social '22; Class Orator '22; Marshal '22; Committee for Stands '22; Cheer Leader '22; Four Minute Speaker '20, '21; Chairman Rhetorical Committee of Debating Club '20; Vice-President Debating Club '21; French Club; Teacher-Student Council Electing Committee '20; Usher at Girls' Interscholastic Debate '20, '21; Scholastic Editor of Bulletin '20; Usher Prize Speaking '22; Defending Attorney of Court of Justice '22; Teacher-Student Council '22.

Lisherness, Blynn Richard, 12 Park Drive. N. "Dich."

F. O. Having a good time.

G. A. Bootlegger.

D. College?

"Eyes
Bright, and as black and burning as a coal."

Liebes, Lloyd, 16 Euston St. N. "Broadway Harry."

F. O. Arguing.

G. A. To become a retired business man.

D. To dig ditches for the rest of my life.

"I marched the lobby; twirled my stick:
The girls all cried, 'He's quite the kick!' "

Secretary of Library.

Mackey, J. Francis, 33 Glenland Road, Chestnut Hill. N. "Frank" or "France."

F. O. Studying?????

G. A. To become President of the ?

"The high ambition!"

Mills, James H., 18 Homer Street. N. "Jimmy."

G. A. Get a B. H. S. diploma.

D. University of California.

"A handsome man is never quite poor."

Freshman Football '18; Sophomore Football '19; Varsity Football '21.

MITCHELL, FRANCIS J., 635 Hammond St. N. "Red."
F. O. Razzing Newton.
G. A. To captain a championship football team.
D. Exeter.
"A flaming meteor shone for hair."
Varsity Baseball '20, Captain '21; Varsity Football '19, '20, Captain '21; Marshal '21, '22; Treasurer of Class '21; President of Athletic Association '22; Chairman of Class Day Committee '22; Member of Court of Justice '22.

MORSE, JOHN, 17 Hawes St. N. "Jack."
F. O. Convincing Wyzanski that there are other opinions.
G. A. To do so.
D. Harvard.
"How freely we argue on mistaken facts!"
Debating Club '18, '19; French Club '20, '21.

MULLOWNEY, EDWARD O'HEARN, 298 Boylston St. N. "Shankers," "Angus," "Mul."
F. O. Blowing up Chemistry Laboratory.
G. A. To get best of Mr. Akers in an argument.
D. Chelsea Naval Hospital.
"Like a piano, square, upright, and grand."
Class Baseball '19; Baseball Team '20, '21, '22; Captain '22; Special Chorus '19, '20; Football Squad '21; Football Team '22; Hockey Squad '21; Hockey Team '22; Marshal '22; Class Day Aide, '20; Class Day Usher '21; Usher at Graduation '21; SAGAMORE Board '22; Class Swimming '19, '20; Tug of War '21, '22.

NICOLL, JAMES, 693 Washington St. N. "Nick."
F. O. Not studying one day, and following suit for the rest of the week.
G. A. To do math as Mr. Case wishes it done.
"He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one."

O'BRIEN, HARRY F., 282 Washington Street. N. "Harry."
F. O. Getting A's.
G. A. To play a sax like Ted Lewis.
D. Unknown.
"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

O'BRIEN, WALTER MATTHEW, 35 Walter Ave. N. "Buch."
F. O. Sitting in the office looking necessary.
G. A. Movie operator in a school for the blind.
D. Northeastern.
"What should a man do but be merry?"

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: L. McNamara, M. Bragiotti, M. Centerwall, C. Cheek.
Middle Row: R. Aronson, R. Horsfall, M. McEttrick, B. Rosenau.
Front Row: F. Brown, A. Kelly.

POWERS, LELAND FRANCIS, 88 Williston Road. N. "Lee."
F. O. Sleeping in class.
G. A. To be able to talk.
D. Dartmouth.
"The green mantle of the standing pool."
Alpha Pi.
Band '20, '21, '22; Orchestra '22; Chairman Senior Dance Committee; Usher Senior Social '21; Usher Prize Speaking '22; Usher Dramatics '22; Business Manager French Play '22.

PREE, ROBERT, 21 Linden Place. N. "Bowser."
F. O. Loafing.
G. A. To make a million.
"'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

SOUTHWICK, EDWARD PAGE, 208 Fuller St. N. "E. Page."
G. A. To become President of (?)
D. Annapolis, Maryland.
"This bold, bad man!"
Football '18, '19, '20, '21; Track '21, '22; SAGAMORE Board '21, '22; Color Bearer '20, '21; Dramatics '19, '20; Spanish Play '19; Senior Social '21; Four Minute Speaker; Class Tug of War '19, '20, '21, '22; Boys' Glee Club '19, '20; Marshal '21; Class Swimming Team '19, '20; Captain Tug of War '20; Special Chorus '19, '20; Class Baseball '19; Graduation Usher '21.

RICHARDSON, BENJAMIN PARKER, JR., 43 Lancaster Terrace. N. "Ben."
F. O. Doing E.'s algebra problems.
G. A. To get through M. I. T.
D. M. I. T.
"Caesar is ambitious. (?)"
Senior Social; Crew Squad.

ROBINSON, LAWRENCE, 230 Cypress St. N. "Topper," "Robie."
F. O. Playing tag with Mr. Case.
G. A. To be able to beat up Mullowney.
D. Harvard?
"Sometimes I sit and think—other times, I just sit."
Football '22; Football Squad '20, '21.

ROSEN, SAMUEL, 41 Davis Ave. N. "Sammie."

F. O. All sports.

G. A. To do a "100" in ten seconds flat.

D. Syracuse University.

"Accoutered as I was, I plunged in."

Football Squad '20, '21; Varsity Track '20, '22; Class Day Relay '20. '21.

SCHACHT, ROBERT HUGO, 155 Davis Ave. N. "Bob."

F. O. Smith Motor Wheeling.

G. A. To get into Harvard.

D. Harvard.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

Alpha Pi.

Dramatics '19; Prize Speaking '19, '20; Band '19, '20, '21, '22; Orchestra '19, '20, '21, '22; Interscholastic Debate '20, '21, '22; President of Debating Club '21, '22; Class Football '20, '21; Class Track '21; Swimming Team '21; Marshal '19, '21, '22; Senior Dance Committee; Senior Social Cast; Head Usher Girls' Interscholastic Debate '20; Usher '22; Member of Alumni Council; President of Honorary Society '22; Class Swimming Team '21; Tug of War, Captain, '19.

SMILEY, GILBERT, 9 Clinton Path. N. "Gil," "Gilly" (with permission).

F. O. Sleeping, being late.

G. A. To do as I d— please.

D. Harvard, and Tech. Then Turkey.

"I would the gods had made thee poetical."

SMITH, JAMES E., 47 Marion St. "Smithy," "Jimmy," "Jim."

F. O. Collecting money for Stark's magazine. Try and do it!

G. A. To grow a beard like the Sheik Aloe.

D. College of the Spoken Word! or—

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness."

SAGAMORE Board '21, '22; French Play '22; Usher Class Day '21; Class Day Committee '22.

SMITH, NORMAN S., 1805 Beacon St. N. "Smithy."

F. O. Motor boating, swimming.

G. A. To get through some college.

D. ?

"The Smith a mighty man is he."

Crew '20, '21, '22; Usher Dramatics '21, '22; Marshal '21, '22; Class Tug of War '20, '21, '22; Usher Class Day '21; Teacher-Student Council '21; Color Bearer '21.

SNELL, GEORGE DAVIS, 74 Davis Ave. N. "Snelly."
F. O. Not doing my French lesson.
G. A. To prove a theorem in manner satisfactory to Mr. Case.
D. Dartmouth.
"Case alters circumstances."
Alpha Pi.
Band (three years); Orchestra (two years); Art Editor of SAGAMORE; Winner of Lincoln Mathematics Medal '21.

SNOW, BENJAMIN A., 1277 Commonwealth Ave. N. "Bennie."
F. O. Baseball.
G. A. To be—aw! I'm too modest.
D. Any place I can get to.
"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

STARK, GEORGE M., 49 Harris St. N. "Starkey."
F. O. Bluffing in Spanish and kidding the Scandal Club.
G. A. Travel and running the "100" in "evens."
D. Yale? or B. U.
"I awoke one morning and found myself famous."
President Senior Class '22; Commander-in-Chief Class Day '22; President of Teacher-Student Council '22; Business Manager of SAGAMORE '21, '22; Head Usher Girls' Interscholastic Debate '22; Head Usher Senior Dance '22; Usher Dramatics '22; Usher Senior Social '22; Usher Class Day '21; Usher, Graduation '21; Boys' Interscholastic Debating Team '22; Chairman of Rhetorical Committee '21; Four Minute Speaker; Court of Justice '22; Teacher-Student Council Marshal '22; Class Day Committee '22; Picture Committee '22; SAGAMORE Committee '21; Class Gift Committee '22; Ring and Pin Committee '22; Senior Dance Committee; Football Squad '21; Interclass Track '21; Track Team '22; Class Day Relay '21, '22.

STERN, MAURICE K., 128 Pleasant St. N. "Sternie."
F. O. Kidding Mr. Case in class.
G. A. To see Mr. Case admit he is wrong.
D. Harvard College.
"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den?"
Track '22; Class Football '19, '20; Class Track Captain '21; Marshal '21, '22; Class Day Committee '22; Member of French Club '20, '21.

STOVER, CLYDE N., 26 Linden Place.

F. O. Skating.

G. A. Too numerous to mention.

D. M. I. T.

"To smooth the ice."

Hockey '20, '21; Captain Hockey '22; Rifle Team '19.

SWETT, CHARLES M., 49 Winchester St. N. "Cha," "Swettie," "Charlie."

F. O. Fooling.

G. A. To become wealthy and have a car.

D. Cornell, or University of Pennsylvania.

"I was not born for courts or great affairs,
To pay my debts, believe, or say my prayers."

Class football '18, '19; Varsity Football '20, '21; Varsity Track '20, '21, '22; Penn. Relay Team; Assistant Manager Dramatics '19; Major Part Dramatics '20; Stage Hand '21; Assistant Stage Manager '22; Mandolin Club, '20, '21, '22; Assistant Manager, Spanish Play '19, '20; Color Bearer, Class Day '20, '21; Usher, Prize Speaking; Senior Social '20, '21, '22; Reporter of SAGAMORE '18; Bubbles Editor '21; Senior Dance Committee; Class Day Tug of War '19, '20; Class Day Relay Team '21, '22.

TEELE, JOHN W., 89 Marion St. "Johnny."

F. O. Tennis.

G. A. To be able to draw.

"When you see fair hair, be pitiful!"

French Club '21, '22; Boys' Mandolin Club '21, '22; Senior Social Committee '22.

THOMPSON, JAMES EDWARD, 25 Harvard Ave. N. "Jim," "Jimmie."

F. O. Guiding less fortunate fellows thru trials of school.
(Teaching the tricks of the trade.)

G. A. To become possessor of moderate wealth.

"And to thy speed add wings."

Captain of Track '22; Member of Track Team '20, '21, '22; Captain of Senior Class Relay '22; Member of Class Relay '20, '21; Member of Football Squad '20, '21, '22; Member of Band '19, '20, '21; Captain of Class Tug of War '20; Member of Class Tug of War '19, '21, '22; President of Boys' Glee Club, '21; Member of Cast in Dramatics '20; Stage Hand '21, '22; Captain of Relay Team at Penn. Relay Carnival '22; Four Minute Speaker '21.

THURMAN, WILLIAM A., 295 Tappan St. N. "Bill."

F. O. Procrastination.

G. A. To tell a joke no one has heard before.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

UNDERHILL, EARL WOODBURY, 15 Kenwood St. N. "Undie."

F. O. Calling upon ? with N. W.

G. A. To beat N. Wetzel bowling.

D. Amherst.

"I am not in the rôle of common men."

Second Assistant Manager of Track '20; First Assistant Manager '21; Manager of Varsity Track Team '22; Dramatics '20. '21, '22; Four Minute Speaker, '20, '21; Assistant Subscription Manager of SAGAMORE '20; Manager Subscription Department of SAGAMORE '21; Member of Teacher-Student Council '21; Member of Debating Club '21; Member of Class Tug of War Team '21, '22; Class Day Usher '21.

VORSE, HEATON, Provincetown, Massachusetts. N. "Heathen," "Sol."

F. O. Sleeping.

G. A. To understand Einstein.

D. The place rhymes with a well-known hole in the ground.

"I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself."

Senior Social '20, '21.

WACHTEL, CLARENCE PICKERT, 19 Fairbanks St. "Tony."

F. O. Wasting Mr. Case's time.

G. A. To see Mr. Case laugh with the class.

D. M. I. T.

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

WALSH, JAMES A., 135 St. Paul St. N. "Jim," "Jimmie," "Jaw," "Timothy."

F. O. Eating, playing hockey and golf.

G. A. To graduate from B. H. S.

D. Georgetown.

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever."

Hockey '20, '21, '22; Golf '19, '20, '21, '22; Captain '20, '21, '22; Baseball Squad '22; Football Squad '21; Subscription Manager of SAGAMORE '19, '20; Class Football '19, '20, '21; Class Swimming '19; Picture Committee '22; Tennis '22.

WARREN, WALLACE, 1089 Beacon St. N. "Buster."

F. O. Tennis, writing.

G. A. To accomplish something.

D. Harvard.

"Like Apollo, he came forth."

Track Team; Tennis.

Wetzel, Norman F., 59 Pleasant St. N. "Norm," "Stan."

F. O. Wrecking Casson's piano.

G. A. To teach Chemistry to Underhill.

D. Dartmouth.

"For discords make the sweetest airs."

Mandolin Club '19, '20, '21; Manager '22; Football Squad '22; Manager Dramatics '21, '20; Sagamore '19, '20, '21; Senior Dance Committee '22; Tug of War '21; Senior Social '21, '22.

Whitehouse, Foster, 22 Garrison Road. N. "White."

F. O. Answering the two questions "What inning is it?" and "What's the score?"

G. A. To see a championship baseball team at B. H. S.

D. M. I. T.

"Nightly sings the owl."

Dramatics '20; Usher '21; Sagamore Board '20, '21; Baseball Manager '22.

Williams, J. M., 39 Auburn St. N. "Smoky Joe," "Klondike Kid."

F. O. Get the maximum from teachers with minimum effort.

G. A. Get to college.

"To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge."

Football '18, '19, '20, '21; Crew '20, '21, '22; Swimming '21; Track '22; Teacher-Student Council '19, '20, '21; Marshal '19, '20, '21, '22; Dramatics '19, '20, '21, '22; President Class '19, '20, '21.

Wyzanski, Charles E., Jr., 4 Worthington Road. N. "Charlie."

F. O. Arguing.

G. A. To grow.

D. Harvard College.

"Inflamed with the study of learning."

Alpha Pi.

French Club '19, '20, '21, '22; Treasurer French Club '20, '21; Boys' Debating Club '20, '21, '22; Boys' Interscholastic Debating Team '22; Member Senior Social Committee '22.

Most Popular Girl.

Marjorie Prentiss won this with a grand slam. Eleanor Golden and Betty Beisel came in second and third.

Most Popular Boy.

Chief Justice Gentle has evidently not made many serious enemies, to judge by his votes. "Red" Mitchell and George Stark are also popular, with Dick Aronson only one vote behind.

Girl Who Has Done Most For Brookline High School.

Betty Chandler won this honor by a large majority. Bertha Rosenau and Marion Colby were next.

Boy Who Has Done Most For Brookline High School.

Won by George Stark, with Rowell Chase close behind. Third place went to Ted Hill.

Prettiest Girl.

Marjorie Prentiss is our Miss Brookline. Votes for Bertha Mitchell and Hazel Woods were by no means few.

Best Looking Boy.

James Mills carried all before him in this event. We don't think it is good for a boy to be told two years running that he is good-looking, but perhaps Jim Thompson can bear the strain. Wally Warren is our third Apollo.

Photo by Alfred Brown

GIRLS' GYM TEAM

Back Row: R. Richardson, A. Davies, D Bower, T Folin, L. McNamara.
Second Row: J. Albrecht, I. Dangel, M. Centerwall, A. Kelly, F. Small, C. Cheek.
Front Row: E. Petit, E. Hennessy, Miss McKinstry, M. McEttrick, S. Price.

Most Versatile Girl.

We have yet to discover anything that Bertha Rosenau can't do. Betty Chandler and Marion Colby also like to have a finger in every pie.

Most Versatile Boy.

Does anyone know how many times Rowell Chase has graced the stage in the hall for various purposes? "Cuthy" Gentle, Stark, and Casson are also talented.

Class Flirt.

For some unaccountable reason, this important item was not voted upon. However, some people were so anxious to vote for "Brownie" that they put her name down anyway.

Biggest Fusser.

Chase—need we say more? Underhill and Hill were far behind.

Busiest Girl.

We change the order for variety. This time it reads: Chandler, Colby, and Rosenau.

Busiest Boy.

We're getting rather sick of writing Stark, Chase and Hill, too. Nevertheless, such is the case.

Best Girl Athlete.

Almost a landslide for Dorothy Bower. "Girlie" Rowe and Mary Tierney followed.

Best Boy Athlete.

"Brother" Casson was seconded by Mullowney, and thirded by Chase and Mitchell, who tied.

Female Sport.

Betty Sherman sported in quite a long way ahead of Mildred Rudginsky and Carolyn Rowe. Moral, be a cheer leader.

Male Sport.

Charlie Swett, of course—who else? Gentle, second; Thompson and Leibes, third.

Lightest Girl.

The class thinks she is Edith Wolper, Dorothy Hughes, or Frances Brown. Who knows? We don't.

Lightest Boy.

Remember Freshman year, when Dickie led cheers from Dick Edwards' shoulder?

Heaviest Girl.

Again the opinion of the class is Ursula Nyhen and Doris Levin. There was another person mentioned, but she has made such heroic efforts at reducing this spring that we cannot bring ourselves to name her.

Heaviest Boy.

Our valiant shot-putter, Southwick, was almost unanimously chosen.

Class Grind.

One, Audrey Griffin; two, Charlie Wyzanski; three, Marjorie Meehan, whom we believe is going to graduate, though she has only been with us three years.

Class Humorist.

Miss Lewis goes into spasms of laughter when she tries to read Steve Harris's things to the class. Irwin Cowper does the same for Miss Willgoose, and Catherine Noonan is also a jovial soul.

Best Dancers.

They are as follows: Kay McEttrick, Norman Smith, "Midge" Prentiss, Charlie Swett, Bettys MacDonald and Sherman, and Wally Warren.

Shortest Girl.

Edith Wolper and Frances Brown are just too cute for anything.

Shortest Boy.

Again Dick Aronson won an event almost unanimously, though Charlie Wyzanski did manage to poll four votes.

Tallest Girl.

Mary Taylor and Georgianna Cassidy are our skyscrapers.

Tallest Boy.

There were a lot of boys voted for here, but the majority seem to favor Ed Mullowney, Steve Harris, and Breck.

Class Angel.

Fred Hall it is. What do wings feel like, Fred? Perhaps Audrey Griffin or Barbara Chase can tell us.

Class Loafer.

This seems to be our long suit. There were thirty-five entries in this contest. In spite of all the competition, Al Sheehan managed to win, followed by "Rube" Hopkins and Heaton Vorse.

Class Gossip.

Gertrude Cadigan, Mary Mitchell and Ruth Tannenholz supply all the news that the SAGAMORE does not.

Class Sphinx.

Robert Barnes, Georgianna Cassidy, and George Breck listen to them, and to everyone else.

Class Talker.

Nobody can get a word in edgewise when Jim Walsh, Mary Mitchell, or Lloyd Liebes begin.

Class Reformer.

We would be a model school if Bob Schacht had his way. At least the feminine half would be model if Marion Colby had her way. Rowell Chase also looks after us all.

Class Bluffer.

This is another event in which everyone voted for his next-door neighbor. Swett, Underhill and Mullowney came out ahead.

Class Dictionary.

Ask Charlie Wyzanski—he knows. Steve Harris and Mary Hough would rather use a word of ten syllables than one of two anytime.

Class Sponge.

When in doubt, Charlie Swett has it, or Underhill, or Williams.

Class Politician.

We hesitate to state what Kramer's politics are—surely he is neither Republican or Democrat. Chase, Stark and Underhill also have political leanings.

Class Infant.

Frances Brown and Sid Hoffman tied for first place, and Dick Aronson, Marion Vandevere, and Violet Bidwell tied for second. This shows that we are a class of infant prodigies.

Class Clown.

It cannot be said that Charlie is not versatile. Look at the number of events he has been mentioned in! However, in this he was just barely beaten by Wachtel and Vorse.

Class Know-it-all.

Did you ever try to tell Charlie Wyzanski anything? Or Eddy Southwick? Or Mary Hayes, or Walsh? Well, don't.

COACH HENRY C. CARRELL

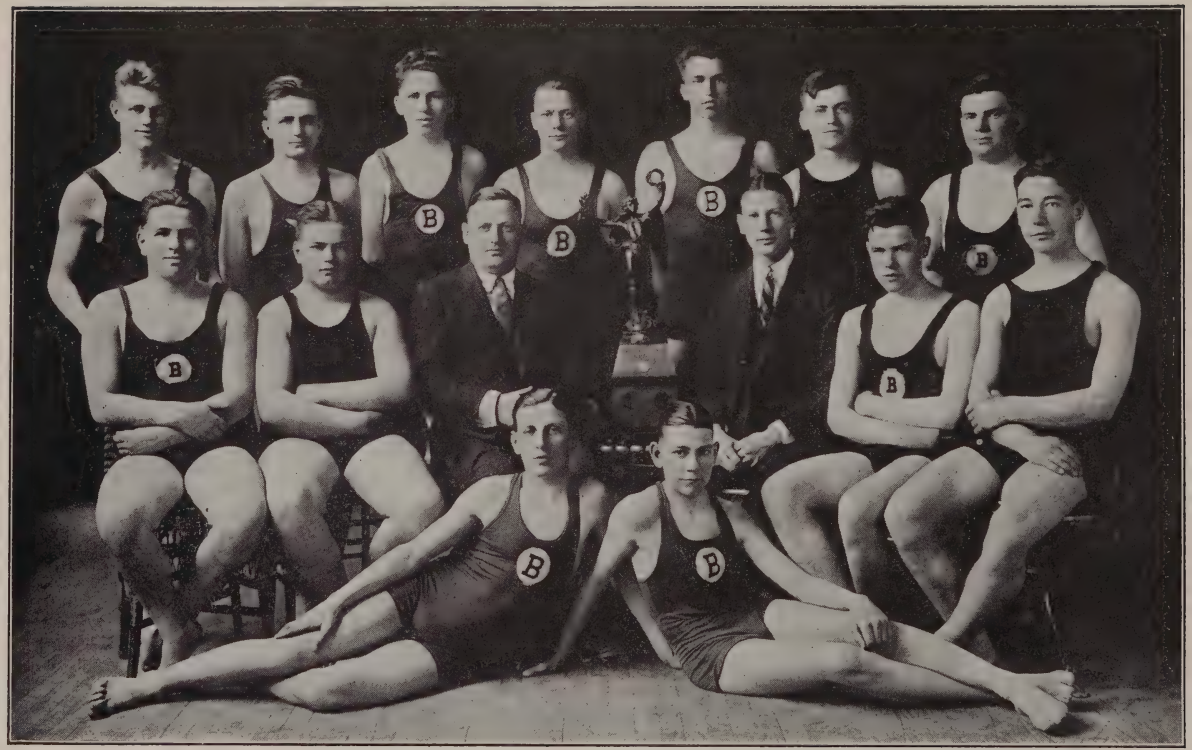


Photo by Alfred Brown

BOYS' SWIMMING TEAM

Back Row: C. Barrows, J. Dunham, K Koch, R. Purington (Capt.), J. Metcalf, W. MacMillan, P. Terzis.

Middle Row: A. Rosenberg, C. Bird, J. MacNamara (Coach), M. Kramer (Mgr), J. McCarthy, E. Blunt.

Front Row: J. Meegan, S. Daley.

Athletics

SWIMMING

Team: Ralph Purinton, Terzis, Blunt, Dunham, Metcalf, Meeghan, Daley, Rosenburg, Koch, Bird, MacMillan, McCarthy, Johnson, Barrows.

Captain, Ralph Purinton
Manager, Milton Kramer

Senior "B" Men

Purinton
Dunham
Koch
Johnson
Barrows
Kramer, Mgr.
Blunt

All hail the only champions of the year. They are the Swimming Team, which, under the excellent coaching of James McNamara, succeeded in getting a second leg on the George R. Meehan Trophy and incidentally won the championship of Greater Boston. At the start there was a little trouble as to whether Brookline would have any team at all, but that was settled and you all know the result.

Joe MacCarthy was the high point scorer as well as the record-breaker of the team and he did not stand alone as there was little Courtney Bird who now holds the Junior National Title for the plunge. Joe broke so many tank records that they did not know what the record was until he got through swimming. Both these are products of the McNamara System and the best part of it all is that both will be back next year to bring us that trophy for good.

The team boasts victories over Rindge, Malden, Providence Tech, Tech Freshmen, and English High. They ended the year by winning the Geo. R. Meehan Interscholastics. Eight of this year's letter-men will be available for next year. Joe MacCarthy is captain-elect for next year.

Photo by Alfred Brown

FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: J. Loud, H. Orth, L. Vachon, J. Newton, H. Carrell (Coach), R. Aronson (Mgr.), W. MacMillan, J. Mills, S. Caplan, H. Tyler.

Front Row: W. Denning, R. Chase, P. Terzis, F. Mitchell (Capt.), J. Thompson, C. Gentle, L. Robinson, E. Mullowney.

FOOTBALL

Team: J. Loud, H. Orth, L. Vachon, W. MacMillan, J. Mills, S. Kaplan, H. Tyler, W. Denning, W. R. Chase, P. Terzis, F. Mitchell, J. Thompson, C. Gentle, L. Robinson, E. Mullowney, J. Newton, J. Williams.

Captain, Francis Mitchell
Manager, Richard Aronson

Senior "B" Men

Francis Mitchell	J. Thompson
W. R. Chase	L. Robinson
C. Gentle	J. Loud
Richard Aronson, Mgr.	E. Mullowney

The Football Team endured a terrible season due to the fact that Coach Carrell was forced to dismiss from the squad a few fellows for breaking training rules. Under this severe handicap the team was beaten in every game but one. The following tells the story:

Brookline 7	Winthrop 0	Cambridge 14	Brookline 7
Haverhill 21	Brookline 7	Everett 7	Brookline 0
Medford 7	Brookline 0	Rindge 27	Brookline 0
Malden 7	Brookline 0	B. C. High 6	Brookline 0
Somerville 6	Brookline 0	Newton 12	Brookline 0

Photo by Alfred Brown

TRACK TEAM

Back Row: H. Carrell (Coach), H. Casson, C. Swett, E. Southwick, R. Chase, J. Williams, E Underhill (Mgr.)

Front Row: C. Gentle, S. Rosen, F. Daley, J. Thompson, G. Stark, E. Reilly, I. Cowper.

TRACK

Team: Chase, Rosen, Reilly, Thompson, Daley, Stark, Stern, Warren, Swett, Gentle, Cowper, Casson, Southwick, Williams.

Captain, James Thompson
Manager, Earl Underhill

Senior "B" Men

Thompson	Rosen
Stark	Williams
Casson	Southwick
Chase	Stern
Gentle	Cowper
Swett	Warren

Underhill, Mgr.

We had a relay team that was the best in these parts so they went to the Penn Relays and succeeded in placing third in Class A championship. They were beaten by some Collegiate Institute and Lakewood High. They established a state record in the State Meet when they defeated Medford High in the two-lap relay at the East Armory. The time was 2:57 3/5.

In the Huntington Interscholastics the team finished fourth—a very creditable showing considering the fact that Daley, Casson and a few others were out sick. The following is the schedule and results:

Brookline 46	B. C. High 25
Brookline 27 1/2	Medford 40 1/2
Brookline 40 1/6	Lynn Classical 25 5/6
Brookline 32	Wakefield 27
Brookline 36	Tech '25 27

The team came second in the State Meet, when Medford just nosed them out by a few points. This happened because those upon whom Brookline counted for points did not come through. Outside of the relay, Brookline scored no firsts.

Francis Daley was elected captain and Levin manager for next season.

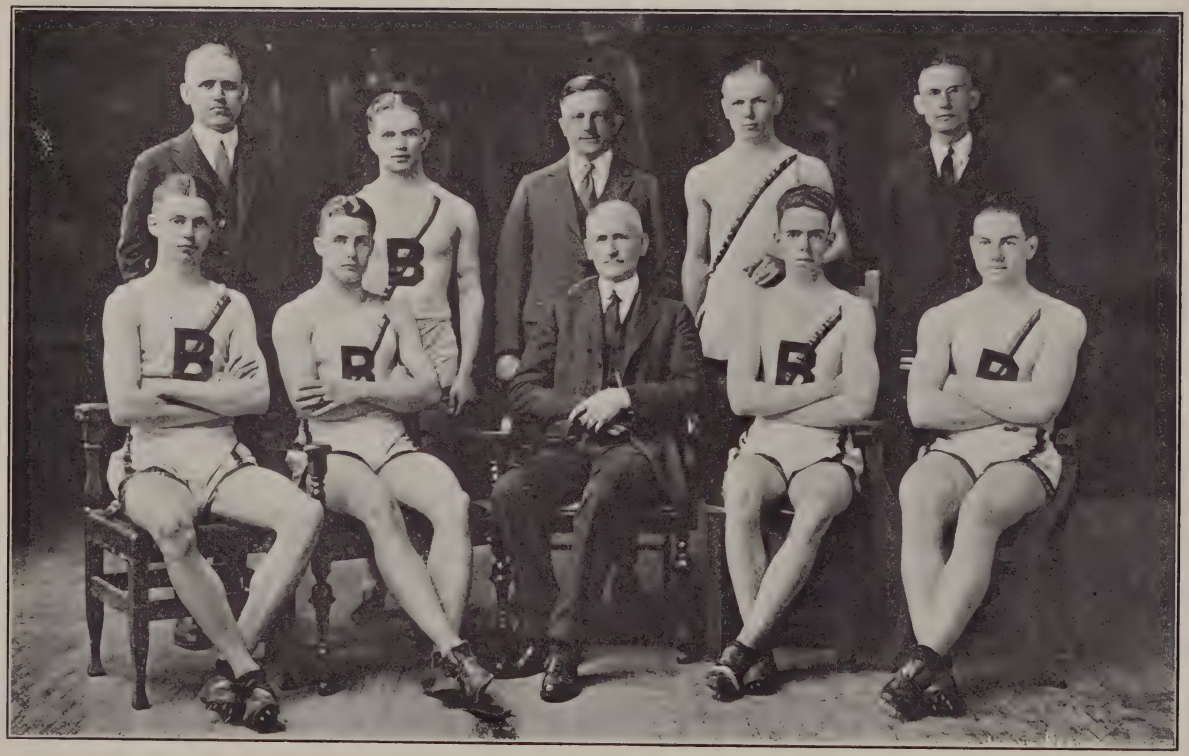


Photo by Alfred Brown

PENN. RELAY TEAM

Front Row: C. Swett, J. Thompson, W. C. Akers, F. Daley, R. Chase.
Back Row: W. F. Carlson (Faculty Mgr.), S. Rosen, H. Carrell (Coach),
J. Dowling, E. Underhill (Mgr.)

TENNIS

Team: Fleming, Casson, Gentle, Burnham, Blunt, Metcalfe, Cowles.

Captain-Manager, Bill Fleming

Senior "B" Men

Fleming	Casson
Gentle	Blunt

Brookline has always been represented by the best Tennis teams and this year's team is now trying to uphold that reputation. They have been State champions for the past two years—a record to be proud of.

On account of the fact that Coach Carrell will not allow some of the boys to play both baseball and tennis, the team has received a severe jolt. Capt. Fleming and Casson are ranked among the best in the State as are some of the others, so Brookline can look forward to a very successful season. All the home matches will be played on the Dean Road Courts. The following is the schedule for this season:

May	11	Huntington at Huntington.
May	16	Browne and Nichols at Cambridge.
May	19	Boston Latin at Dean Road.
May	20	Tech '25 at Dean Road.
June	8	St. Marks at Southboro.
June	9	Newton at Newton.
June	13	English High at Dean Road.

Photo by Alfred Brown

BASEBALL TEAM

Back Row: F. Whitehouse (Mgr.), A. Murray, H. Whittemore, E Shapiro, R. Hall, D. Daley,
Middle Row: W. Hopkins, R. Londoner, W. B. Chase, Capt. E. Mullowney, H. Casson, J. Walsh.
Front Row: J. Moore, E. Badaracco, A. Phillips, C Gentle.
W. Fleming, H. Carrell (Coach).

BASEBALL

Team: Mullowney, Walsh, Fleming, Murray, Moore, Shapiro, Casson, Hopkins, Gentle, Phillips, Whittemore, Badaracco, Daley, Johnson.

Captain, Edward Mullowney
Manager, Foster Whitehouse

Senior "B" Men

Mullowney	Hopkins
Gentle	Casson
Walsh	Whitehouse, Mgr.

Another sad story to tell. So far, the team has played nine games and has won only two, one being a league game in which they defeated Malden and the other a non-league game, in which they defeated Arlington. The team seems to be extremely weak in the catcher's department and as a result they are losing more games than they should.

Newton never in the world should have beaten them—but they did. But you can't expect to win a ball game when the pitcher strikes out ten men and six out of the ten reach first because the catcher misses the last strike. This sure is hard luck, but let's hope that it will be overcome before the season is ended.

Photo by Alfred Brown

RIFLE TEAM

Front Row: E. Rihbany (Mgr.), C. Gentle (Capt.), R. Mallard, E. Blunt.
Back Row: J. Smith, R. Morgan, F. Whittemore.

RIFLE

Team: Gentle, Rihbany, Smith, Harris, Morgan, Whittemore, Mallard, Blunt.

Captain, Cuth Gentle
Manager, Ed. Rihbany

Senior "B" Men

Gentle	Blunt
Harris	Smith

The Rifle Team started off the season well by beating Boston Latin, with a score of 476 out of a possible 500 points. They then proceeded to lose to English High, shooting only 465 against English's 475. The next meet was the beginning of the New England High Schools Interscholastic Match which was shot in eight stages. They succeeded in finishing fourth.

The next dual match was shot with Montclair Academy of Montclair, N. J. The scores of both teams were telegraphed from both ends and the result was a tie. Each team had a score of 964 out of a posible 1000. In the shootoff Brookline lost, 481 to 483, out of a possible 500.

The next match against the Harvard Freshmen brought out some fine shooting—each team shot 493 out of a possible 500, but this was of no use, as Brookline lost the shootoff by default. The season cannot be called exactly a success, yet it cannot be called a failure. It is interesting to note that the team engaged in some matches by telegraphy.

Photo by Alfred Brown

HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: H. Whittemore, H. Carrell (Coach), R. Shugg (Mgr.) E. Mullowney.
Front Row: W. Fleming, A. Murray, C. Stover (Capt.), E. Badaracco, W. Hopkins, J. Walsh.

HOCKEY

Team: Stover, Walsh, Fleming, Badaracco, Whittemore, Mullowney, Shapiro, Holland, Aronson, Hall, Donahue, Denning, Murray.

Captain, Clyde Stover
Manager, Roger Shugg

Senior "B" Men

Stover	Fleming
Walsh	Mullowney

Here is one team that Brookline has a right to be proud of. The Hockey Team finished second in the league, Cambridge Latin, the champions, being the only team to defeat them. The only other team to beat them was the crack aggregation of Andover Academy, again by a score of one goal—that is Andover 2; Brookline 1.

Every game of the year was close and interesting. Really there was no outstanding star on the team, but they worked together like real professionals and they got results. Walsh did most of the scoring and was rated as one of the best defense men in the state. Captain Stover was also mentioned as being an excellent player and was chosen as an all-scholastic forward.

One of the best things that happened all season was when the team beat Newton in an exciting contest by the score of one to nothing. Eddie Badaracco was elected captain for the next season and Sumner Heilbronner manager.

Here is a brief summary of the season:

Cambridge	1	Brookline	0
Brookline	1	Newton	0
Brookline	2	St. Marks	1
Andover	2	Brookline	1
Brookline	1	Arlington	0
Brookline	3	Middlesex	0
Brookline	2	Malden	0
Brookline	2	Somerville	0
Brookline	3	Rindge	0
Brookline	2	Melrose	0

Not so worse.

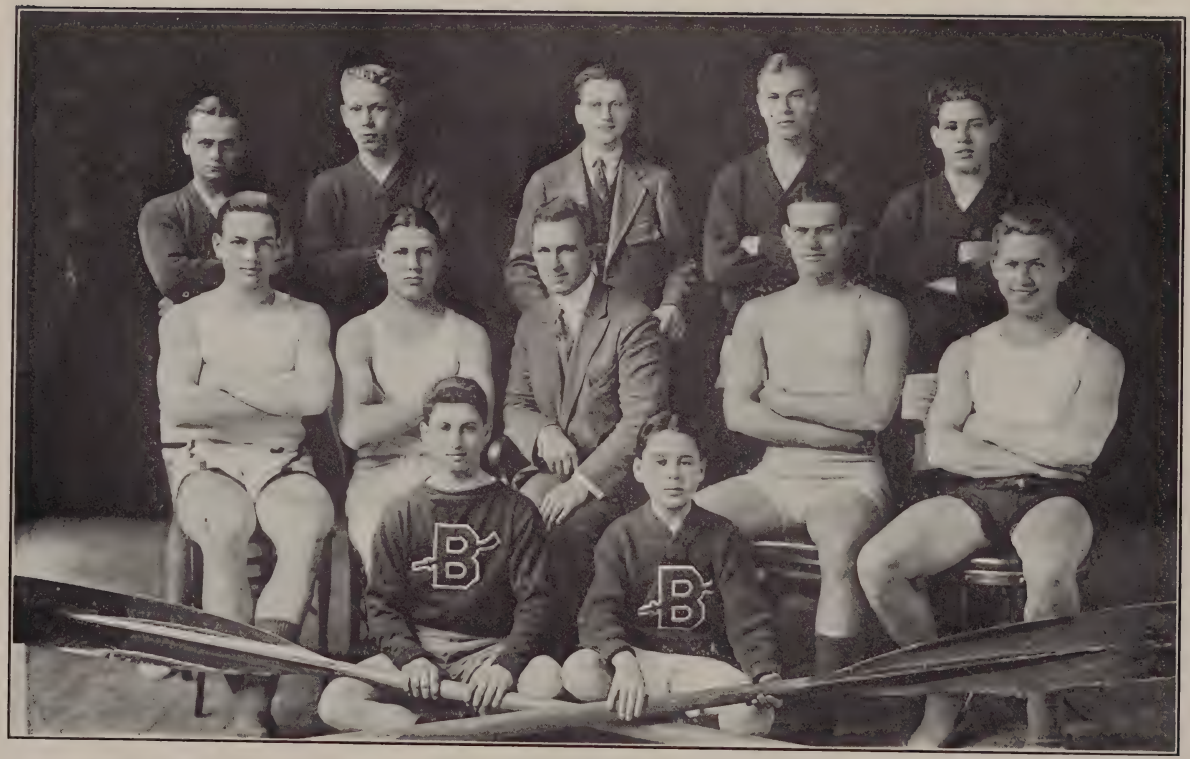


Photo by Alfred Brown

CREW

Back Row: A. Umlah, J. Floyd, L. Taylor (Mgr.) T. Centerwall, A. Mercer.
Middle Row: R. Chase, H. Tyler, M. Nicolls (Coach), N. Smith (Capt.) J. Williams.
Front Row: R, Aronson, R. Birnbaum.

CREW

First Crew: Williams, bow; Clarke, 2; Capt. Smith, 3; Tyler, stroke; Aronson, coxswain.

Second Crew: Mercer, bow; Centerwall, 2; Floyd, 3; Umlah, stroke; Birnbaum, coxswain.

Captain, N. Smith
Manager, L. Taylor.

Senior "B" Men

Smith	Chase
Williams	Aronson

Manager Taylor having decided a coaching launch was needed, after long and diligent search, found the desired boat and then, with the co-operation of the Senior Class, graduates, undergraduates, all members of the Stone School Crew (which is also coached by Mr. Niccolls) and of Mr. Stone personally, raised funds sufficient to buy the launch.

Crew candidates were called out in March, with 105 men reporting, of whom 47 were members of the Freshman Class. This was the largest squad that had ever reported for any sport in the High School. Eight boys tried out for the position of manager.

Daily practice was had on the rowing machines in the gymnasium until March 13th, when, with the squad reduced to thirty candidates, practice began on the Charles River.

The first and second crews visited Tabor Academy at Marion, on the 6th of May, and both won their races over a half mile course.

The following Saturday the two crews met the Exeter Academy first and second crews in a mile race on the Charles and met defeat in close finishes, although showing marked improvement in rowing over the preceding week.

St. Marks is to be met at Southboro on May 30th, being a new competitor of the Brookline crews.

On June 10th the annual Regatta takes place at Boston, in which Brookline is hopeful of winning its third victory and obtaining permanent possession of the B. F. Keith challenge trophy.

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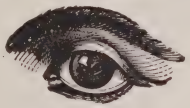

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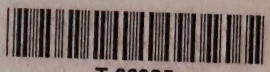

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